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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

July 24, 1937

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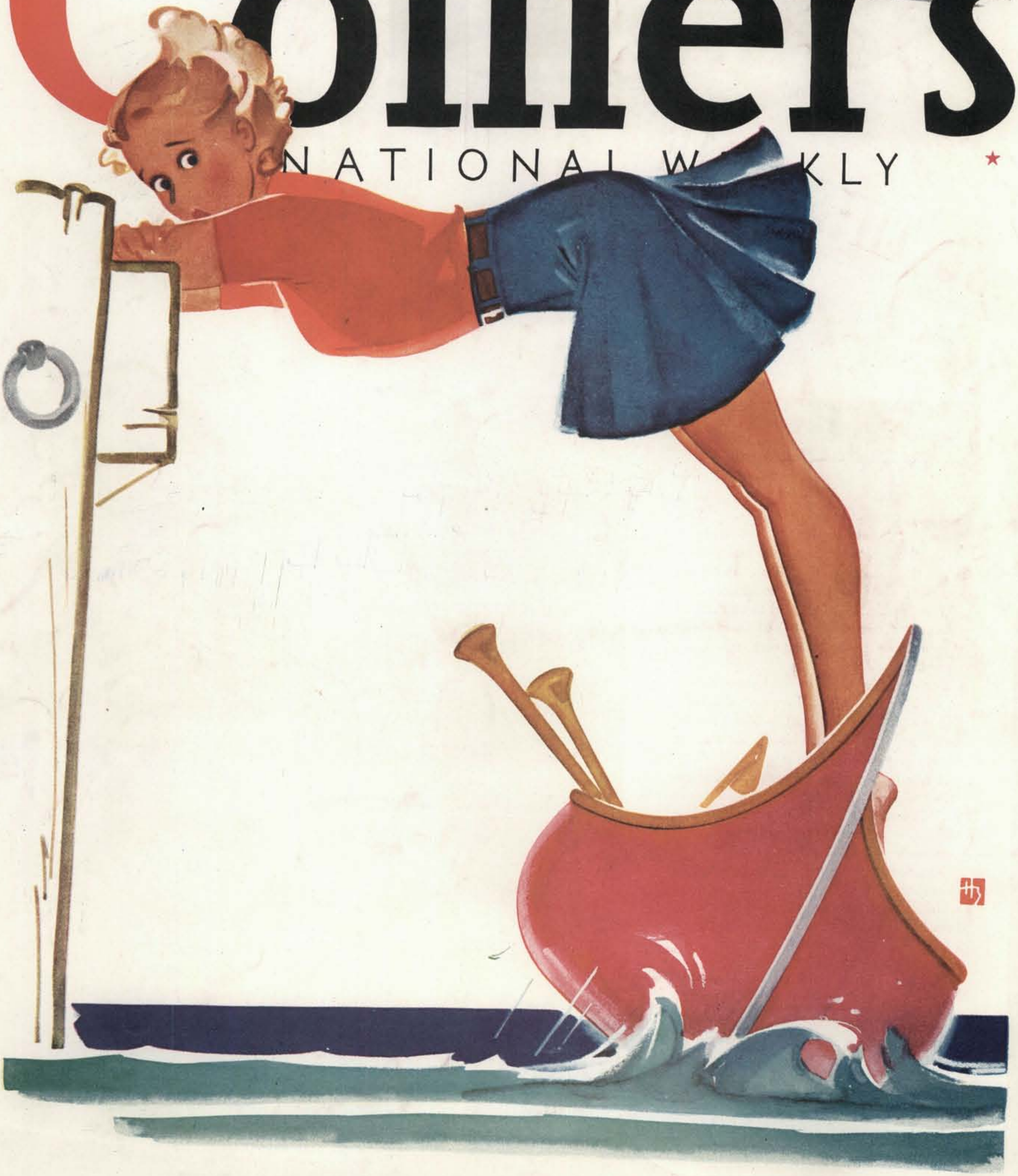
Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY ★



MR. CHIPS MEETS A STAR
A SHORT STORY BY **James Hilton**

24 1937

...SO THIS TIME WE SAY IT WITH FLOWERS
Four Roses
A BLEND OF
Blended by STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES INCORPORATED
Baltimore, Md.
90 Proof

IN A WAY, we've been caught napping...You see, for some time, we've been telling you that Four Roses achieves its greatness in much the same way that fine champagnes and coffees and smoking tobaccos do.

Then suddenly it occurred to us that the very *name* of our whiskey—Four Roses—suggests an even more striking comparison. *We mean the rose itself.*

For example—the beautiful roses shown above. They didn't just "happen." Some one had the patience and skill to blend *several* exquisite varieties—combining their rarest virtues in *one* lovely rose.

A combination of virtues—that, too, is the secret of greatness in a whiskey. And that is why, in making Four Roses, we use not just *one* fine straight whiskey, but *several*, each outstanding for some particular quality.

Blended together the way we know how, these straight whiskies (and *only* straight whiskies are used) merge *all* their noble virtues in *one* magnificent liquor—*Four Roses!*

* * * *

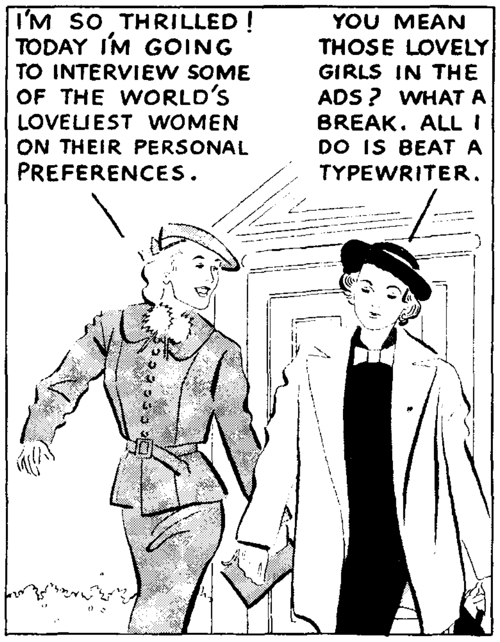
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore, also make Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand (90 proof), Mattingly & Moore (90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

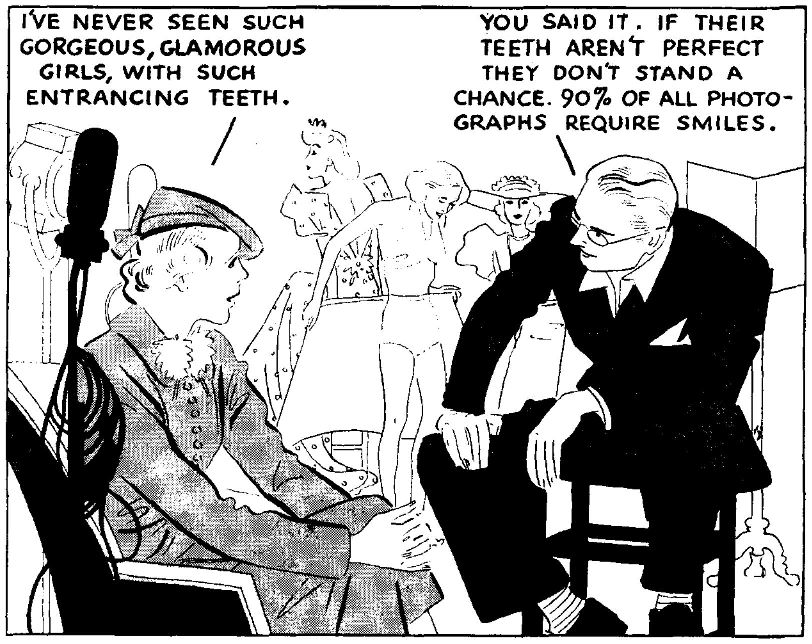
FOUR ROSES

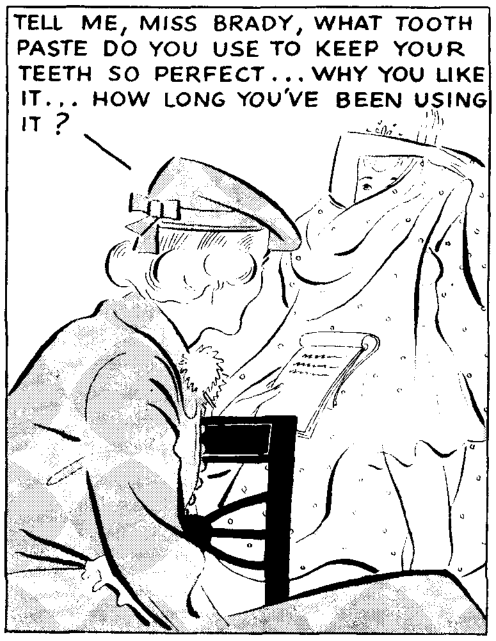
A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof

★ WE BELIEVE FOUR ROSES IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY, REGARDLESS OF AGE OR PRICE ★

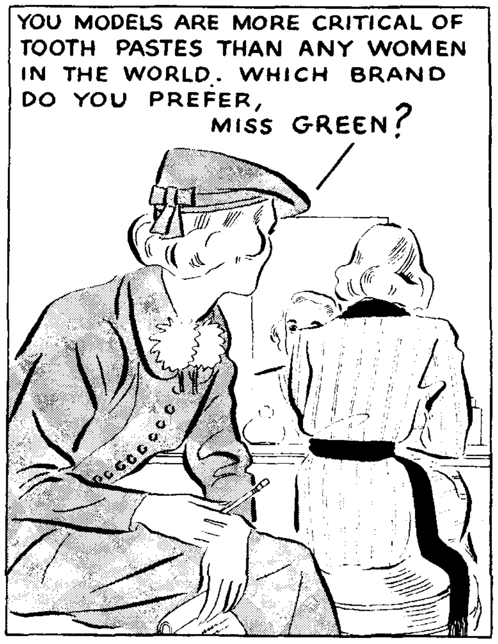
INTERVIEWING THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST MODELS


I'M SO THRILLED! TODAY I'M GOING TO INTERVIEW SOME OF THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN ON THEIR PERSONAL PREFERENCES.
YOU MEAN THOSE LOVELY GIRLS IN THE ADS? WHAT A BREAK. ALL I DO IS BEAT A TYPEWRITER.

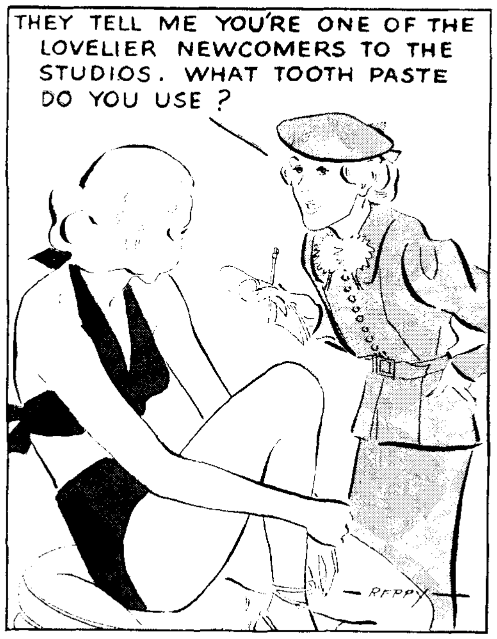

I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH GORGEOUS, GLAMOROUS GIRLS, WITH SUCH ENTRANCING TEETH.
YOU SAID IT. IF THEIR TEETH AREN'T PERFECT THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE. 90% OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHS REQUIRE SMILES.


TELL ME, MISS BRADY, WHAT TOOTH PASTE DO YOU USE TO KEEP YOUR TEETH SO PERFECT... WHY YOU LIKE IT... HOW LONG YOU'VE BEEN USING IT?

AND MISS BRADY REPLIED:
I FIND LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE SAFEST AND GENTLEST FOR MY TEETH AND SO DELIGHTFUL. I CALL IT MY BEAUTY BATH FOR TEETH.


YOU MODELS ARE MORE CRITICAL OF TOOTH PASTES THAN ANY WOMEN IN THE WORLD. WHICH BRAND DO YOU PREFER, MISS GREEN?

AND MISS GREEN ANSWERED WITH A GORGEOUS SMILE:
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE– I USE NO OTHER. IT SEEMS TO GIVE TEETH THE WONDERFUL FLASH AND LUSTER THE CAMERA DEMANDS.


THEY TELL ME YOU'RE ONE OF THE LOVELIER NEWCOMERS TO THE STUDIOS. WHAT TOOTH PASTE DO YOU USE?

AND MISS ROWLAND ANSWERED:
I USE LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE. WHEN SO MANY GIRLS WHOSE JOBS DEPEND ON THEIR BEAUTY SAY IT IS BEST FOR THEM, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. AND DON'T FORGET, IT LASTS THREE MONTHS.

USE the tooth paste they use and you too can have the flashing teeth of New York glamour girls. Perhaps the tooth paste you use is too harsh or too soapy. Why not lay it aside and try Listerine Tooth Paste, the dentifrice that so many professional beauties in New York studios call their Beauty Bath for teeth?

"Its wonderful cleansers seem dainty as gossamer," says one who is photographed at least a dozen times a day.

"I like the wonderful flash it gives to teeth and the delightful feeling of freshness it imparts to the mouth," reports another.

"I'm a working girl and the fact that the big tube lasts me from two to three months is mighty important news," declares a third.

"Most of the models I know use it," continues a fourth. "It seems to give the flash and lustre the studios demand."

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

THAT 1/4 POUND IS IMPORTANT NEWS IN A BIG FAMILY LIKE MINE

MORE THAN 1/4 POUND

of tooth paste in the double-size tube 40¢

Double Size
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Tested and Approved No. 4602 Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Regular Size Tube 25¢

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

July 24, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
W. B. COURTNEY	Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
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DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
T. R. YBARRA	Europe
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient

OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

CHRISTINE was always ready to admit she had a kind of morbid streak. It took the form of wanting to swallow things—things like disinfectant and strychnine. Then they'd have to pump her out. When her Jojo boy was being tried on a mail robbery rap, they had to pump her out twice.

So when Frankie, reporting the case for his paper, cleared Jojo, Frankie was in line for a little gratitude. He'd earned it, Jojo said, and the big gorilla wasn't going to be put off. In "Suckers Can't Wait" Frederick Hazlitt Brennan reports Jojo's terrifying joviality.

W. B. COURTNEY has been studying the weather and, unlike some other investigators, has emerged with a positive conclusion: "Some Rain Must Fall." Not content even with that, he has gone on to discover why it must fall and where. All this he cheerfully imparts, dragging you briskly from the North Pole to the stratosphere and then back to the weather bureau. This is promising; if it leaves you a little breathless it will also encourage you to respect the cosmic problems of the weather man.

"DISAPPOINTMENT is part of the theater." There's nothing wrong with that statement except that Evelyn Burchard made it to Pinky Batchelder. Evelyn had just stolen Pinky's part in a play as well as Pinky's friend Skipe, and Pinky was sore. Anyone who remembers Pinky knows that getting her sore is like fooling with a buzz saw. In "Curtain Time," by Stanley Paul, you will see her make the fur fly.

IT WAS the government of Soviet Russia that turned parachute jumping into a sport. Young and old take to it, and you can see little children practicing in the parks. Sometimes the Russian skies are white with blossoming chutes. It's a pretty sight, but the ultimate purpose isn't pretty. Walter Duranty explains its bleak implications in "Hater's Leap."

THOSE who dream wistfully of a desert island picture it as furnished with supplies and suitable company. Will F. Jenkins describes an imperfect one—too small, unfurnished and supplied with one large rat for company. He shows you the grim game played by the man and the rat with life as a "Side Bet."

JAMES B. CONNOLLY, George Waggner, Frank L. Parke, George F. Worts, Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney complete the issue. We leave it to you.

This Week

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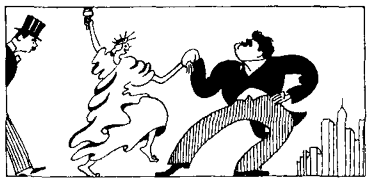
COVER HOWARD BUTLER

Any Week

WE are informed by our secret agents in the offices of Mr. Grover Whalen's World's Fair, which will be held in New York City as a proper setting for Mr. Whalen's manly beauty, that they are dallying with the idea of holding a dance marathon on the magnificent new Tri-Borough Bridge. This would be one of the educational features. To impress the public it is suggested that a lady and gentleman of first-rate importance launch the dancing with a few steps. It was taken for granted of course that neither Madame Perkins nor Mr. Ickes would accept such honors, being too self-effacing. And to invite Miss Shirley Temple and Mr. John Barrymore would seem to smack too much of publicity. Somebody suggested Mr. John L. Lewis and the Statue of Liberty. But that, our agents assure us, is mere nonsense.

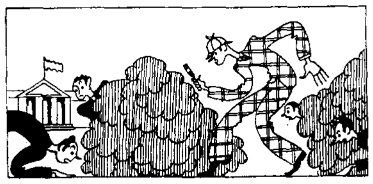


SCARCELY had Mr. George Loo of New York City read Carl Glick's "Year of the Monkey," in which it is shown why there are no Chinese in America on relief, than he got in touch with us. "It is not perhaps that some of my fellow Chinese have not applied," says Mr. Loo. "They have. But they have no success because, they are told, under the law relief money is for whites and colored only. The scene at relief headquarters is particularly fascinating to the Chinese laundryman, who feels sure that in no other place in the world could he see so much soiled linen seated at desks."

THERE was a time when we'd have been surprised by what Mr. Carl G. Olensohn of Des Moines, Iowa, has just told us. But we're pretty shockproof these days. Mr. Olensohn has caught the union fever. After looking over the country and discovering, with the aid of a powerful microscope, something new to Lewisize, he has decided to make a union out of trailer tourists. "We will park in no towns or cities," declares Mr. Olensohn, "which do not supply trailer parks with free electricity, baths (hot and cold), auto-mechanic service, club-rate supplies such as gas and oil and foodstuffs. In due time we shall take into this organization the non-trailer tourist. I have motored ten thousand miles sounding popular sentiment for this idea and have met with nothing but enthusiasm."

MRS. JOHN R. SILVER of Springfield, Massachusetts, tells us that "while motoring to Providence, Rhode Island, we stopped for dinner in a lovely ex-barn where one could dine on ye olde spring chicken amid ye olde tavern surroundings for ye olde buck and a half. On our table was a large but neat card asking 'Are You an Actor, Singer, Musician or Entertainer?' This," goes on Mrs. Silver, "compelled us, who love our entertainment, to read farther. The rest of the card read: 'If you are, please feel free to take the floor and perform your particular specialty. We are trying to create a Bohemian atmosphere. For the trouble you may take in co-operating we shall be glad to refrain from handing you your bill.' "

MR. RAYMOND S. McCOLL of Washington, D. C., reports that "a furor of first magnitude" has been making night and day hideous in the Capital. "Someone," says Mr. McColl, "stole the White House copy of The Herder's Handbook, or What to Do When the Sheep Go on the Loose."



LETTING her thoughts roam across the sea, away from the beautiful peace and quiet prevailing throughout the United States, Miss Evelyne Imelda Alleyn of New York City dissolves into sorrow for Great Britain. "My heart," says Miss Alleyn, "bleeds for the British being so stubborn. Mr. Churchill's piece—'Edward the Eighth'—is responsible for my moans. Oh, if they had never separated from us and now had a lovely man like Mr. Roosevelt to guide them and teach them the true spirit of democracy! They do not know much of the true spirit of freedom that we have here, where we are one and undivided with justice for all. Let us be a lesson to them."

"DOWN this way," writes Mr. Lane Barrow of Fayetteville, Arkansas, "they're frightening the lowly by threatening to sick the Cy-o on them. The Cy-o is Mr. Lewis' C. I. O. but the little folk think it's some kind of successor to the Ku Klux Klan. All you have to do to keep the colored brethren indoors after sundown is to spread the rumor that Cy-os are riding. Scared stiff."

SO'S Washington.

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Drilling for Oil_in Detroit

NOT A MILE DEEP in the ground...but a dozen or so inches through incredibly tough steel...these men drill for the busiest sort of "gusher"...a Plymouth crankshaft oil-line.

Thousands of times an hour...regularly as a heart's pulse...oil spurts through this oil-line to scores of points in Plymouth's engine.

It's the most efficient system known...*not all low-priced cars have it*...and it gives Plymouth far greater over-all economy and long life.

The oil hole in Plymouth's crankshaft is drilled with microscopic accuracy...and the wrist-pin holes in the pistons are diamond bored. This painstaking care characterizes *every step* in the building of Plymouth cars.

And Plymouth's great lubrication system includes an oil filter. *Not all low-priced cars have that.* In fact, the oil in the Plymouth engine is additionally protected by an air cleaner and an advanced system of crankcase ventilation.

That's not all. Still other reasons for the efficiency and amazing economy of Plymouth's engine are full-length water jackets and directional cooling. A great *lubrication* system is thus coordinated with a great *cooling* system...resulting in better performance, big savings in both oil and gas, and...*longer life!*

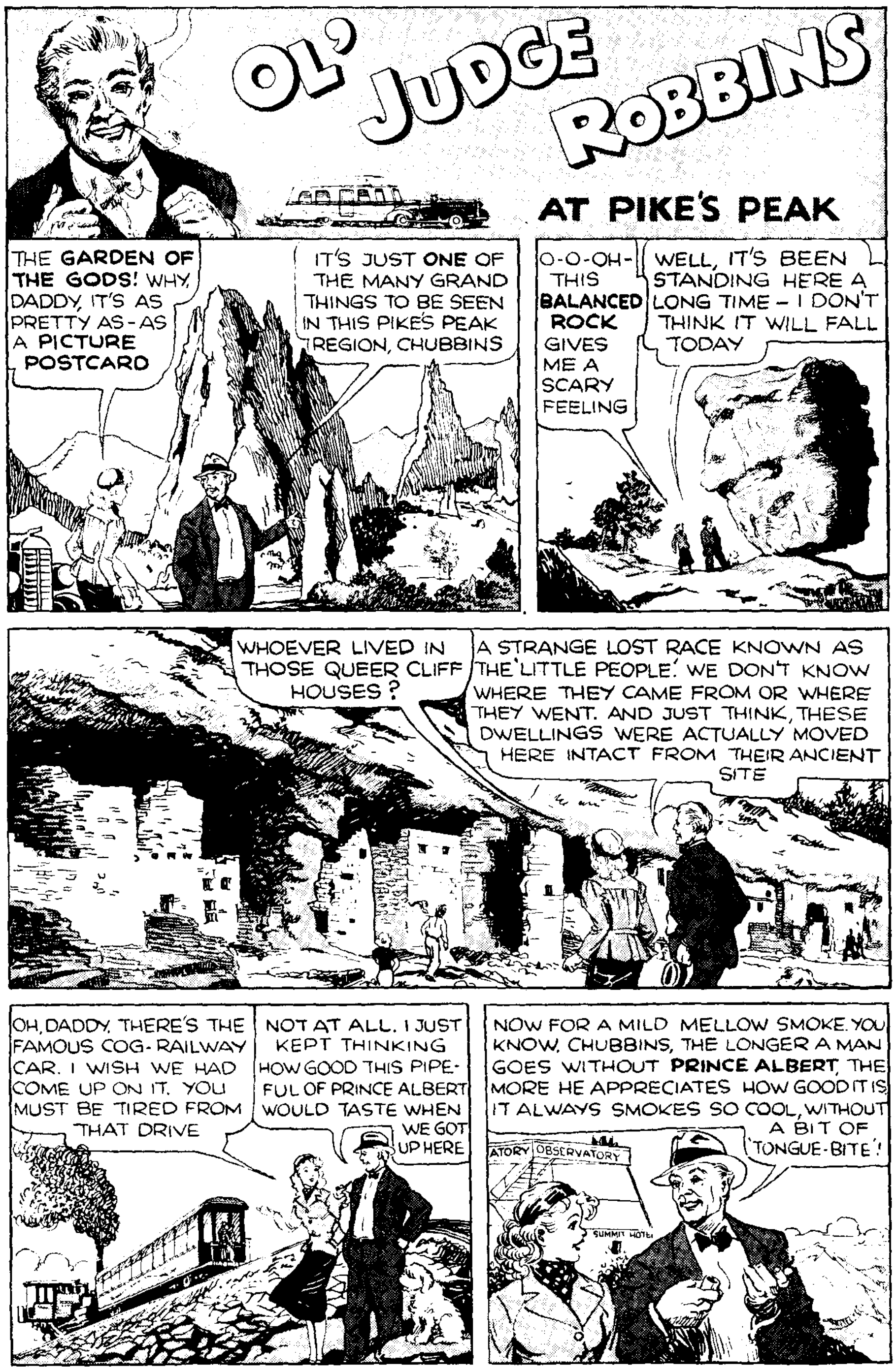
As a result, Plymouth owners are just about the happiest automobile owners anybody could meet—and Plymouth has a world-wide reputation as "the car that stands up best."—PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

EASY TO BUY

Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest...and you can buy a beautiful new Plymouth on small monthly payments. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge dealers—terms which make it easy to buy a new Plymouth today—*"the car that stands up best."*

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p.m., E.D.S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT PIKE'S PEAK
THE GARDEN OF THE GODS! WHY, DADDY, IT'S AS PRETTY AS-AS A PICTURE POSTCARD
IT'S JUST ONE OF THE MANY GRAND THINGS TO BE SEEN IN THIS PIKE'S PEAK REGION, CHUBBINS
O-O-OH- THIS BALANCED ROCK GIVES ME A SCARY FEELING
WELL, IT'S BEEN STANDING HERE A LONG TIME - I DON'T THINK IT WILL FALL TODAY
WHOEVER LIVED IN THOSE QUEER CLIFF HOUSES?
A STRANGE LOST RACE KNOWN AS THE 'LITTLE PEOPLE.' WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM OR WHERE THEY WENT. AND JUST THINK, THESE DWELLINGS WERE ACTUALLY MOVED HERE INTACT FROM THEIR ANCIENT SITE
OH, DADDY, THERE'S THE FAMOUS COG-RAILWAY CAR. I WISH WE HAD COME UP ON IT. YOU MUST BE TIRED FROM THAT DRIVE
NOT AT ALL. I JUST KEPT THINKING HOW GOOD THIS PIPE-FUL OF PRINCE ALBERT WOULD TASTE WHEN WE GOT UP HERE
NOW FOR A MILD MELLOW SMOKE. YOU KNOW, CHUBBINS, THE LONGER A MAN GOES WITHOUT PRINCE ALBERT, THE MORE HE APPRECIATES HOW GOOD IT IS. IT ALWAYS SMOKES SO COOL, WITHOUT A BIT OF 'TONGUE-BITE'!
OBSERVATORY
SUMMIT HOTEL

ALL 3 GROUPS OF PIPE SMOKERS SAY "P.A. SUITS US EXACTLY!"

JUST STARTING?

THAT PRINCE ALBERT "NO-BITE" PROCESS MEANS MILDER SMOKING

NOW AND THEN?

LET PRINCE ALBERT'S "CRIMP CUT" PUT YOUR PIPE ON FULL TIME!

STEADY SMOKER?

YOU'LL GO FOR P.A.'S RICH TASTE WITHOUT TONGUE-BITE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

MONEY-BACK OFFER

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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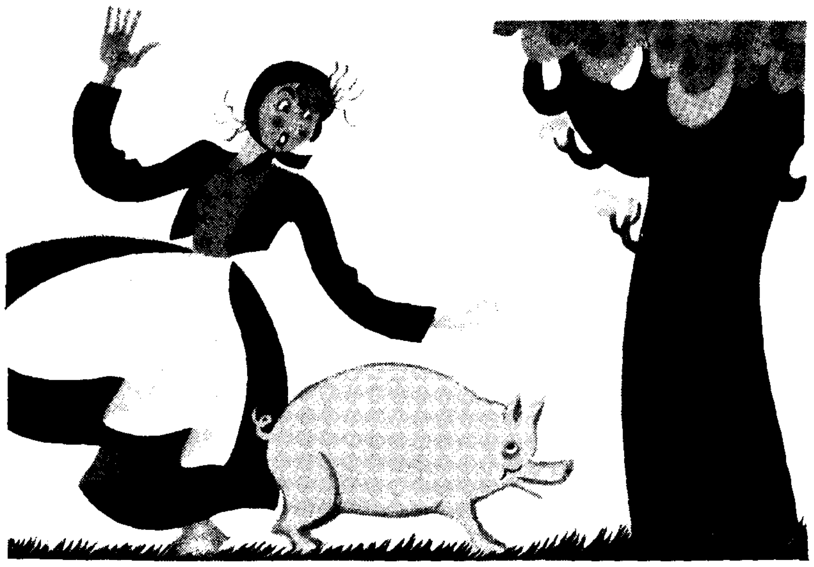
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
SO MILD!

PRINCE ALBERT IS A GREAT SMOKE IN "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES TOO. TRY IT!

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In Yugoslavia, a Moslem woman is suing the owner of a hog because the animal inadvertently touched her. This contact, according to Islamic law, has irreparably defiled her, making her ineligible for marriage.

Evidently certain animals know, through some instinctive foreboding, when death is approaching. An outstanding example is the domestic cat, the majority of which leave their homes and hide away when they are about to die.

Twelve hours before the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the rumor that he had been shot was rife throughout Orange County, New York. An editorial demanding an investigation of its origin appeared at the time in the Whig Press of Middletown, the county newspaper, enhancing the belief that the plot was widely known, even in the loyal states.—*By L. W. M. Richcreek, St. Petersburg, Florida.*

A recent study of the causes of obesity disclosed the fact that more than 70 per cent of the men and women examined had overweight parents.

In many South American movie houses, when patrons do not like a picture, the film is stopped at once and another is started. When patrons want to see a scene again it is run over and over until they are satisfied.—*By Don Nichols, Bogota, Colombia.*

Deaf-and-dumb persons have been known to talk in sign language while asleep.—*By G. F. Lampkin, Bradenton, Florida.*

The House of Bourbon probably has produced more royal personages than any other family that ever lived. Since its origin in France in 861, more than 1,000 of its men and women have been monarchs or consorts of monarchs in many countries, including France, Spain, Portugal, England, Belgium, Italy, Austria and Turkey.

Swans do not sing while they die; rats do not leave a ship before it sails on a fateful voyage; and persons who are dying of starvation suffer little or no discomfort after the first three days.—*By David MacFarlane, London, England.*

Whole cities have been perfumed for gala occasions. Among notable instances were the sprinkling of the streets of Rome with saffron to celebrate the entry of Nero in 59 A. D., and the perfuming of the streets of Coburg, Germany, with Eau de Cologne during the visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in 1845.

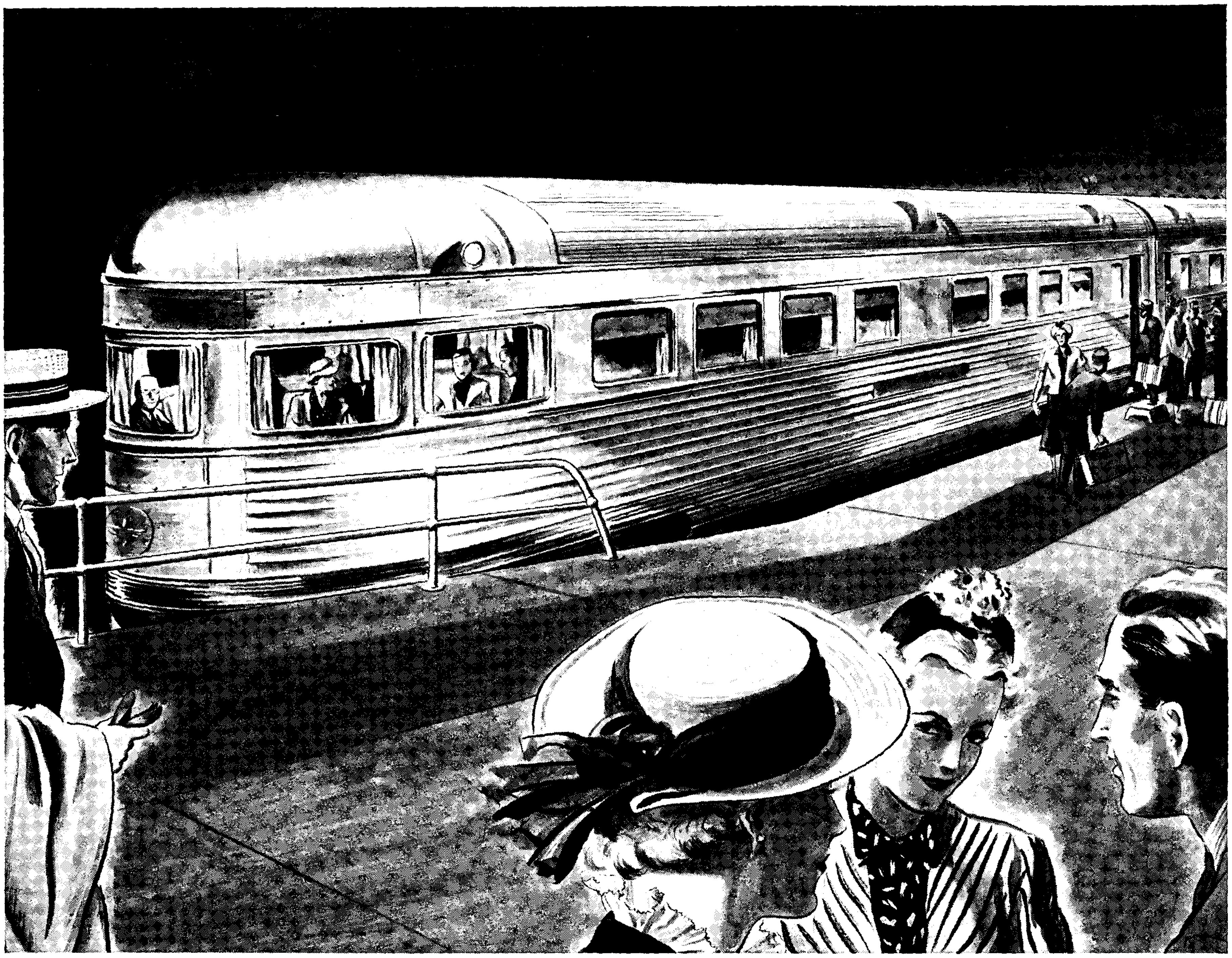
No human being has ever grown a third set of teeth. Teeth which may emerge in later life are only the second, or permanent, teeth which, through some obstructive condition in the jaw, have been long delayed in making their appearance.

Excluding religious literature, Noah Webster's Spelling Book is believed to have achieved a greater sale than any other book in history. Since its first edition in 1783, more than 100,000,000 copies have been sold.

The marriage brokerage business in the United States today has so many clients that it is able to arrange an average of 1,000 weddings a week.—*By Ruth Ahearn, Boston, Massachusetts.*

In several states of this country, male and female minors, upon marriage, attain their majority, or the legal age which entitles them to manage their own affairs.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



WHAT A PLEASURE NOW TO "TAKE THE TRAIN"!

BESIDE the carpeted platform the new stainless-steel train stretches its gleaming length. Passengers are arriving, laughing, chatting and saying good-byes. The colorful, luxurious observation lounge is filling. In the flower-gay diner the white-clad waiters stand at their posts. Again in this modern day there is the thrill of travel—the happy anticipation of a delightful railroad journey.

This is the reality which thousands of pleased travelers experience today—every day. Five years ago only a vision in the mind of a great engineer—four years ago only plans on the draughting table—today there are ten of these light-weight stainless-steel trains in operation, covering more than two million scheduled miles per year.

They are fast trains, because the Budd type of construction reduces the weight to be pulled by nearly one-half. And they are supremely *safe* trains because the stainless steel of which they are built has four times the elastic strength of ordinary steel.

Herein lies the chief difference between the various kinds of streamlined trains. Some are conventional heavy equipment with streamlined exteriors. Others compromise on alloys which give medium weight. But Budd-built trains are *truly* light-weight, combining modern streamlining with the strength of stainless steel, welded by the exclusive Budd SHOTWELD process.

And best of all, these trains are filled. They have stimulated rail travel. Whether drawn by steam, diesel-powered or electric locomotives, they decrease cost of operation by eliminating excess dead-weight. They are profitable to the railroads as well as an immense service to the traveling public.

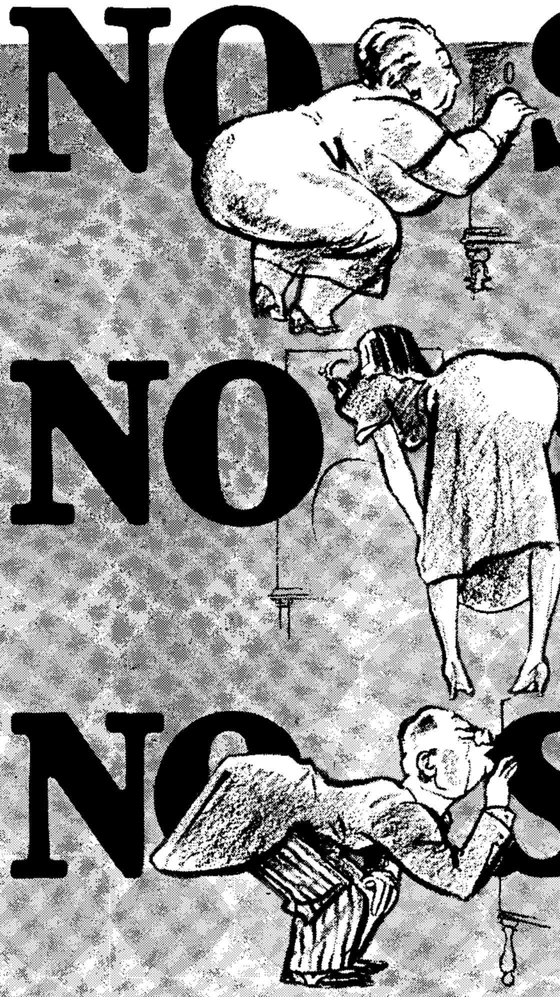
Originator of ALL STEEL bodies for automobiles, now used almost universally, the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing Company has pioneered modern methods in the design and fabrication of steel products.

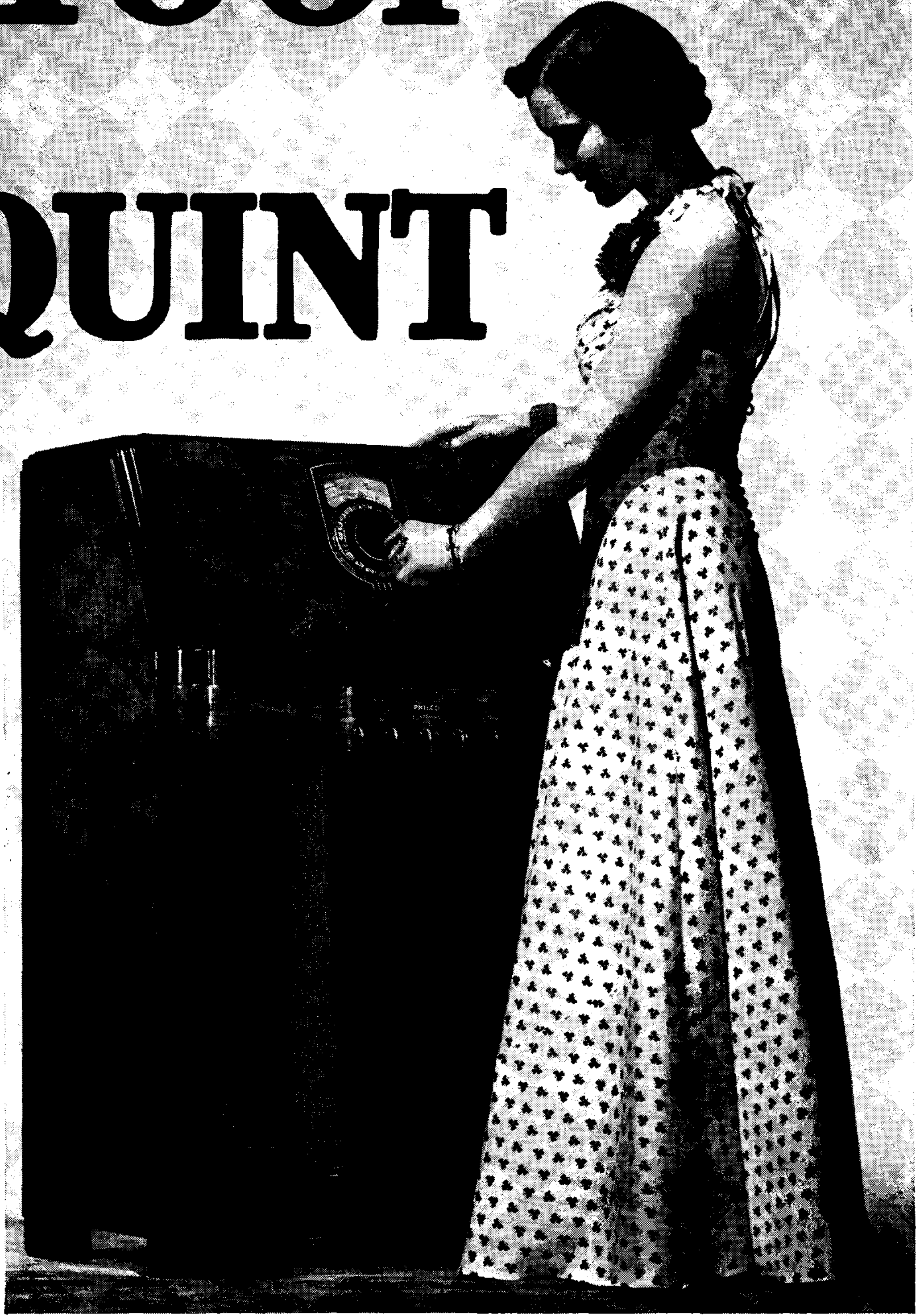
EDW. G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA AND DETROIT

BUDD METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT

NO SQUAT NO STOOP NO SQUINT





For 1938 . . . Philco introduces an entirely new radio designed and built *as a radio* from the ground up.

The minute you see the new 116 Double-X . . you'll realize that Philco has done what should have been done long ago . . created a radio for the listener's convenience.

Philco gave you the Inclined Sounding Board in the famous "X" model . . the first radio that brought every note up to "ear level." Now — in the new 116 Double-X — Philco retains that invaluable contribution to tonal quality . . and adds the *Inclined Control Panel* . . *inclined* for tuning with ease and with grace whether you are sitting or standing.

And, the 116XX is *complete*. It gives you all the latest Philco developments . . everything you could wish for in radio. For instance:

Philco Automatic Tuning . . simply dial the call letters once and in comes the station you want, tuned with absolute accuracy . .

Philco High-Fidelity . . doubles the tonal range of ordinary radios . . for glorious realism . .

The Philco Foreign Tuning System which doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy . .

Fifteen Philco tubes and five tuning ranges covering everything that's interesting in the air.

The radio you now have may be traded in as part payment or you can buy a Double-X Philco for as little as $7.95 down and about $1.00 a week . . without any red tape. Your Philco dealer will tell you about this Special Philco-Commercial Credit Company Plan.

Be sure to ask your dealer to show you
the new Double-X Philcos

A Musical Instrument of Quality

. . . WITH THE 1938
AUTOMATIC TUNING
PHILCO

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REVENGE

By Richard [illegible]

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible] HOWE

The story of a man who had a chance to taste the sweetness of vengeance

TOMMIE BRONSON followed his porter across the waiting room, a cozy place of sixty-foot ceiling and with nothing softer to sit on than a corded pile of evening papers in its granite vastness. He breathed "Damn" at his wrist watch with such a merry smile and an eager dancing in his young eyes as would have made you ask, "Damn what, and why, when you look that way about it?" The damn was for the way they get you in from the South with an hour and a half to spare before another train leaves from another station for the coast. The United States so full of spring, and its distances so great, and they ask you to waste an hour and a half in a newsreel theater without an inch of progress toward where everything in the world is waiting.

Of course there was Loren McKinnestry at the Herald office. One of the world's grand guys, Loren—able to be a contemporary both to Tommie and to his father. But since he owned and ran *the* morning paper, he would at this hour be owning and running it, and you couldn't call a fella like that at a time like that and say, "Drop whatever you're doing and take me to your club for a drink while I tell you how the end of desire is waiting for me on the coast, fragile and fragrant, with the moon on a white wall and the sea's night-breathing below the terrace." No, he'd catch Loren on the way back—on the wedding trip—and catch hell for not having called him on the way out, too, but a better-natured hell than it might be now.

Best to go to the other station, check luggage, find a beautiful post card on which to write Loren some bijou of wit, and then—

TOMMIE said "Sorry" automatically: the collision was the other man's fault. But when he looked round and saw the dead, hostile eyes over red-rimmed underlids, he *was* sorry—sorry he'd pronounced the word. The guy couldn't hate all the world like that: it must be just Tommie who was so hated. And Tommie felt that even without the personal hate so steadily offered there, he would have loathed the man with an equally intense, instinctive certainty.

"Hiyuh, English?" the man said. His arms hung at his sides in a loose readiness to do something quick and unexpected. He didn't budge from where he'd bumped Tommie. It was as if he stood there to make Tommie feel at his own back the massive corner of polished granite that cut off escape. But why should "escape" come into it? This dead-eyed lout with graying, silky hair and pink, heavy jowls was nothing.

"You've got the wrong man," Tommie said. "S'pose you get out of my way—or just out of half of it will do."

"Good old English," the man said, not moving anything—not even his lips or his eyelids. "I heard about this slick way of talkin'."

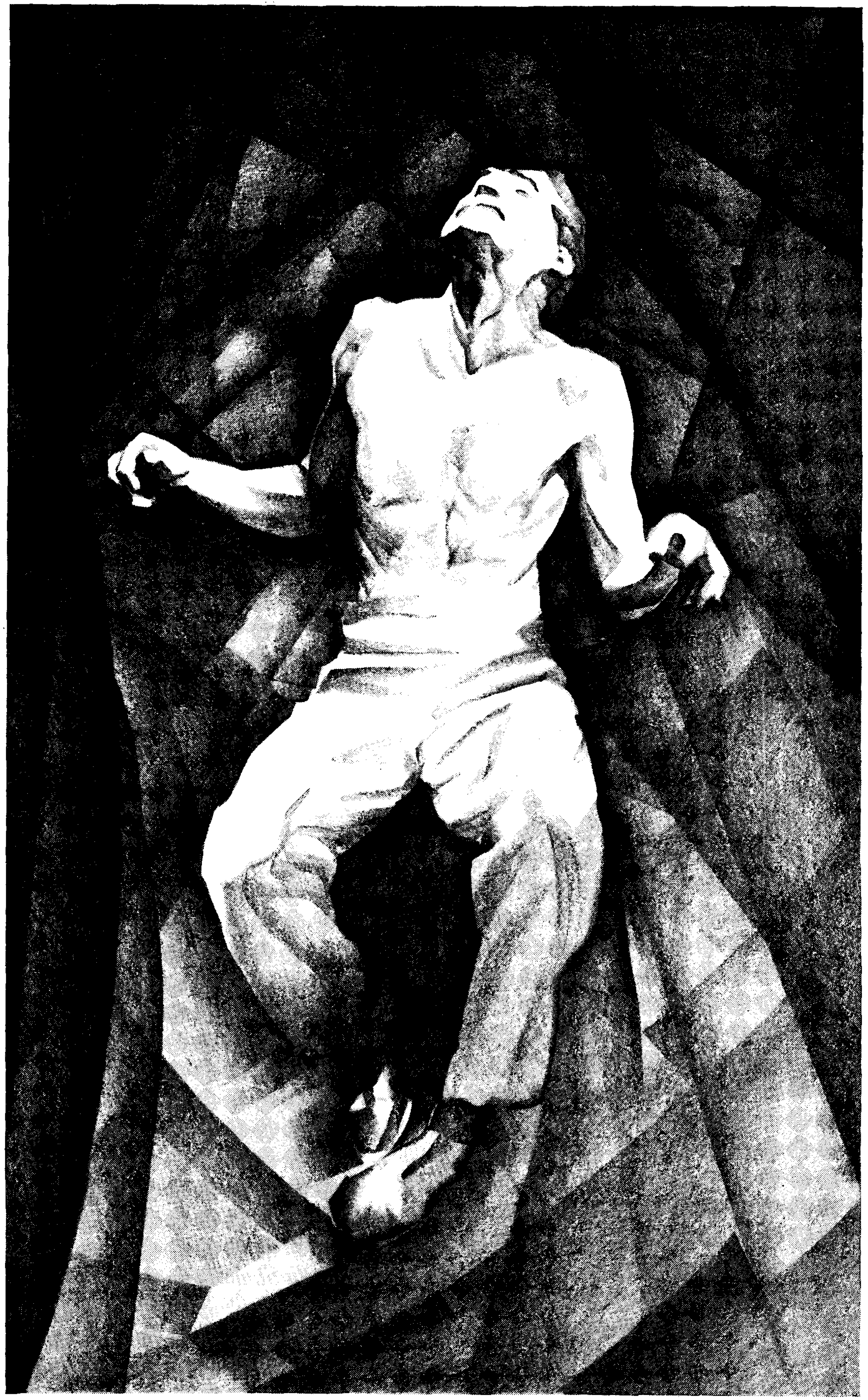
Tommie pushed his hat a little back, brought fists to hips, and forgot where he was. He hated scenes, *as* scenes, but this man did remarkable things to him. Tommie wanted a scene—here, any sort of scene that would bring the unique and justified pleasure of lamming into those jowls—several times and hard—till they split over bone. The whole waiting room vanished round the small focus of his watching this dead-eyed neatly-dressed lug, who wasn't drunk or hopped—just possessed of an individual hate that seemed ready for homicide.

"Listen," said Tommie, in a deliberate calm that should have been as ominous as "'Ware panther" to anyone. "Let's start with where you think we ever met before."

"We never 'met' before," said the man. The eyes still didn't move, but Tommie felt he'd been appraised from forehead to toe and back, and gloated over.

"That's right," Tommie said, giving his desire for violence a last chance to subside by itself. "So let's call it quits—before something happens."

"It'll happen," said the man. "But what, is up to



His mind was like his arms—all usefulness pounded from the aching sinew you, pal." The eyes came as near as they could to mocking Tommie in the instant's pause. "Where's George and the dough?"

"George who?" The guy had enough authority in his hatefulness to make Tommie ask that involuntarily.

The man's mouth took on the shade of what might have been called a smile by his well-wishers, if he had any. The eyes became vaguely reminiscent, as if remembering how long they'd been dead. "Good old English," he said. "Is it right that nobody back East ever made you crack?"

TOMMIE knew there would be no warning before he came to the end of control, and it scared him. He turned toward the doors through which his porter had disappeared, and his first pace brought him hard against the bulk of the man, who hadn't seemed to move. Unhurriedly the man remarked, "They must be softer'n hell in the East."

"Listen," Tommie said, torturing himself with restraint. When the time came he would let the guy have both right and left to the jaw—not bother with the paunch at all nor with guarding himself. "One of three things is going to happen right away: you're going to get out of my road, we're going to have a cop, or I'm going to catch you such a bust in the mouth that you'll be lucky if you remember last month. Get it?"

"We got the cop already," said the man. His coat seemed to roll back by itself to reveal the ornate, worn, and not very shiny badge of the metropolitan police. "I'll leave the mouth there, if you still want to swing on it." He watched Tommie as if any sudden move would tumble the tons of balanced granite all round them, annihilating Tommie but leaving *him* invulnerable in his contempt.

"I don't think much of the badge," Tommie said. "It isn't good enough to keep you out of trouble."

"No?" the man said. His eyes, without losing their hating deadness, thought of a time when they might have been amused by what Tommie'd said.

Tommie watched him in full disgust, warning himself faintly what a mess it would be if he hit him.

The man said, "There's nothin' on *you* yet. But George's been seen. Where's he layin' up?"

Tommie said, "A cop who didn't think he knew so much might've followed me to *see* where."

"*Slick* stuff," the man commented. "Noo-*York* stuff." His hand came hard round Tommie's arm, above the elbow. "Let's look at the station house."

He started to move Tommie. Tommie held back, taut under restraint that was a feat of the mind alone and must in another moment shatter in dust. Tommie made a quick, strong move to free his arm, but it didn't come free. The man waited, his eyes without surprise or expectation. Tommie swallowed, and the calm of his own voice sounded crazy. "I don't think you'd like it if I looked at the station house," he said. "I don't think Loren McKinnestry or the Herald would like it either—any more than they like a lot of the stuff that you flatfoots are pulling around here."

"Pal of the old cop-hater himself, hunh?" The irony of the man's interest was perfectly done. "Good old English." He seemed to look Tommie over again without moving his eyes, without giving away all his satisfaction in everything he found to be hated. The man said, "I began wantin' to go to work on you after the K. C. killin' in '35. They don't know what they miss back East—bein' scared of who you might be pals with." He nodded, without moving his eyes, and someone stepped close to take Tommie's other arm.

It was a ruddy, decent-looking young Irishman; and in the instant of glancing at him Tommie almost laughed at the contrast between the youngster's clean-cut fitness and the man at his other side. When he looked back at the heavy, red-lidded eyes, enjoying their special hatred, an exciting inspiration ran up in his blood from some store of guile saved specially for this moment—with vicious promise to it, and sure control, and the secret knowledge of how certainly he would now let this heavy-faced animal hang himself.

"You win," Tommie said, his voice tensely exultant with the venom which the other didn't deign to recognize as danger. "Let's try the station house."

IT SEEMED hours now since he'd had strength to rage and snarl and try to strike back at invisible figures beyond the blazing light. It must be hours since he'd last remembered why he let this timeless, fantastic thing go on, mutilating him in mind and body. Something hit him again where the ribs were broken, and the huge, blazing, unending essence of all the light in the world pulsed on his useless eyelids. Perhaps he was blind already: perhaps his eyes had given up life in their burnt-out sockets and he was blind at last—not with the all-dark blindness one thinks of, but with a continuous white brilliance, deep-piercing like this to his defenseless brain.

There was a way out. He had abandoned it once for some mad, forgotten reason; but he must find it, get it back to use, so that he would be left alone with the fatigue and pain that were all one thing all over his body—focused briefly when there was a blow, but then standing all over him again at once. His mind was like his arms—all usefulness pounded from the aching sinew. He smacked his thickened lips, touched them with his dry tongue to see whether the sticky blood taste wouldn't remind him of what he wanted, and close outside the heavy drone and throb of his ears somebody yelled, "Want some water?"

He made shift to nod, but he didn't believe anything happened. Then, incredibly clear, there was the splashed gurgle of a filling glass—wet, small bells tumbling upward in outlandish liveliness; and after a breathless wait, something hard and cool came to his lips. Even if there were biting acid in the glass, it would still be liquid, and for the first instant it would taste like a drink for immortals, a draft of— The tumbler hit his foot and rolled emptily on the floor, not even splashing its goodness upon his ankles.

"Gonna be a sap or y'gonna talk?" a voice snarled into his head, with whole contempt for his expecting they would let him drink.

Tell 'em something, tell 'em anything—for God's sweet sake, think of something to tell the tireless, obscene brutes before they kill you the way that dead-eyed beast wanted you killed.

Very carefully some feeble faculty in the wreckage of his brain explained: They think you know where George Fulton is; George Fulton is a criminal they want to get; try to tell them something about him; they may let you rest a little before they find out it isn't true.

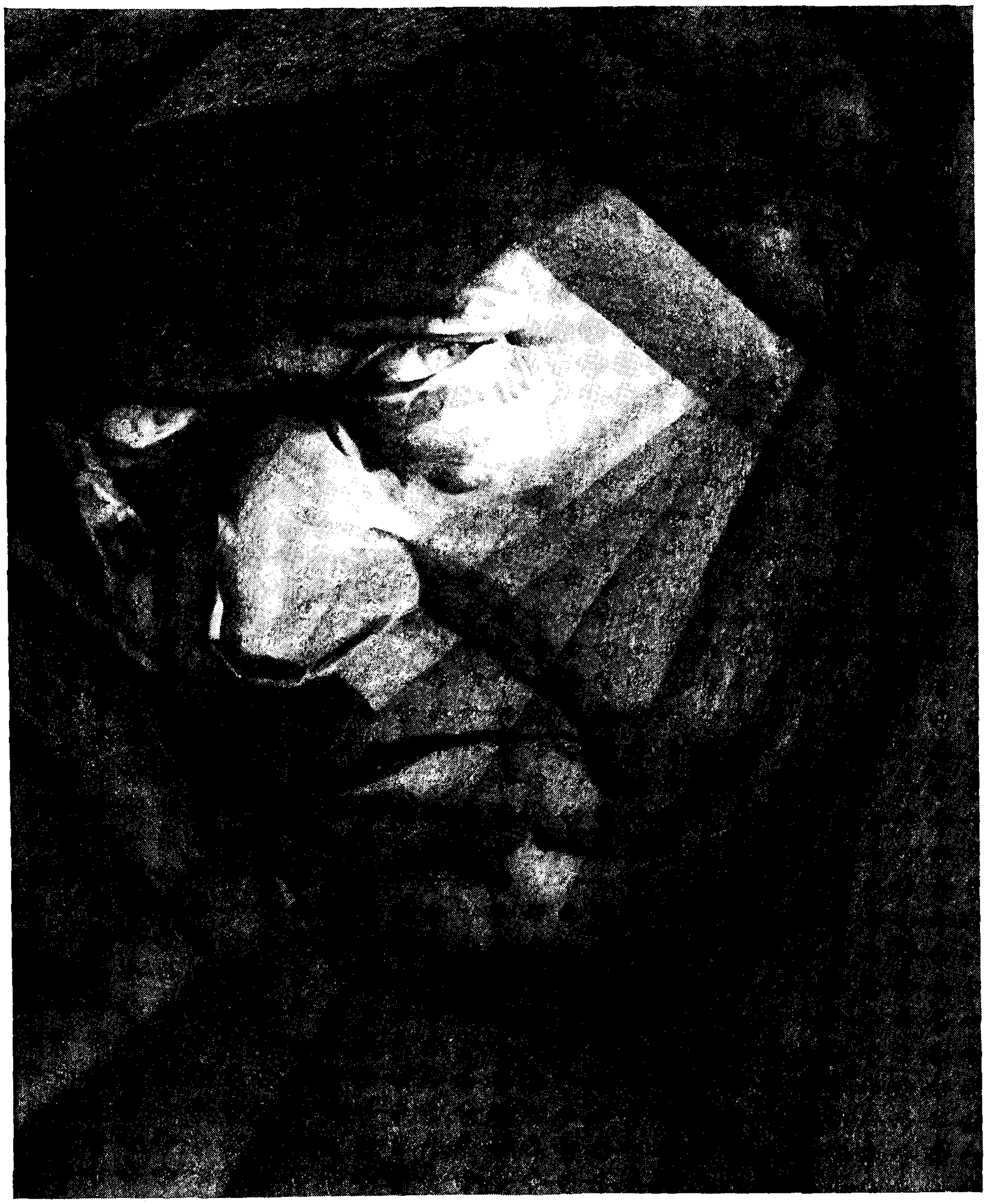
HE TRIED hard to make sense of that, holding his lips ready to speak. He shouldn't have held out so long—beyond the point where he knew how to begin thinking. He felt his face go into a lazy grimace as pressure bit again upon some part of him already too far outraged to identify itself; he wasn't even sweating any more. His mind lost any slight ground gained; and it took effort from all over him to whisper the familiar, automatic, "I don't know anything."

Sharply someone called out, "Watch it!" He tried to brace himself for whatever was coming, but he had no sense of balance and there was no back to his chair. He might be falling, floating as one falls through water; if he was, he couldn't control it. It didn't matter. There had been a lot of things that mattered once, but they were forgotten and wouldn't ever again be remembered.

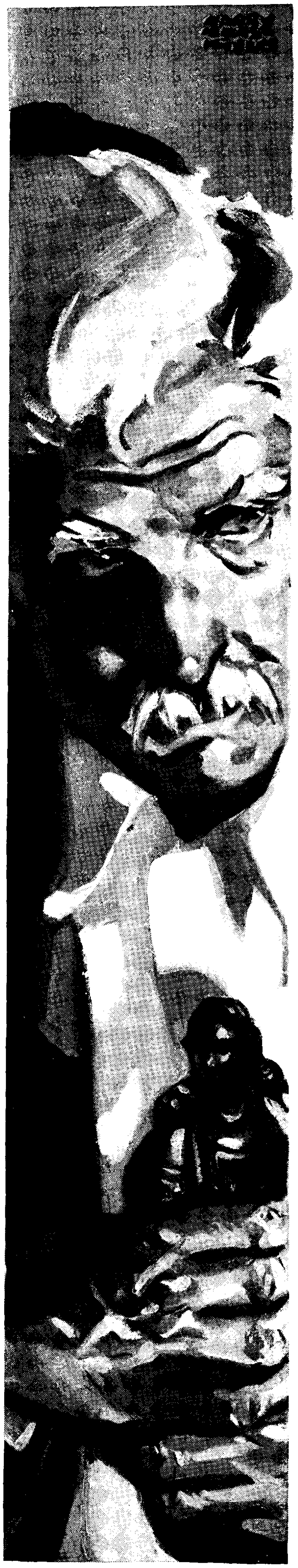
His whole chest ran with fresh, complete pain as claws clutched and slipped at his sides; and just before it happened some sly survival of sanity laughed in the triumphant knowledge that his head would crack hard against the floor and finish all this.

It was six weeks to the day when the nurse left—the last trace of hospital except for the adhesive strapping at his side. Yet the two letters that came to him at McKinnestry's ranch that morning connected him directly over those weeks to the untimed, medieval hours which could still put weary caution in joint and muscle and make him squeeze his eyelids against blinding light.

(*Continued on page 60*)



His eyes, without losing their hating deadness, thought of a time when they might have been amused



The Free Life

By Zona Gale

Freedom is a thing which few are worthy of knowing. This is the story of one girl who found that out for herself

AFTER the death of his wife, Scott Whetstone continued to live in his neat house. It was lonely, but they had planned it together, and there were things which put him pleasantly "in mind of her," as he said: the partition taken down, the small latticed window, the pegs for her kitchen things.

He had with him his daughter Mona, a divorcee, pretty enough and aware of it. Aware of her ankles, aware of her eyes. Aware of her reasonable expectations, as a young woman of twenty-four in the year 1937. She had light work, and light pay, with a lumber company; and in the evenings she was obliged often to go back to that office, or so she told her father. Sometimes he complained to Mrs. Saltus, their neighbor, that Mona was overworked, and Mrs. Saltus did not say anything when he said that. He made little figures from soap and wax and tallow, and colored them and somehow made a market for them. Everyone liked Scott, because he expected nothing and one could pity him, pleasantly, and without discomfort to oneself. If anyone did anything kind for him, he would insist with dignity on bestowing on that one a little tallow figure. Once Mrs. Saltus met him as she was entering a drugstore to have an ice cream soda, so she invited him to have one too. He accepted gravely, and as they sat in the booth he kept saying: "No one ever did anything like this for me," and "This is the first time I've ever been treated." Afterward, he carried to Mrs. Saltus a figure of a little angel done in wax, which he had kept on his clock shelf.

A new man came to the lumber yard. He took immediate account of Mona. Seated on a high stool, her trim figure, her ankles, her eyes seemed to lave his loneliness, he so solitary in this strange town. He had not had occasion to speak to her on his first day in the yard, but he had been in and out of the office all day, and at closing time he paused beside her stool and said:

"Picture show tonight?"

Immensely aware of him, she answered: "Sure." She scribbled her address on a card and said, "Second show." When he had left, she looked up his name on the pay roll: Everett Starch.

That night Mona explained to her father that she had to do some collecting and might be late. In that strange fashion of the blind, physical or mental, he felt that it was something untoward.

"You be careful, Mony," he said.

He came to the front door with her and began, "Where—" and then stopped. Mona didn't like to have him ask questions. Abruptly he saw that she was wearing her new hat, and as if by this he were shaken to an unreasoning sense of anger and bafflement and even injustice, he shouted after her:

"It's going to rain on your new hat!"

Seeing that she hardly heard him, he went in and banged the door.

Everett Starch was large and complacent. He seemed to enjoy the company of this ripe and aware woman who was so sensible of his charms.

"Ever been married?" he asked, on the way home.

"Once," she said. "But no alimony," she added.

"Once for me," he agreed gravely, "and none to pay." He scrupulously added: "No divorce yet—but a good solid separation. Nothing to prevent our going together, if you're willing."

"We can see," she said absently. "A person can't be in too much of a hurry."

WHEN this man came strolling home with Mona night after night, and Mrs. Saltus had mentioned this to Scott, he tried to have it out with his daughter.

He demanded: "Who is this man you're chasing with?" And on hearing his name and his occupation, both of which he already knew, Scott said: "Might have a wife." The third time that he said it, he had her attention.

"I know all about that," she said.

Scott groped for words, and brought out: "You be careful."

Mona drew herself up. "I'm divorced," she reminded him haughtily, and Scott had no answer. He moved about among the things that had been his wife's.

Now Everett Starch began to spend all his evenings at the Whetstones', and he was greatly in Scott's way. The best chair, the best light, the first look at the evening paper, and a window open to please the visitor—how could a man enjoy his own home? Scott tried going to bed early, but as he could not sleep with all that talking going on, nor read with the light as it was in his room, he began sitting in the kitchen; and if a neighbor came in for a pipe with him, they sat out there and smoked. But he never complained any to Mona. "Youth has the rights," he said to himself in surprise. "Youth has the rights."

Now as with an air of one whose home is in cities, Everett Starch was telling Mona that she was not appreciated in her home town, that she needed a wider field, that she ought to think about getting away.

"But where would I go?" Mona would ask, with a glance in the sideboard mirror.

The city, any city.

Mona would nod thoughtfully. Really, she seemed to think, there was reason in these words.

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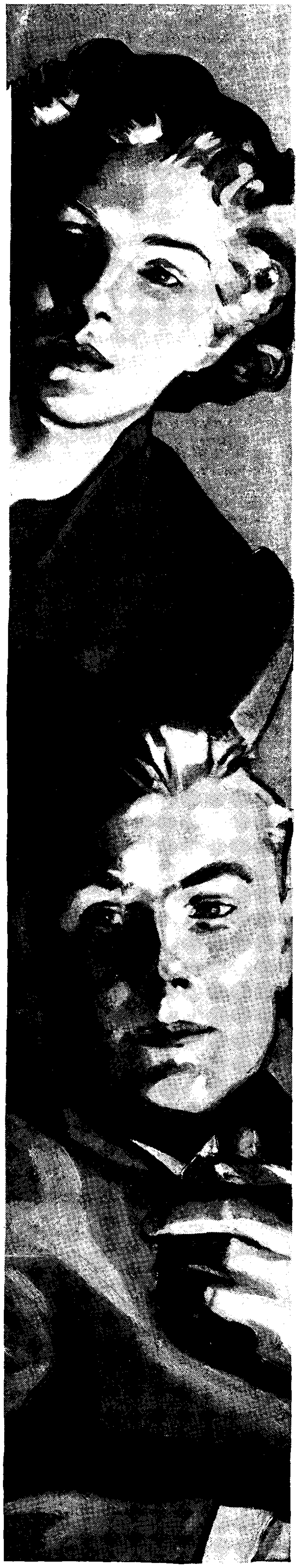
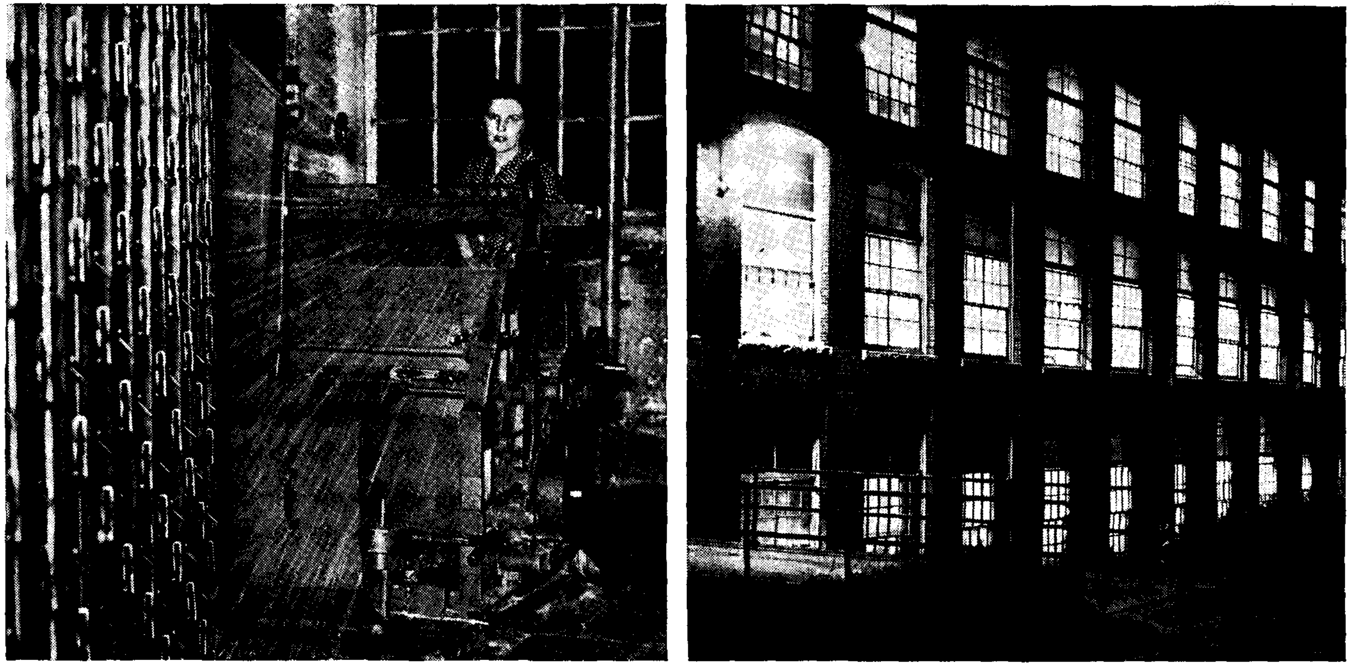


ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

"You'll have to send your father where he can have care," Everett said to Mona



Night Shift: Inside, the hum of cotton-thread machinery; outside, blazing windows that mean success in New England's fight to save her textile industry

Cotton Rich

By John T. Flynn

When the textile mills went trooping south, pessimists said that New England's prosperity was a thing of the past. But Northern spindles are humming again and the industry is expanding cheerfully. Mr. Flynn explains how it has dealt with the problems confronting it

IF YOU haven't got the price of a ticket this summer to Paris or Naples or carfare for an Intourist trip around the land of the Soviets—or even if you have the price—you might try jumping in the trailer or the new car and motoring to—of all places—a factory or two or three in your general neighborhood and having a look at how things are made. You might be surprised to learn that a visit to an automobile plant or a steel mill or, perhaps, a cotton-textile mill is a good deal more interesting and thrilling than a day's tramping on weary feet through an Italian art gallery or a British museum.

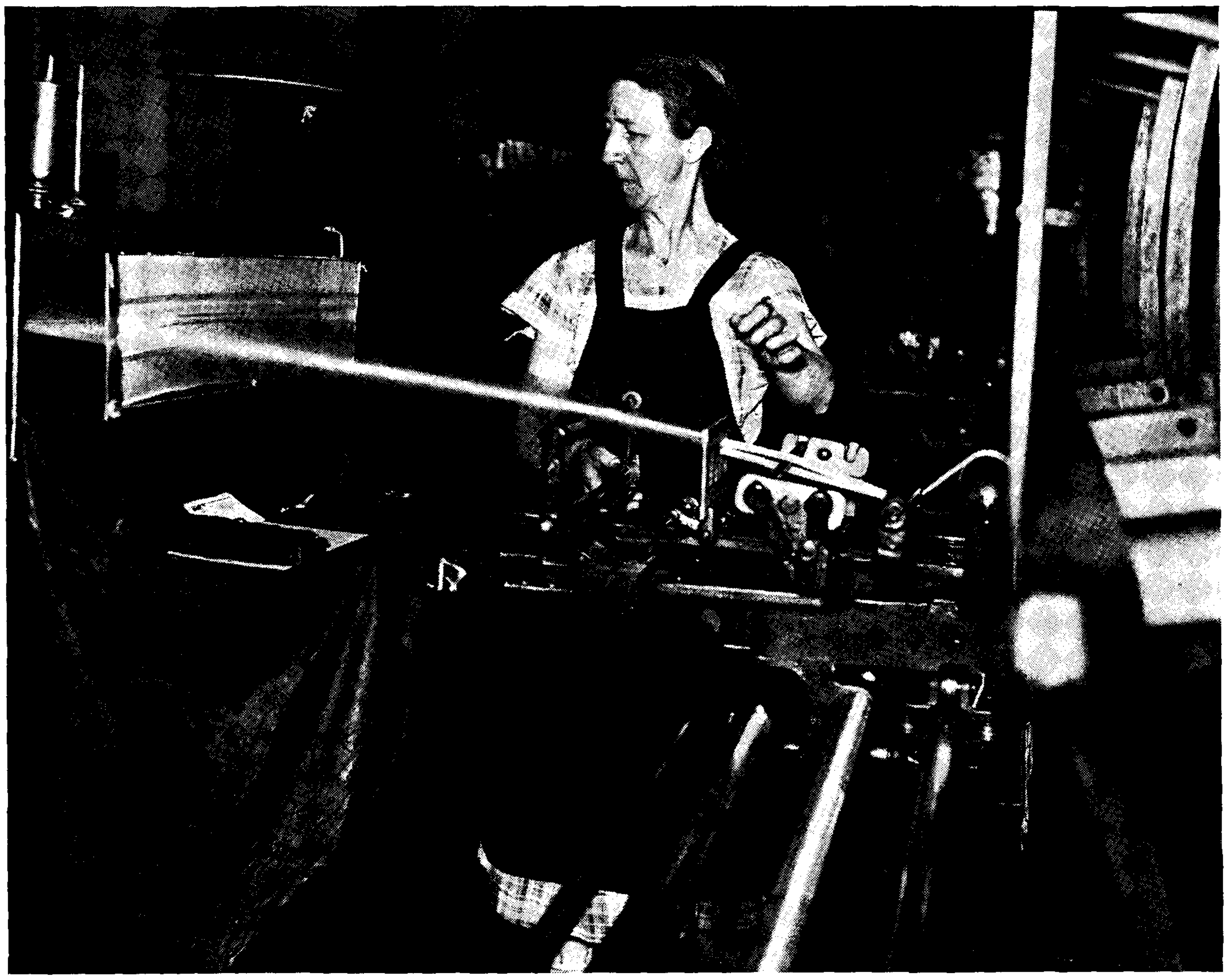
I am moved to this burst of travel propaganda by some visits I have made these last few months to various kinds of industrial plants and, more particularly, to a number of cotton mills in old New England. If you have never paused to wonder how that handkerchief or napkin or tablecloth you take so much for granted is made, you might get a good deal of surprise and several days of excitement watching the process.

I have been wandering around among the cotton-mill towns of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. As you drive along these lovely old New England roads, with their trim white colonial cottages gleaming through the trees and their endless succession of industrial towns, with the long, rakish brick mills, you get the impression, oddly, even without leaving the car, that something has happened these last few years in New England.

I wandered all over New England in 1931 and have visited parts of it many times since. Then it was weary with much trouble. It had seen the depression creep into its once busy towns long before that unwelcome visitor charged down on the rest of the country. One got the feeling in places that it was almost whipped. But the scene and the mood have changed completely. Busy towns, busy mills, crowded streets, crowded stores and an air of gaiety which arises from the fact that the well-respected dollar, never despised in New England, is hopping about again. For New England can be very gay. The common notion that those Yankee states are peopled by nothing but dour, solemn-visaged Yankees is a great mistake. Massachusetts swarms with Irish and Italians and immigrants of every kind. And even as you go northward, into the New Hampshire hills, where you might suppose you are pursuing the grim Yank to his very lair, you find yourself running into the pleasant-faced French from Canada.

New England's Deserted Villages

In 1931 I stood in the center of a small cotton-mill village in Massachusetts. The mill was silent—dark holes in the windows where glass had been, revealing the empty spaces within. There were half a dozen square white New England houses looking run-down at the heel for lack of paint and all empty. There were three or four stores, deserted, and a small movie theater, its once garish colors sadly faded out. There were several blocks of small brick houses—mill houses, I assume—unoccupied save for perhaps three or four poverty-stricken families—and, shades of Herbert Hoover, grass growing in the streets. This was once a prosperous village where a family had for three generations operated the mill and grown rich. Now it was a deserted village. Somewhere down in North Carolina or South Carolina a new mill was making cotton goods for the market once supplied by this now extinguished mill. This was merely one somewhat dramatic expression of the disaster which had overtaken Massachusetts—the flight of the cotton looms and spindles to the South.



Weaving silk thread into cloth and new life into an old industry—a Newmarket worker

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Manchester, New Hampshire, one of the many textile towns that feel, and show, returning prosperity

As you move about now, however, even in such towns as Fall River and Manchester—the two most tragic victims of the great migration—the air of lethargy and defeat is gone. Manchester is actually doing more business than it ever has done—incredible as that may seem—and Fall River is battling back to health with amazing recuperative power. The cotton mills are working two full shifts a day and in many of those old buildings that were once cotton mills, from whose walls the spindles had flown to the Land of Cotton, other kinds of machinery have appeared and different sorts of products are being made. Which reminds you of something old Grandma Fontaine said in Gone with the Wind, "We are a surviving people," she told Scarlett. They are surviving people in New England.

One of the strangest of all industrial dramas has been the story of the Yankee cotton mill. First of all, it was in these cotton mills that that great historical episode, the Industrial Revolution, made its real start in America. In Manchester old Samuel Blodget was discovering the town's water power 130 years ago and harnessing it to an early power loom two years later.

Perhaps one of the most interesting towns in America is Lowell—the first planned industrial town in America—and there today you can see buildings and places which come down from the beginnings of the machine age 113 years ago.

Lowell was the Detroit of the days before the Civil War and there almost everything we have seen in our surprising industrial civilization of the twenties has already appeared in embryo. There was the industrial town and its company houses; water power and the corporate system, even the holding company; the college man in business; the house organ and publicity; the integration of industry; and a goodly number of those cute little corporation and banking and stock tricks we got so expert at these last twenty years and which we foolishly suppose were invented then.

For a century the New England mill owner dug more gold out of the cotton mills than the adventurous miner of California ever dug out of his mine from '49 until this day. And in time this cotton-textile industry became the biggest in the country.

Industry's Longest Pay Roll

Today it employs more workers than the automobile industry or the steel industry or the coal industry—generally supposed to be the largest. It makes work for more than the huge rubber and paper industries combined. When it is running it has a pay roll of 500,000 men and women. That's how many are getting wages every week now from these more than 1,100 mills, scattered from Maine to Texas. Put differently, it means that more than half a billion dollars a year are paid out in wages by the producing part of this industry alone. And, it might be well to remember, these half million people take their weekly wages out fifty-two times a year and hand them over to the merchants on Main Street. And Main Street it is, in truth, because about two thirds of these cotton mills are in towns of less than ten thousand population. And that is what they are doing now.

But the interesting phenomenon about this industry, which is doing so well today, is that it has run into no end of headaches these last twenty years. Once the cotton-textile world was all in Yankeeland. But today there are two textile worlds. And these two worlds face each other, looking a bit sour and menacing. And strangest of all, once more those two old economic foes—Massachusetts and South Carolina—seem to be lining up for a scrap. For one textile world is in New England and another is in the South. It is to the South that those spindles and looms which left New England mills went in the last ten or fifteen years, and it is the growing mill business of the South which explained that little deserted village I described and those long lines of silent, abandoned mills in Manchester and Lowell and Lawrence and dozens of other towns.

Nowhere is there so great an example of the smallness of this old world of ours as in the textile industry and of the influence which distant events exercise upon every part of it. For instance, India grew wrathy at England. One day, because of that wrath and because of their poverty, a group of religious leaders in India met and repealed the age-old law of the faithful that no Hindu should ever wash his cotton turban; he must wear it until it was no longer wearable, then buy a new one. The old priests ruled that henceforth they would be permitted to wash their turbans. One of the first effects of that was to throw thousands of cotton-mill workers out of employment in Manchester, England. For years now China and Japan have been developing their own textile mills because of their military ambitions. Also the world has grown warlike—and hence nations as part of their military programs seek to make themselves self-sufficient. They seek to produce their own cotton goods. As a result the export business of our cotton mills drops off enormously.

Prosperity Moves South

All this nationalism hit the New England mills. But more important than all was the flight of the looms to the South. After all, the cotton is grown there. There was a time when it was difficult to make good cotton goods in the South because of the lack of proper humidity. But the handicap has been overcome by chemists and machine builders. And so cotton-mill owners began to discover that they could get workers to work longer hours and for less pay in South Carolina and North Carolina and Georgia. And so the mills began going south.

I asked in various towns of Massachusetts what effect this had had on them. At Fitchburg, four companies went out of business, throwing 3,000 people out of work. At Taunton seven companies folded up or left in ten years. At New Bedford thirteen companies quit or left town. And, worst of all, in Fall River

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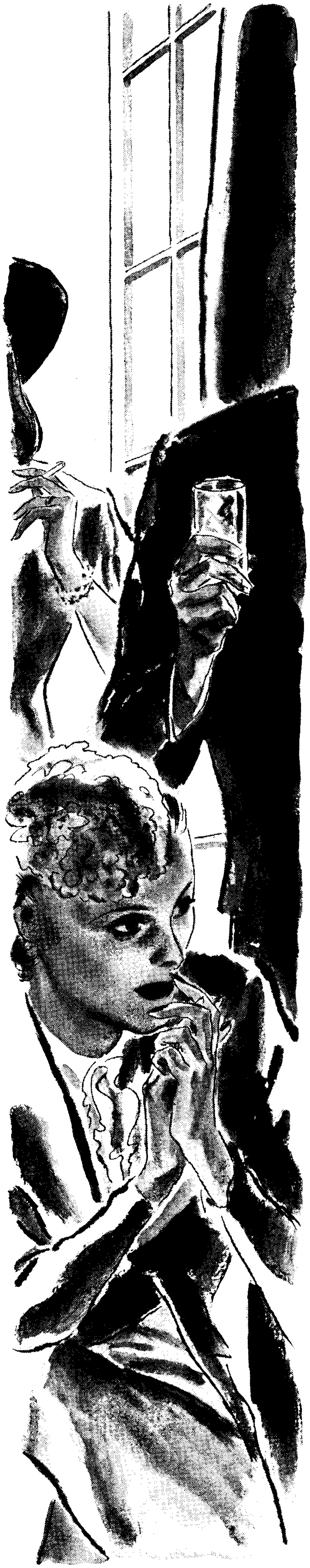
SILVER GILT

By Hamlen Hunt

The story of a girl who confused her mother's past with her own future



A GIRL needs more than beauty to be greeted by that particular kind of silence. When Mary Travers came into the crowded living room silence went before her, as if a thick carpet had been laid down under her feet. She walked forward, smiling, and people looking up suddenly would not soon forget that delicately boned face, that slender body that walked as if to secret music, that hair that was of a color somewhere between honey and moonlight, except that it was coppery in shadow. Mary once said, bitterly, that she was just like her hair—silver gilt. “Silver on top,” she said, “but you can see the copper underneath.”

She stood looking around the room for a minute with a sandwich in one hand, a cocktail in the other. Already it was beginning. She could imagine the murmurs, the little whispered asides. They were giving each other her history, and her mother's history, combining the juicier bits of both. She could hear, “Yes, Bella Benton's daughter. *You* know. Yes, just divorced. Suppose she'll have half a dozen husbands, just like her mother.” And another voice: “Look at those clothes—and she's not getting alimony. And don't tell me she bought them on a file clerk's salary because I know better. Of course, there always was some other man—that's why there was the divorce. They say—”

Mary could feel herself stiffening, could feel the old shame and misery at being Bella Benton's daughter swirl around her like a thick air that was hard to breathe. She had a longing to rush out of the room, to throw open the front door and run away from all the words. But she couldn't do that. She had no one, not even a drunken, jealous husband to run to now, and never would have again. Even John was gone. She was on her own and she was going to have fun—any kind that came her way—but she was never going to put her trust in another person.

MARY'S mother, Bella, wasn't so dumb in that respect—she was brassy and hard and practical enough to have conquered her emotions. Any man suited Bella, as long as he had money.

“This time they've got something to talk about, too,” Mary told herself viciously. “No, dears, I *didn't* buy these clothes on a file clerk's salary.” She looked at her smoky-blue dress that had cost a hundred dollars, at the twenty-five-dollar gray pumps on her feet. It was the first time in her life she had worn such lovely clothes, clothes that complemented her blue eyes, that silvered her bright hair, that clung to her alluring body. “I'm modeling them this minute, if you want to know.”

Almost unconsciously she felt for the thick gold wedding ring she had worn on her finger for three years and which had been a symbol of safety, even though her husband was Charlie Travers. The ring was gone now, and with it the last of her security. It almost made her laugh to think how hard she had tried to live down her mother's reputation, how hard she had tried to find safety, how she had tried to dim her beauty and dull her attractiveness so people would not look at her and remember she was Bella's daughter, and so Charlie would not torment her.

Bella Benton, usually known as good old Bella, was a singer, thanks to the money left by her second husband. She was known by her first name in a great many places by a great many people; her last name changed so frequently she was always being addressed as Mrs. Last Husband's Name or Mrs. Next Husband's Name, which only amused her. She could hardly distinguish one man from another, and she couldn't understand why it made so much difference to other people. Men were all alike, only some were rich and some were not. It was better to have the rich ones, particularly when you weren't so young any more.

Through all the years when she was being snatched by Bella from country to country, from school to school, from marriage to love affair to concert tour and back to marriage, Mary had longed not for a lover, but for someone to take the place of the father who had died when she was four. She had longed for the security a father provides for his small children. It had seemed like a miracle when Charlie Travers, clever, established, fifteen years older, had married her. She didn't know then that it was her husband's rather peculiar pleasure to discompose people because it excited him to catch glimpses of stricken feelings, of uneasy minds. For three years his young wife had given him almost all the excitement he needed; she was so easy to wound because her self-judgment was poor and her defenses down to the man who had rescued her with a gold wedding ring; she was so honorable and she could so easily be made to feel guilty for no reason except her heritage. It had given him a sense of great power to tell Mary that she had more beauty than Bella and less courage, more charm and less honesty.

It had been amusing to watch her rather pitiful devices to give him no cause for jealousy—to make her telephone for the groceries so he would not accuse her of flirting with the clerk, to terrify her out of common civility to his men friends like John Allen, whom he took home the oftener for that very reason. With what exquisite pleasure he had found Mary weeping in John's arms one day! How cleverly he had worked up his own rage until his jealousy was half real and he half believed that Mary had been unfaithful a dozen times a week. “Like mother, like daughter,” he had shouted, a little drunk, aristocratic even in stained flannels and a sweat shirt, with gray in his red hair and red Vandyke beard.

REMEMBERING all this now, Mary smiled slowly, as if her thoughts were pleasant. She lowered her eyelids a little, and moved toward a corner where there were half a dozen men.

“Will someone give me a cigarette?” she asked, softly, her voice smooth and silvery as her hair, with the same warm undertones.

The men turned as one, fumbling with cigarette cases and lighters, but Fuller Gracie already had his flat gold case open on his palm. Mary took one of the gold-tipped cigarettes.

“This is the first thing you've ever allowed me to do for you, Mary,” Fuller said. His rather thick features wore the assurance of wealth, and he had a semi-kind, semipaternal lust for all young beauty. He didn't like to see a lovely girl poor, or unhappy, or working too hard. He had been telling Mary that for a long time, and he was glad to see his friend Silvers had given Mary a modeling job. It was a crime for a girl like that to wear brown sweaters and tweed skirts as she had when she lived in Darien with Charlie. He was glad that phase was over. “They all got a yen for a little respectability,” he thought, nodding at his own wisdom. “She's had hers and knows it wasn't so hot. She's about ready for a little fun now. And why shouldn't she have it?” he demanded of himself virtuously.

“GO *ON*,” Mary told herself. “Don't be a fool. You tried marriage, and that didn't help any. You tried working and living on seventeen dollars a week and that was hardly any more fun. People are going to talk anyway. You might as well stop struggling to live down Bella's reputation and enjoy yourself. Go on, have fun. You've nothing to lose.”

She smiled up at Fuller and slipped her arm through his.

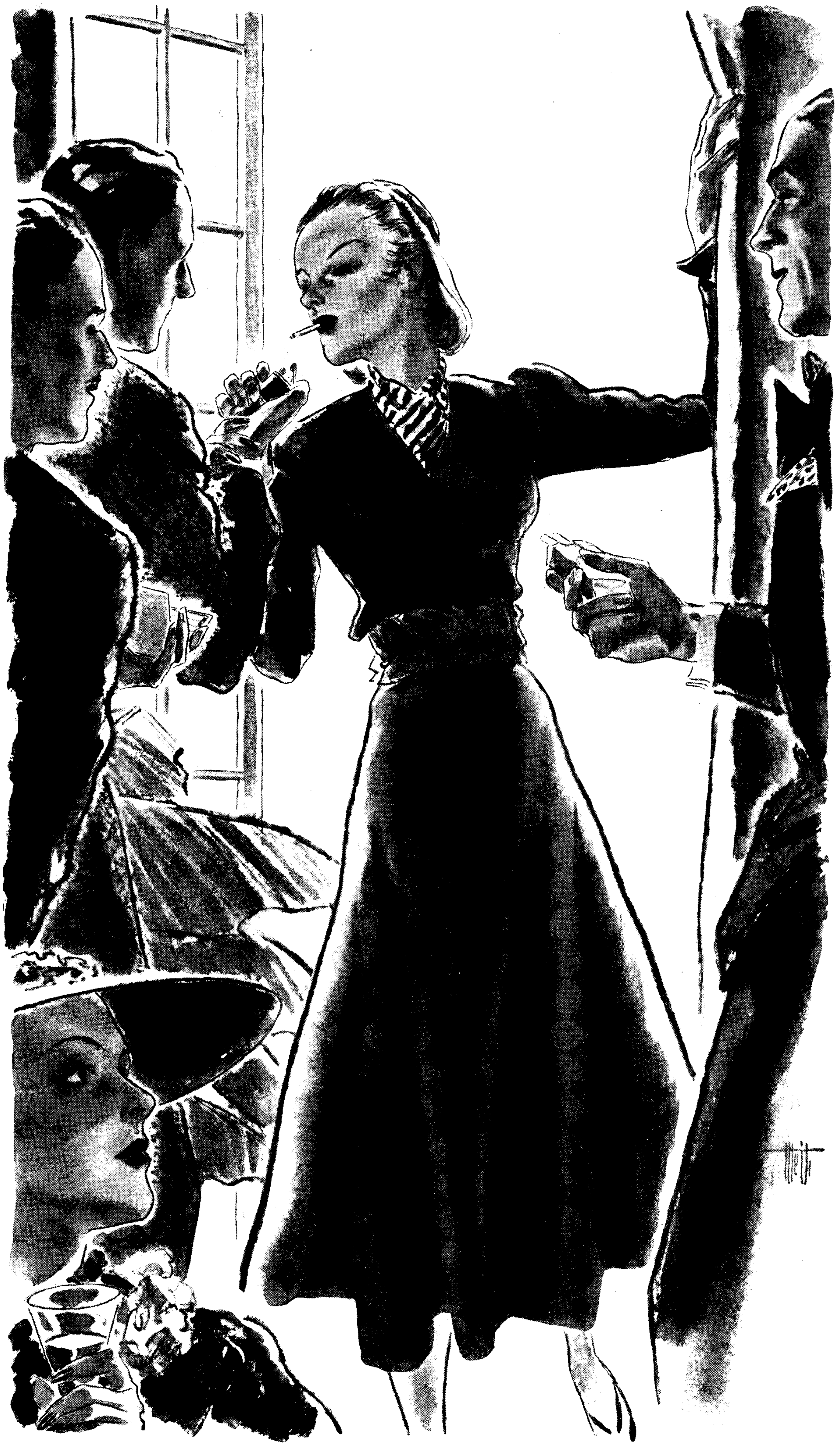
“Come while I get another cocktail,” she said. “Good. Tastes like fire.”

“I can think of other things that would taste that way,” Fuller said, enjoying her flush. For a girl dragged up the way she must have been, she had a funny innocence.

“Perhaps I'll get to like those, too,” Mary said, still a little flushed.

“Stick around with me,” Fuller said, swelling out his chest a little. She was the loveliest girl he had seen in a long time. He could feel the attention she drew. It was something almost tangible. Something had happened to the girl—maybe it was only being free of a husband—but her resistance was gone. It was as if she had suddenly realized that she had a lot to offer. “She's on the market, all right,” Fuller thought. “Funny, she almost had me fooled for a while, too. I thought she wasn't ever going to break down. She's got a lot of Bella's blood, after all. Good old Bella.”

Mary, when her glass was refilled, turned back to Fuller, and drew in her breath sharply, as if she had been hurt, when she found herself looking at John Allen's long, full face, with its bright black eyes that saw so much staring at her. It had always given her a little shock to look suddenly at him. He was such a completely devised human being; so much the inescapable male. She



hadn't seen him, except with distance between them, since that day she had wept on his shoulder and Charlie had found them in what he chose to call a traitorous, cheating embrace. Mary remembered she had been crying that particular time because she had again been begging Charlie to let her have a baby. He had rejected the idea so violently always that Mary could not help knowing how much he despised her.

"Maybe I am bad," she had wept. "Maybe he's right, and if I followed my own inclinations—"

"Don't be a fool, Mary," John had said. "Don't let him talk you into things that way. Haven't you any self-confidence at all? Don't you know what you're like?"

John had talked to her roughly for a long time, trying to make her believe it wasn't looks that made a woman's life, it was character, and that her character she worried so much about was totally different from Bella's. "You're a *very* faithful girl," John had said.

Even if he had been right eight months ago, Mary thought, he was wrong now. She had stopped loving Charlie, and if you could stop loving one man, you could start and stop loving a dozen. It never occurred to her that she had been so blinded by the shiny symbol of a gold ring she had not been able to see the man she fell in love with before she was twenty. It never occurred to her that she had made a mistake in her man, not in her ideas.

"Hello, John," she said, gaily, to hide the fact it had been a shock to see him so close, so suddenly. "How are you?"

She smiled again at Fuller, and said to John, "I'm having a lot of fun at this party. Aren't you?"

"I'm glad to see you," he said. "You're looking—different."

THE astonishment in his voice at the change was a little less than flattering, and Mary laughed with a little less than pleasure. John was making her uncomfortable, just when she was getting started. He reminded her of the bitter, dreary days with Charlie. He reminded her of past tears.

John Allen was a wide, solidly built man with a penetrating observation of people and charily given affections. He had known Charlie Travers and disliked him, but when he met his wife he had grown more friendly to Charlie because he had seen how much Mary needed help. He knew her problem, and he knew Charlie, and he had gone on being helpful and kind and comforting even after he had fallen in love with Mary and it had been a refined torture to visit them as the safe old friend of whom no husband would be jealous. He had watched Charlie grow more unreasonable, sink deeper into a perpetual semialcoholic bad temper. He had watched Charlie let his business decline. And he had seen Mary's life grow more miserable. It had given him a helpless feeling to know that she wanted a gold ring more than happiness. And then Charlie had found him with his arms around Mary for the first and only time. He was glad he had kept away from her while the divorce was going through. It had saved her a little gossip anyway.

Mary said, hastily, "You must come and see me soon, John. I'm going now. To another party or somewhere. It's such fun!"

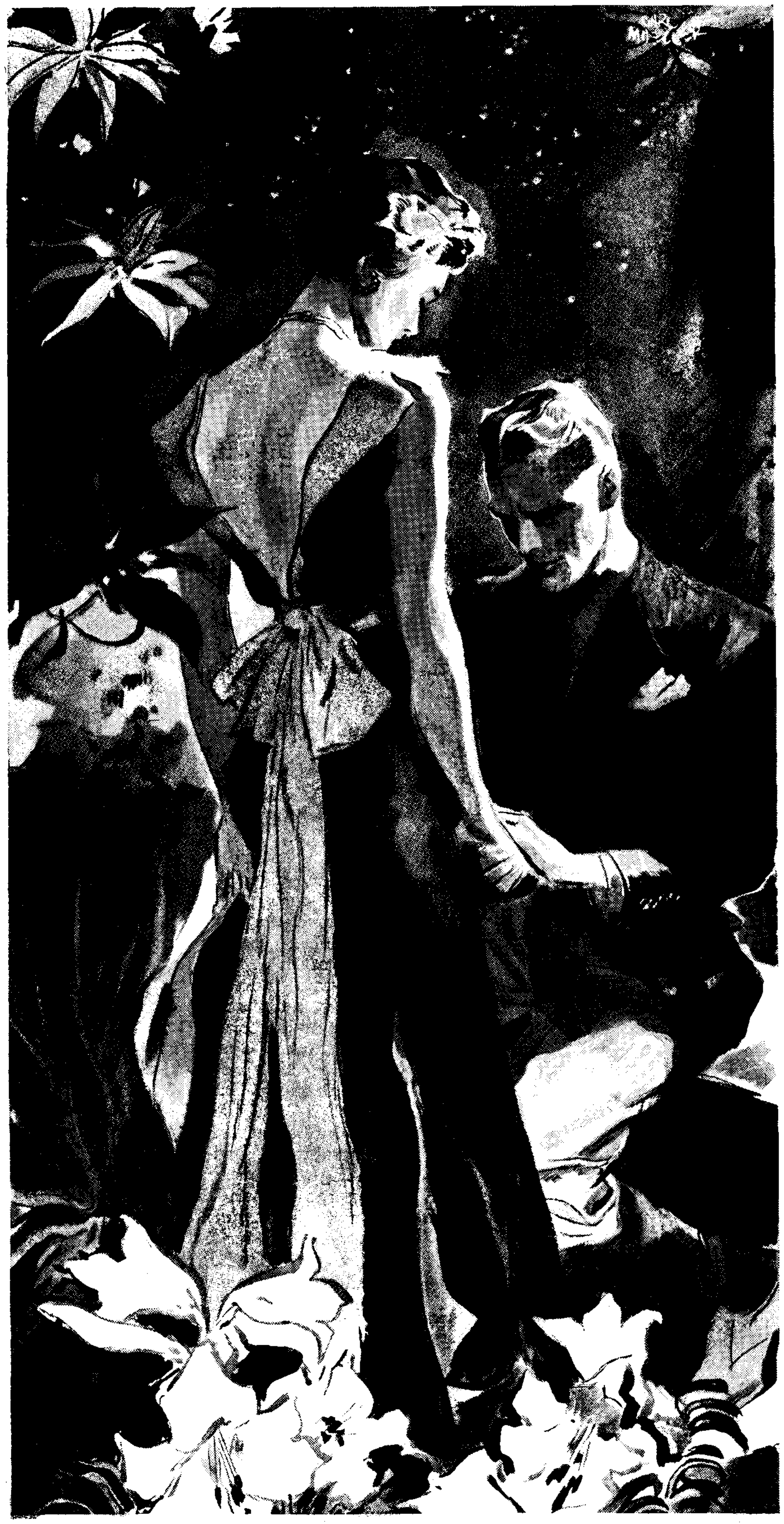
She had never dared enjoy herself

(Continued on page 55)

The men turned as one, fumbling with cigarette cases and lighters. "This is the first thing you've ever allowed me to do for you, Mary," Fuller said

Personality Girl

By David Partridge



She'd be back, she told him. And when he asked her to promise, she promised. She'd be back. Soon. Yes, very soon

IT'S still going on. I mean, he's still waiting for her. To this day, they tell me.

I've never seen him, myself, this unfortunate young man. In fact, I've never been to Bermuda. And so, of course, as regards the pink coral and the blue water and the perfume of the lilies and the magic, as they say, the magic of the Bermuda moon—all I know is what I've read in the ads. You've seen them, too, those ads.

But when it comes to the girl—it so happens that I know her. I've known her for some time. And—well, in a way I can understand it, moon or no moon. Although Bermuda surely did have something to do with it. Her being down there by herself, for one thing. And then, naturally, the well-known fact that a trip like that is a terrible and complete flop unless there's romance. And romance, they tell me, in the tropics—or isn't Bermuda tropical, strictly speaking?

At any rate, this girl—her name is Isabel, let me say—Isabel is no howling beauty. Not by any means. Never was. But she's one of those what you might call personality girls. That is to say, every once in a while she'll think up some new personality, and then she'll dress up and act the part. Cleverly, too. The right sort of earrings, for instance. Or a bit of ribbon in her hair. Or a big, droopy hat. Or no hat at all. Depending upon the act, of course. The mood, as she would say.

That time she went down to Bermuda, she was going in for long cigarette holders, and lots of that blue shadow stuff around the eyes, and her dark hair was combed forward in a funny way over her forehead. The Shanghai Express act. The glamorous spy, or something on that order. With her cheeks looking thin and very pale. You know—weary, dreadfully tired of it all.

And, of all people, she had to pick on this helpless young fellow. No tourist, like herself. No officer on board the ship. Not even a radio operator. No. It had to be something different. It had to be this young fellow.

Just how she met him, I don't know. But I'm told it's easy in Bermuda; you meet everybody; you just say, "Hello," and then you go off bicycle riding together. And everybody there seems to have a bicycle.

But this young fellow, Stephen—well, he had some kind of job down there. Not much of a job, it seems. Something to do with sailboats. And nobody knew much about him, except that he came from England and was very good-looking. Tall and strong. With his hair bleached almost white from the sun. He lived in a shack, by himself, in Paget West, if you know where that is.

AS TO this romance, I can't tell you much—what he said and what she said, and where they went, and what they did and what they didn't do. All I know is that she stayed down there about a month. And he took her sailing—she told me that.

Sailing. It isn't easy to picture that—the Isabel of those days, I mean, with the snaky sort of clothes she was going in for just then, and the long earrings, and so forth. And it was only a small boat, too, she said. A small, open boat. And one night they went away out—they went so far out that the lights on shore—well, anyway, they went terribly far out. And it seems she had quite a time getting him to turn back.

But next day—next day she saw him again. She hadn't really been afraid. Not really. He was cute, she said. Cute. Whatever that means to her. Perhaps it means a lot. I don't know.

Anyway—when it was all over, when it was time for her to go away—he just couldn't understand it. What had he done? Why was she leaving him? Why?

She wasn't leaving him. She was leaving Bermuda, she told him. She had to get back home. Back to her job.

No, she was leaving *him*—he couldn't see it any other way.

So she gave up trying to explain. But she'd be back, she told him. And when he asked her to promise, she promised. She'd be back. Soon. Yes, very soon.

That was the night before she left. And when she said goodby to him, there, in the garden of the hotel—well, she sort of expected to see him again in the morning. On the dock or somewhere, she said.

But he wasn't there. He didn't send flowers, either. Not even a note.

AND then—they were well out of the harbor now, and she was standing at the rail—and then she saw him. His boat, rather. She was sure, she said, on account of the number on the sail. She could just about see him, too. His light hair, and his dark face and arms. Yes, it was Stephen, all right. And that boat of his—there was pretty much of a breeze—that little boat was leaning way over, going just as fast as it could. As though it were trying to race with the steamer. And then, when it started dropping behind—it was rocking terribly, now, she said—the waves from the steamer, you know—but it didn't turn around. It kept right on. As though it wanted to follow all the way to New York.

Well, this young fellow, Stephen, he got back to Bermuda, all right. Nobody knows just how long he was out. But he got back all right. And tied up his boat, as usual.

But it seems that, for one thing, he didn't take any more girls out sailing. Nor bicycle riding, either. As a matter of fact, he kept pretty much to himself, from now on.

But there's one thing he started doing now. And that is, he'd go down to Hamilton and meet the steamers. He would stand there—close to the gangplank—just stand there until the last passenger had come down. He managed to get down to that dock pretty regularly, I'm told.

And every once in a while—evenings, especially when there was a dance or something going on—he would go and stand outside the hotel where Isabel had stopped. He would stand there, near the entrance, and look at all the people coming in and out. But he never tried to get in.

Sometimes—when there was a girl in a large hat, or in a tight-fitting satin dress—he would go up to her, and try to get a good look at her. But he never spoke to any of these girls. Or to any other girls, from what I'm told.

Now it so happens that Isabel actually kept her promise. She did go back to Bermuda. On her honeymoon, in fact. Yes, little Isabel finally got married.

And a honeymoon in Bermuda—the pink coral and the blue water, and so on, not to forget the hibiscus bushes—what could be sweeter?

And—well, this young man, Stephen, he seldom missed a steamer. The chances are, he was standing there, waiting. Looking at the passengers—one by one—as they came down the gangplank.

But Isabel was doing her Hunt Club act, those days. Very tweedy, don't you know. Crew-neck sweaters. And horsy little hats. And healthy red cheeks.

So perhaps he just didn't recognize her. Maybe it was that. At any rate, they tell me he's still waiting.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Big Girl Now

By Henry F. Pringle

The life and performances of Mitzi Green, who, at the age of sixteen, is staging a comeback in show business

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

BACK in the summer and fall of 1930 thousands of parents in the United States, Great Britain, Australia and the other English-speaking countries had one instinct in common. It was to wring the neck of a child movie actress named Mitzi Green.

Their instinct was not without justification. Out in Hollywood, earlier that year, a picture called Honey had been in production. Wesley Ruggles, the director, decided that it needed an additional touch of comedy. So he devised a gag for Mitzi Green, who was nine years old at the time and not yet infamous. The gag was for Mitzi to cavort through the picture chanting "I know a secret!" in a singsong voice at frequent intervals.

The adults who saw Honey were partly fascinated and partly horrified by these sequences. The effect on the English-speaking children of the world was appalling. They, too, started to intone, "I know a secret! I know a secret!" in their homes, on the street and at school. It got more than a little monotonous. But it made a child star out of Mitzi Green and her pay soared to a rumored $3,500 a week before, at twelve, she was retired because of old age.

Hollywood is a town with innumerable convictions and among the firmest of them is that no child star ever stages a comeback. At least two juvenile actresses have, however, contrived the impossible. One of these is Madge Evans, whose public career began when she was photographed on a cake of soap, and gained renown as the Have-You-a-Little-Fairy-in-Your-Home? girl and who then went into pictures. The second is Mitzi Green. Her movie contract was not renewed in 1932, on the ground that she was too big for small-girl parts and too small for big-girl ones. But her eclipse was only partial, to say the most.

During the next four years she made personal appearances in vaudeville and was given radio engagements. It was rare for her to make less than $1,000 a week and she has undoubtedly earned more money, year in and year out, than any other girl of not quite seventeen. When, last fall, she achieved the ripe age of sixteen—many states are nasty enough to set this as a minimum—she performed in night clubs and rose to $1,500 a week. Now Mitzi is the star of a Broadway musical hit, Babes in Arms. The movie barons who spurned her five years ago have been bidding again and she will return to the coast for the center spot in a musical film at the end of her Broadway run. From present indications this will not occur until fall.

About a decade ago the patrons of vaudeville houses in the Middle West and the Southwest watched, for the first time, an act billed as "LITTLE MITZI, Doing an Imitation of The Two Black Crows (Moran & Mack) with Joe Keno and Rosie Green." Joe Keno and Rosie Green, it will be deduced, were the parents of Little Mitzi. Joe was the comedian of the number. He stepped out wearing a collegiate cap and gown, shuffled a few steps and sang:

A college life, a college life,
A college life for me.
A college life, a college life,
Is full of jollity . . .

This went on for quite a little while, but I shall spare my readers. When the song was over, Mrs. Green appeared and they exchanged a few insults of the type most appreciated by vaudeville fans. After that they sang a duet and then Joe stepped to the front of the stage.

"Ladies and gentleman," he declaimed, "I take pleasure in presenting our daughter, Little Mitzi, who will now give you an imitation of Moran and Mack."

Mimicry, but No Mathematics

Before many in the audience could escape, a small girl of about five, her dark hair in bangs, was drawling out the lines of the black-face comedians. Astonishingly enough, she was doing it well. Mitzi had, and still has, a very accurate ear and the cadences of her Moran and Mack imitation were almost perfect. The audience, no longer skeptical, cheered and whistled. Joe Keno and Rosie Green established some kind of record, on this tour, when they gladly consented to have her name given top billing.

At sixteen, Mitzi Green is almost without formal education. Her schooling, inevitably, was scattered. Yet she is much better informed than the average subdeb of her age. She has read or seen nearly every modern play and quite a few of the classics. Her French is excellent. She has rebelled, it is true, against learning arithmetic or the higher forms of mathematics.

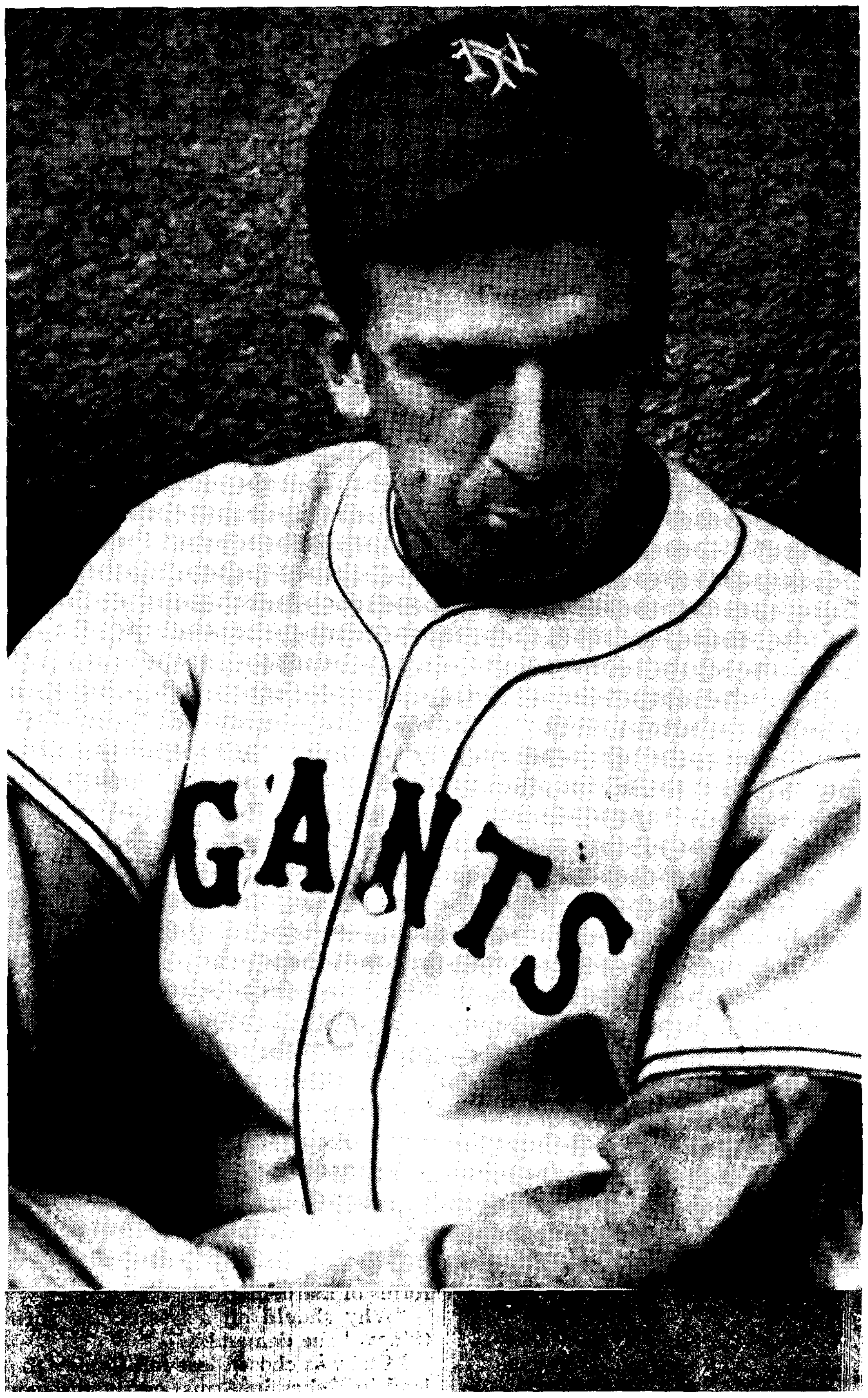
"Why should an actress know such things?" she demands.

Mitzi was chosen last fall to play the lead in Babes in Arms, partly through good luck and partly because of a night-club appearance which had drawn big crowds.

"Weren't you awfully excited?" a friend asked when the announcement was made.

She pondered the question. "No," she

(Continued on page 51)



COLLIER'S PHOTOGRAPHS

I Can Hit Pretty Good

Mr. Carl Hubbell's screwball is the baseball equivalent of a ghost. You can't see it; you can't touch it. This notorious dipsy-do makes Hub tops in his profession. But is that the thing that warms his heart? Not on your life. Ask him. He'll tell you, "Once I hit a home run off Dizzy Dean"

By Quentin Reynolds

LOU GEHRIG and I were on the way from New York to Buffalo when the plane took a dip, bent over a bit to the right, and then straightened out.

"That's what Hubbell's screwball is like," Lou Gehrig said mournfully. "You never know when it's coming, and when it does come you can't do anything about it. The first time we batted against him in the World Series we tried to wait him out. Can you imagine waiting out a guy who averages something like two passes per nine innings over the season? So the second time we faced Hub we tried strategy. We stepped forward, closed our eyes and swung at the ball."

Goose Goslin was standing at the table in Miami trying for a nine, but he didn't make it, so we got to talking about Hubbell. "I've batted against Hub several times, in exhibition games and in World Series games. As far as I can remember, I got only one real hit off him. That was in 1929 on the way north. I had sent all of my bats up because it was the last exhibition game we were to play. When it came my turn to bat I hollered to the bat boy, 'Throw me the first club you pick up.' So I got up with some funny kind of a bat and swung at the first ball he pitched and the ball hit the handle, broke the bat, and caromed out between right and center field. I got to third base laughing. That's the only way to hit Hub—just grab any bat, swing and trust to luck."

Jimmy Foxx and Rip Collins were listening to the inanities of Jack White as that nimble-tongued comedian went to work in his night club, and after a while, as always happens when baseball men get together, the talk shifted to—of all people—Hubbell.

"He's awfully hard to hit," Rip Collins said.

"Not for me," Jimmy Foxx said complacently. "I made a sucker out of him once. That was at the Polo Grounds in 1934 during that All-Star game. Yeah, I murdered Hub that day."

Six Strike-outs Out of Seven

Now, that was a game I remembered. I remembered that Hubbell worked three innings, struck out six men and gave two hits. I remembered well that he struck out Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons and Cronin in succession. I remembered that Dickey then hit and then Hub struck out Gomez—making it six strikeouts out of seven, the greatest spot of pitching ever done by anybody.

Yes, I know that in June, 1936, Van Mungo of Brooklyn struck out seven successive batters to tie a record made only three times in sixty years of major-league baseball—but those batters whom Van mowed down were Cincinnati Reds, not men like Foxx or Ruth or Gehrig or Simmons or Cronin. So I reminded the complacent Foxx of this.

"Yeah, you did great against Hub. You were one of the five he struck out in a row," I told him.

Foxx just smiled, "Oh, sure, I struck out—but I hit a big loud foul off of Hub. That's more than those other guys could do. Any time you hit a foul off of Hub you are practically in a hitting mood."

"You're lucky," Ripper Collins said gloomily. "You're in the American League. You have to face him maybe once a season. We got to look at that guy every time we play New York. It wouldn't be so bad if you only knew what he was going to throw. But he throws a curve, a fast one, and that dipsy-do all with the same motion."

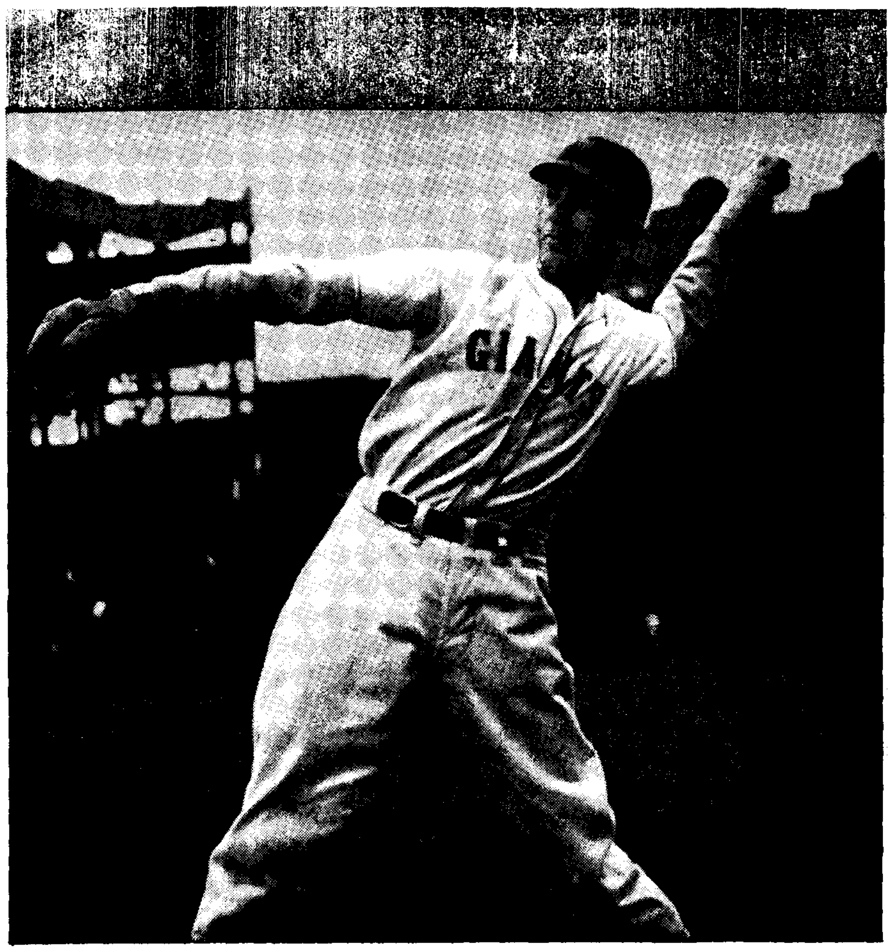
Young Terry Moore of the Cardinals has in two short years established himself as a smart, resourceful hitter. He's a hitter of the Billy Herman type, who fools around trying this and that, worrying a pitcher to death. He sat in the press box during last year's World Series watching Hub work.

"When I first came up," Terry Moore said, "I tried to outguess that guy. How do you like that for a fresh rookie, trying to outguess Hubbell? It would be three and two on me and I'd say, 'Now he'll burn a fast one over,' and I'd get set for it. So what? So, along would come that dipsy-do of his, that screwball. I bat right-handed and that dipsy-do breaks away from a right-hander and you break your back reaching for it and then you walk back to the bench and Frisch says, sarcastically, 'What were you doing, waving at somebody in the stands?' "

Now, let's face it, folks. You and I are fans and we follow baseball pretty closely and we think we know the answers. But we don't, any more than do the baseball writers. When you want to know something about baseball, what is the use of going to somebody who only writes about baseball? Go to Gehrig and to Goslin and to the Fox with the two x's and to Terry Moore and to the Ripper — they really know baseball. They know more about Hubbell than Hub himself does, because, after all, Hub doesn't have to hit against that screwball of his—all he has to do is to throw it. Every ballplayer I have ever talked to is firmly convinced that Hubbell is the greatest pitcher who ever lived—and if you happen to be a Mathewson worshiper, we'll toss in this qualification: Very few present-day ballplayers ever saw Matty pitch, none batted against him. Hubbell today is the Beau Geste of baseball. He is Hubbell the Magnificent, and his greatest admirers are the men who have to bat against him. Sit down and meet Mr. Carl Hubbell and you'll spend a pleasant half hour, because Hubbell is the kind of a person you'll like.

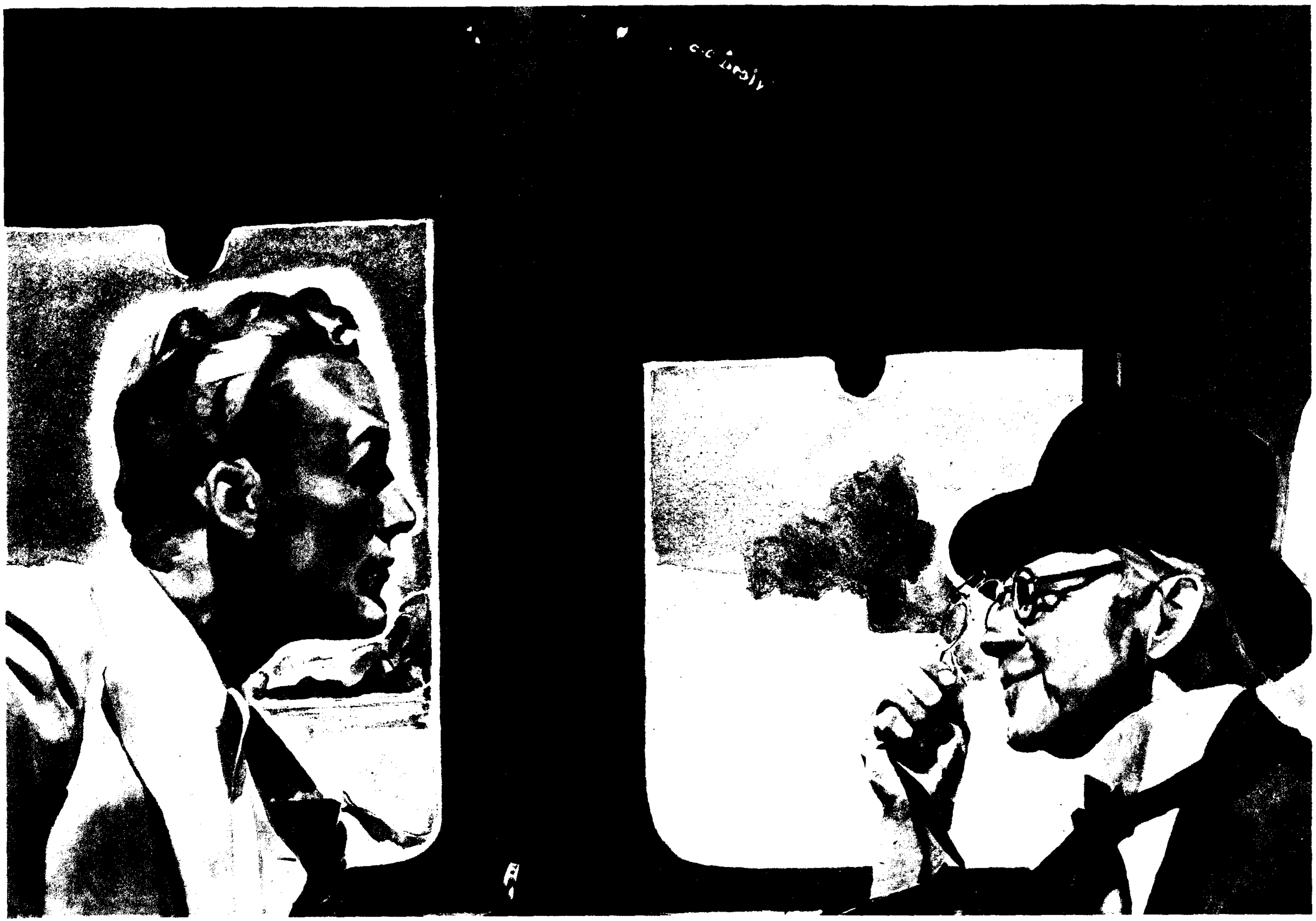
Now, Hubbell out there on the mound when he's mowing them down one after another is a rather formidable figure who doesn't smile much. When Hub is working, he is an artist deep in the throes of a creative effort. Hub sitting at a table with Mel Ott having a (one) glass of beer is something else again. I mention Mel Ott, because I have seen

(Continued on page 58)



Mr. Chips Meets a Star

By James Hilton



C. C. BEALL

He leaned forward after a few moments and said to the still breathless intruder: "Well—umph—Renny . . . how are you?"

The author of "Goodby, Mr. Chips" shows us Mr. Chips in his first encounter with one of Hollywood's super-heroes. It is a drama with two stars

COMING out of the Royal Hotel the other day, who should I espy but Randolph Renny . . ." wrote Miss Lydia Jones ambiguously, ungrammatically, but in substance correctly. For it really was Randolph Renny himself, and by identifying him she made the scoop of a lifetime. A pretty long lifetime, too, for she had been doing an unpaid-for social gossip column for the Brookfield Gazette for over thirty years. Prim and spinsterish, she knew the exact difference (if any) between a pianoforte solo "tastefully rendered" and one "brilliantly performed"; and three times a year, at the Brookfield School end-of-term concert, she sat in the front row, notebook and pencil in hand, fully aware of herself as Brookfield's critical and social arbiter.

She had occupied this position so long that only one person could clearly remember her as an eager, ambitious girl, hopeful about her first and never-published novel; and that person was Chips. She had been a friend of his wife's, which was something he could never forget. As she grew primmer and more spinsterish with the years, he sometimes meditated on the strange chemistry of the sexes that so often enabled a man to ripen with age where a woman must only wither; and when she withered out of her fifties into her sixties and Brookfield began to laugh at her and the Gazette to print fewer and fewer of her contributions, then Chips' attitude became even more gentle and benevolent. Poor old thing—she meant no harm, and she loved her work. He would always stop for a chat if he met her in the village, and he only smiled when, from time to time, she referred to him as "the doyan (sic) of the Brookfield staff."

Indeed, it was Chips who had given her the scoop about Randolph Renny—a scoop which many a bright young man from Fleet Street would have paid good money for. But Chips chose to give it to Miss Lydia Jones, of the Brookfield Gazette, and Miss Jones, faced with something far outside her customary world of whist drives and village concerts, could only deal with it in the way she dealt with most things . . . that is to say, ambiguously, ungrammatically, but in substance correctly.

THIS is how it had all happened. One August evening Chips had been returning by train from London to Brookfield.

The school was on summer vacation, and though he had long since retired from active teaching work (he was over eighty), he still experienced, during vacations, a sense of being on holiday himself. Traveling back after an enjoyable week end with friends, he had been somewhat startled by the invasion of his compartment at the last moment by a youngish, almost excessively handsome, and certainly excessively well-dressed fellow who slumped down into a corner seat breathlessly, mopped his forehead with a silk handkerchief, and absurdly overtipped a porter who threw in after him some items of very rich and strange luggage.

Now it was Chips' boast that he never forgot the faces of his old boys, that somehow their growing up into manhood made no difference to his powers of recognition. That was mainly true; but as he grew older he was apt to err in the other direction, to recognize too often, to accost a stranger by name and receive the bewildered reply that there must be some mistake, the stranger had never been to Brookfield School, had never even heard of Brookfield, and so on. And on such occasions, a little sad and perhaps also a little bothered, Chips would mumble an apology and wonder why it was that his memory could see so much more clearly than his eyes.

And now, in the train, memory tempted him again—this time with the vision of a good-looking twelve-year-

(Continued on page 38)

Dangerous Young Man

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

The Story Thus Far:

SNUBBED for no apparent reason, on an airplane coming East, by beautiful Franziska Rilling, a New York society girl, Peter Banyard, a young Nevadan, "crashes" a party in New York—Miss Rilling is to be there; he wants an explanation. Again he is snubbed and insulted.

Before the party ends, however, Peter has distinguished himself by saving Jane Griffin, a wealthy debutante, from a gang of blackmailers. He does not suspect the truth: that Franziska Rilling, in debt and jealous of Jane (with whom Roger Van Tyle, once Franziska's property, seems on the verge of falling in love), had co-operated with the crooks. Nor does he dream that the "mystery woman" in the murder of Frankie Fife (alias Frank Merricka) is—Franziska!

After a time, he does learn, though, that he has a twin brother (of whom his father had never told him); that this brother, "Charlie Dunkin," a scoundrel who preys on society girls, had once grossly insulted Franziska Rilling. Having learned this, he understands Franziska's hostile attitude.

Charlie Dunkin is living in New York. He and his underworld friends—Steve Tetlow, Roderico Hova and others—discuss the opportunities now presented to the respectable, rich Peter Banyard's twin brother. They are delighted at the prospect!

Franziska tells Roger Van Tyle that the so-called Peter Banyard is, in reality, the notorious Charlie Dunkin, whose character she cannot make too black. Jane Griffin is skeptical—deeply grateful to Peter, she thinks he is a fine chap; and she is loyal to him. But Jane's father, less credulous, decides to investigate. He is surprised to learn that Peter Banyard is widely known and respected in Nevada; that he is all he professes to be!

The news amazes Franziska. Peter, she feels sure, is Dunkin, the notorious crook. She telephones him, at once, asking him if she may run up and have a talk with him, in his Park Avenue apartment. Her call comes as Peter is entertaining a caller: Charlie Dunkin! Opportunity No. 1 has arrived for the astute Mr. Dunkin. *He, not his brother, will welcome Miss Rilling!*

A few moments later, having knocked Peter out and dragged him into a bathroom, he looks for some adhesive tape, finds it—and prepares to use it!

VI

THE elevator man said, "I don't know much, miss. He moved in here about a week ago. They say he owns gold mines in Nevada. He strikes me as a very pleasant young man."

"Thank you." Franziska felt better. She had been, in fact, curiously relieved, once she had digested all that Roger had said. She was sure that a short talk with this man who called himself Peter Banyard would clear up the mystery and give her something definite to work on. It was her last chance.

CHARLIE DUNKIN, with a drink in his hand, was standing at the terrace door, looking over the rooftops at Hellgate Bridge, when Oliver came into the room. Oliver looked about the room and said, "Has he gone, sir?"

"Yes, Oliver."

"What did you think of him, Mr. Banyard?"

Charlie turned about, frowning slightly. "It's a real problem, Oliver."

"It's uncanny, sir, how much he looks like you."

"Yes, isn't it? Oliver, when Miss Rilling comes, I'll let her in."

"Very well, sir."

"And you'd better leave us alone."

"Of course, sir. I hope you can straighten things out with her, Mr. Banyard."

"I think now that I can."

"There's the bell, sir."

Charlie went to the door and opened it. Franziska Rilling, pale and large-eyed, had stepped back. She looked searchingly into his face, and he smiled.

"Please come in, Miss Rilling."

He stood aside for her, and she walked past him and into the living room. She walked to the center of it, turned about and waited for him.

"Mr. Banyard, I wanted to have a talk with you."

"And I wanted to have a talk with you, Miss Rilling."

"I don't know how to begin. I suppose you know that Mr. Griffin called up Cobalt and made inquiries about you and found that you are all you say you are."

There was a little more color in Franziska's cheeks. Her mouth was almost smiling. The proud way she held her head, the grace of her chin line, made her, with that wistful half smile, lovely and appealing.

"That makes me rather clever, doesn't it?" Charlie said.

Franziska's eyes slowly became dark and brilliant. She took a step backward and put her hand over her heart. She looked bewildered.

"Clever?" she said huskily.

"Well, what do you think, Miss Rilling?"

SHE stared at him. She looked as if she were about to burst into tears.

"You see," Charlie said gravely, "we know you killed Frank Merricka."

He waited for her to deny it. She stared at him miserably. Charlie smiled lazily. "But that's all right, Miss Rilling. I don't want you to worry about it at all. We won't say a word about it, naturally. On the other hand, I want you to keep quiet. Don't say anything to anyone under any circumstances. You understand, don't you?"

Franziska was staring at him with enormous brilliant eyes. She nodded her head like a girl in a trance.

Charlie said, "You look like Joan Crawford when you open your eyes wide and pull your mouth down like that."

"I understand," Franziska whispered.

"Yes. It's very simple. We won't talk unless you talk. You've been talking all day, Miss Rilling. Stop it. Be very careful what you say about me. Do you understand?"

She had edged around him toward the door. She nodded her head faintly.

"Good girl. I'll give you a ring in a day or two. Never call me up here."

She nodded again.

"I have another job in mind for you."

Franziska said dully, "All right." She ran out the door.

The door slammed.

"Oliver!" he called.

Oliver came in. "Yes, Mr. Banyard? Is she gone, sir?"

"Yes. And everything is fine, Oliver. Everything is just too beautiful." He grinned at the old man. "I'm going for a little walk. If you see my brother while I'm gone, pin a lily on him for me, will you?"

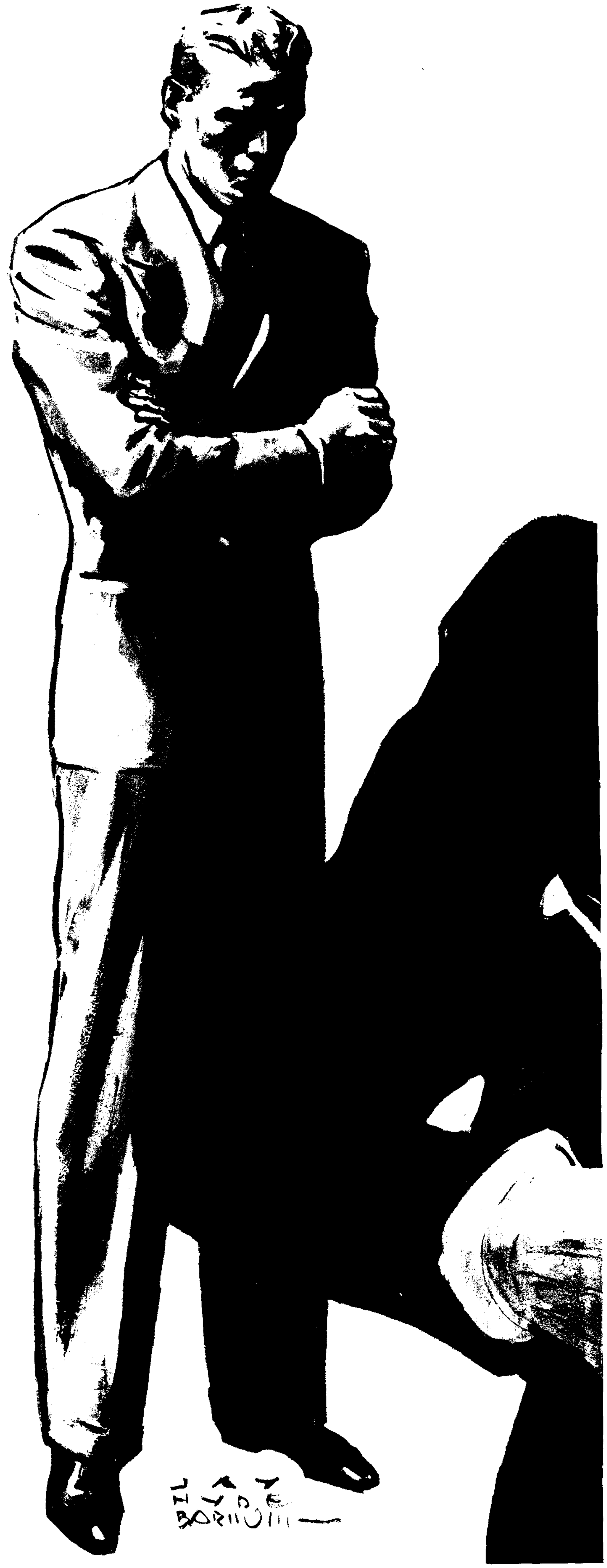
Oliver stared at him.

"I beg your—" he began, and stopped with an expression of horror.

Charlie went into the entrance hall, picked up his hat and coat from a chair, put them on and let himself out.

FRANZISKA drank her cocktail greedily. It was a sidecar. Roger had once told her that no cocktail can compare with a sidecar for that six-o'clock feeling.

Roger, his face grave in the diffused



"Good girl," he said. "I'll give you a ring in a day or two. Never call me up here." She nodded again. "I have another job in mind for you!" he said. Franziska said dully, "All right"

amber light of the Crown Club, watched her with solicitude.

"Well, I was wrong," Franziska said. "He was really awfully nice. He's really from Cobalt, Nevada, and he and his father are in the gold-mining business. We had a nice little chat. He's really quite nice."

"Is he?" Roger said quietly. There was no pity in his eyes now. They were cool and disillusioned.

"Yes! It was all a mistake."

"You mean you were lying?"

"Of course not, Roger! It was a case of mistaken identity."

"You mean you did meet this fellow on the boat, and you did go up to his apartment, and they look so much alike you can't tell them apart?"

"Yes, Roger." There was a strangled feeling in her heart. She had made her last move. Where did she go from here?

"Well," he said with a sigh, "I guess that closes the matter."

"I guess it does, Roger."

He looked at her steadily, pitilessly for several seconds, then said coolly: "Are you going to the Marbridge dinner with me?"

"I'd intended to, Roger."

"All right. You'd better go home and get ready. I'll call for you a little before eight. I'm going to have a talk with this Banyard myself."

OLIVER put down the bottle of witch hazel and said, "How do you feel now, sir?"

Peter poured himself a drink of whisky and gulped it. He looked ill.

"I could murder that bird. That's how I feel."

"Shall I call the police, Mr. Banyard?"

"For God's sake, Oliver, forget about the police. This isn't a case for the police. Some day I'll kill that fellow. Some day I'll kill him with my bare hands."

Oliver's handsome face was pink with indignation. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Banyard, but it is a case for the police. That man assaulted you. He's clever and he's dangerous. You can't tell what he'll do next."

Peter touched his chin with the tips of his fingers. "That makes it come out even," he said, "because he can't tell what I'll do next, either."

"But he's an experienced and ruthless criminal."

"What does that make me?"

"I don't mean it that way, sir. You're just being stubborn."

"You're damned right I am. I came here to knock this town's ears down, and I'm going to knock his ears down, too."

"Yes, sir," Oliver said doubtfully. "Did you hear what he said to her, Mr. Banyard?"

"Only a couple of sentences. I must have been out cold. By God, I'll murder him. All I heard was a kind of muddled murmur, then I heard him say, 'I've got another job in mind for you,' and she said, 'All right.'"

Oliver looked shocked. "Did she really say that, sir?"

"I heard her."

"But you might have been mistaken."

"Oliver," Peter said, "I'm just as anxious for the whole thing to be a misunderstanding as you are. I'm in love with her. I don't want her to be a crook any more than you do. But she is a crook, and maybe she's a murderer."

"If you'll pardon me, Mr. Banyard," Oliver said haughtily, "I refuse to accept it. She is not a crook. You will find some day that you are very much mistaken."

Peter looked at him steadily, and slowly grinned. "Okay, Oliver. You stand up for her."

"I will, sir, to the bitter end. Now, will you let me call for a man from the district attorney's office?"

"No!" Peter shouted.

It didn't frighten Oliver. "Mr. Banyard, I wouldn't put it above that man to kill you and to go out and kill your father for your money."

"Don't be fantastic, Oliver."

Oliver's face was scarlet now, but he controlled himself. "I'm only trying to be helpful, Mr. Banyard."

"Then stop talking about the police. I don't want the police. I will not have the police."

"But he knows you won't, sir. Therefore you should."

"Of course he does! And naturally I won't. If I told the police what I know about him, what would happen to Franziska Rilling? He'd crucify her. Oliver, listen to me. Franziska Rilling is going to be Mrs. Peter Banyard. I want to protect her. Would it protect her to blow this thing wide open?"

Oliver's shrewd hazel eyes looked thoughtful. He pursed his lips and nodded slightly. "Perhaps you're right, Mr. Banyard. But why don't you tell her everything? She is trustworthy. She's intelligent. It doesn't matter how badly she's involved. If you'd tell her the truth it would be the first step in straightening out this mess, sir."

"And do you think she'd believe me? After seeing Charlie here? No, Oliver, there's just one way to convince her. She's got to see the two of us together. And I'm going to arrange it."

Oliver said gravely, "But what are you going to do about your brother after that, sir?"

Peter smiled slowly. "I'm going to take him out to Nevada and turn him over to Mike."

The phone rang. Oliver picked it up and said hello. Then: "Yes, Mr. Van Tyle. One moment, sir."

Peter took the phone and said, "Hello. Hello, Mr. Van Tyle."

The suave and gracious voice of Roger Van Tyle said: "Mr. Banyard, I'm at the Crown Club. I'd appreciate it very much if you'd come and have a cocktail with me. There are some things I'd like to talk over with you."

"I'll be right down."

"Thank you."

CHARLIE DUNKIN paced up and down the room, puffing at a cigarette.

"Stop worrying," he said. "It's perfect. It's even better than I'd hoped for."

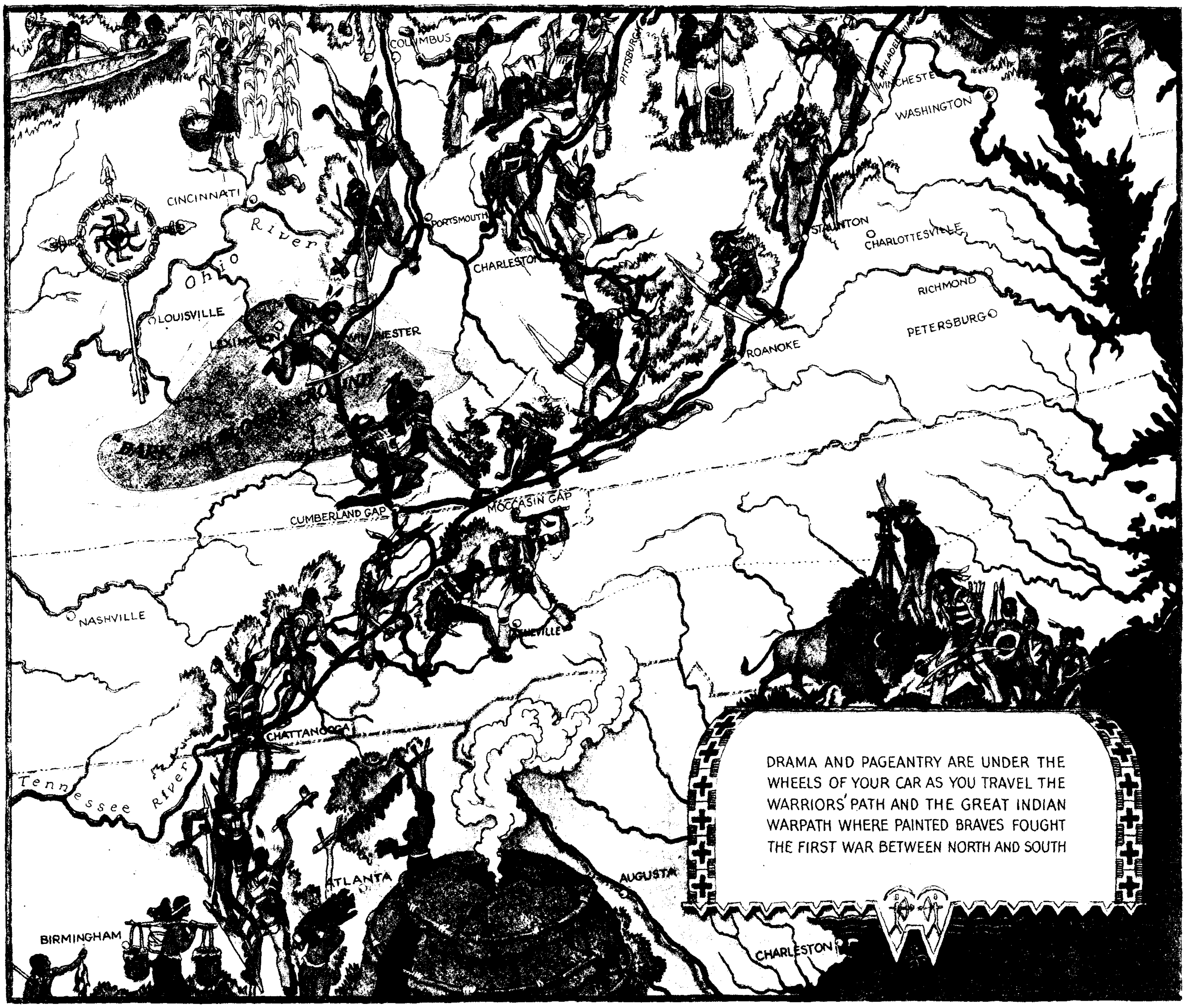
Steve Tetlow followed him with his lidless, Oriental eyes.

"She shot Frankie," Charlie resumed. "She admitted it. So that's out of the way. And he can't talk and he won't talk."

"That's where I say you're wrong," Tetlow said. "The first thing he did was to call the police."

Charlie smiled patiently. "You don't quite grasp the psychology of it, Steve. Banyard came here to get into society. I thought he was in society. He isn't, but he will be. The one thing he can't

(Continued on page 31)



DRAMA AND PAGEANTRY ARE UNDER THE WHEELS OF YOUR CAR AS YOU TRAVEL THE WARRIORS' PATH AND THE GREAT INDIAN WARPATH WHERE PAINTED BRAVES FOUGHT THE FIRST WAR BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH

Warriors' Path

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST HAMLIN BAKER

The same broad, smooth highways your car rolls over this summer probably cover a trail pounded by the feet of redskins a thousand years ago. Mr. Sass takes you over one of these ancient trails to witness the dramatic scenes of a hundred-years war

OLD BILL McLAIN got irritated one day. He was sitting in the shade of the big hickory across the road from young Bill's filling station where a plump, shiny tourist was having his gas tank filled. The tourist was standing beside his car and, from the way he was watching young Bill give him his gas, you could tell he was the kind that is always afraid he's going to be cheated.

Old Bill doesn't miss much. The pale blue eyes in his hatchet face were fixed balefully upon the tourist and his long white mustaches were working up and down. This was a sure sign that his dander was rising. I hoped lazily that he wouldn't do anything crude.

He ran his hand through his bushy white hair so that he looked even wilder than usual. Then he unwound his lanky legs, strolled over to the tourist and gazed searchingly into his face.

"You don't look like Talitanigiska," old Bill said.

"Like who?" the plump man snapped incredulously.

"Talitanigiska," Bill repeated gloomily. "Talitanigiska, mister. He useter travel this here road three hundred years ago an' I'm always lookin' fer him."

The plump man gave Bill a startled look and began edging away from him. He edged around to the other side of the car, watching Bill closely with a scared expression.

"No, *sir,*" he said with a rather shaky laugh. "I guess I don't look much like him—that is, if you say so. Matter of fact, I don't know him. Who is he, anyway?"

"Well, mister," Bill drawled, "that'd be a right lengthy matter. You see, this here road you're a-travelin' is the old Warriors' Path. The warriors useter travel it an' Talitanigiska was one of 'em. You don't look like him—not even a little bit. He was a tall, fine-lookin' feller, so they say. Dunno what made me think of him unless it is you look so diffrunt."

Bill took a step nearer and the plump man got hurriedly into the car beside his wife. Bill spoke to him very politely through the window.

"Your gas tank's full, mister, an' you didn't get cheated; my boy gave you the full fifteen gallons you're payin' fer. That's accordin' to the way I raised him. Reckon you'll be rollin' along now back to Chicago. Remember, you're travelin' the Warriors' Path even if you ain't exactly a warrior."

When he had rolled along, Bill came back to me, grinning.

"I didn't take to that feller," he said. "Plenty o' nice tourist folks travel this here road, but he ain't one o' the nice ones. Reckon he thought I was dangerous?"

"He thought you were crazy," I said to Bill. "You scared him half to death and you darn' well know it. And now

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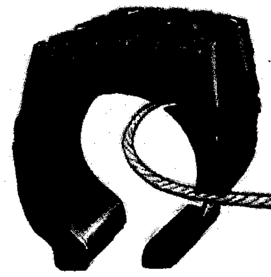

Above is section cut from a new Firestone Tire. Note the thick non-skid protection against skidding, blowouts and punctures. Come in today and see by actual demonstration.

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THE [illegible] OF TIRE CONSTRUCTION

what's all this anyway—this Warriors' Path and Talitanigiska and so forth?"

So then Bill told me. He told me what he knew about the Warriors' Path and I got the rest later. There was a lot that old Bill didn't know.

We ought to begin at the beginning. The next time you are in Washington stop in at the Bureau of American Ethnology and ask them to show you a road map of the United States for the year 1492. That, you remember, was the year Columbus came over.

It seems absurd to speak of road maps of a period when, as everybody knows, America was a "pathless wilderness" and an unbroken forest stretched from the Atlantic coast to the Western prairies.

It isn't absurd, however. You will be amazed at the road map which the government's ethnologists can show you revealing the highway system of America before the white man came. At first glance you will take it for one of the road maps of today, for, like them, it will show an intricate network of lines running in every direction and covering the whole country from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

These lines represent the roads the Indian traveled. They were not as wide as our roads, of course, because the Indian had no use for wide highways. They were paths or trails winding through the vast shadowy forest. Most of them were just wide enough to permit the passage of a party moving in single file. Nevertheless, they constituted a far-flung and effective system of communication linking together all parts of what is now the United States.

IF, NOW, you will compare the ancient map with a 1937 road map, showing both rail and motor routes, you will make another discovery equally interesting. You will find that the two maps coincide strikingly.

Thus, when you board a train at Boston to go to Albany, you follow the old Bay Path of the New England tribes. When you ride on the New York Central north or west in New York state, you follow for many miles the ancient trails of the Iroquois. When you take the Broadway Limited to Pittsburgh and Chicago, you are traveling the Kittanning Trail of the early traders, which, in its turn, was a development of an Indian path. When you go from New York to Philadelphia, you follow almost exactly the old path of the red men across New Jersey, a northern extension of the Great Indian Warpath coming up from the deep South. When you ride on the B. & O. beyond the head of the Potomac, you are traveling in large part along Nemacolin's Path to the Ohio, so named for a Delaware chief. In fact, in the rough country of West Virginia the rails follow so exactly the course of the red men's highway that in two instances, where the railroad builders were compelled to tunnel through hills, these tunnels lie directly under the old Indian path.

We think of the buffalo as an animal of the Western plains. The fact is that when the first white men came buffalo in large droves ranged as far east as the present site of Washington; and some of the most important of the red men's roads were trodden out first by the hoofs of thousands of buffalo pushing eastward from the plains through the great midland forest and crossing the mountain barrier of the Appalachians to graze in the splendid parklike woodlands of the Atlantic slope.

The Indian took these buffalo roads, worn deep and wide by innumerable hoofs, and incorporated them into his system; and later, when the white pioneers came and, long after them, the railroad builders, they found that the buffalo and the Indian between them had done a magnificent job of engineering. They had created a network of paths which followed the shortest and easiest routes to goals hundreds of miles distant.

THE Warriors' Path that old Bill McLain talked about was one thread in that pattern. Millions of people travel it who have never heard its name. It existed probably thousands of years before Columbus sailed out of Palos and it played perhaps a greater part than any other in the migrations of tribes and nations which flowed up and down and across the continent long centuries before the white man arrived. Later it became, as its name implies, primarily a path of war.

The white pioneers knew it early as the Warriors' Path. To the Indians it was Athiamiowee, which means the same thing—Path of the Armed Ones. Beginning on the shore of Lake Erie at Sandusky Bay, it struck almost straight southward through the center of Ohio. It passed through or very close to the spot where Columbus now stands and thence it led down the Scioto Valley, through Circleville, Chillicothe and Portsmouth, to strike the Ohio River at the mouth of the Scioto.

GORDON HAKE

"Don't mind that, sir—it's only the shooting gallery in back"

GORDON HAKE

Here it was joined by many other paths coming in from New York and New England, from Indiana, Illinois and the Northwest. But the main trunk line, the Warriors' Path, still bore southward across the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky, passing close by Winchester and then by Manchester, heading straight for the great mountain portal at Cumberland Gap.

There, if we follow strictly the old usage, the Warriors' Path ended, but its ending is in reality no more than a change of name. South and east of the Gap, probably near the Wolf Hills, it joined with another notable wilderness highway known as the Great Indian Warpath. This trail came down from New York in two prongs, one of which wound through western Pennsylvania, while the other ran close to where Philadelphia now stands, close to or through Lancaster, York and Gettysburg, to cross the Potomac at Wadkin's Ferry and, passing through Martinsburg, Winchester, Staunton, Lexington and Roanoke, joined the eastward extension of the Warriors' Path near Abingdon, Virginia.

For the rest of the way southward these two—the Warriors' Path and the Great Indian Warpath—merged into one. Down the long wide valley between the Clinch and the Cumberlands on the west and the Iron Mountains and the Smokies on the east the great path wound through a forest teeming with game. At the French Broad near Knoxville a branch led off to the eastward, climbing the high ridge of the Smokies through what is now the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Southward the main route continued through the present Maryville, through Echota, the ancient Cherokee capital, past the spot which is now Chattanooga, to make junction with the east-and-west warpath of the Creek Confederacy, whence other paths led off still farther south to the shores of the Gulf.

A ROAD, even a road 10,000 years old, may be of little interest unless we know what lies at the end of it. At the northern end of the Warriors' Path was the most dramatic and the most astonishing thing in America—the Iroquois League.

It was astonishing for two reasons: first, because it was formed, nearly four hundred years ago, by American Indians for the purpose of establishing universal peace; and, second, because it became the most terrible war machine that America has ever known. Two great Indian statesmen, Hiawatha (not the hero of Longfellow's poem) and Dekanawida, founded it, bringing the Mohawks, Onondagas, Senecas, Oneidas and Cayugas together in a federation known as the League of the Five Nations, the avowed purpose of which (whether you believe it or not) was the abolition of war forever.

It did not accomplish that, though it might have created an Indian United States if the white man had not arrived. It could establish peace only by conquest, and from their homeland in New York the Five Nations proceeded to conquer the other tribes of the North until the Iroquois League was lord of the land from Vermont to the shores of Lake Michigan and from the St. Lawrence to the Dark and Bloody Ground. Then it began to look farther south, beyond the vassal tribes of Ohio, across the no-man's land of Kentucky. Farther and farther southward the Iroquois war parties journeyed along the Warriors' Path until at last they met the warriors of the Southern mountains, the brave and powerful Cherokee. Then began, two centuries before our Civil War, a war between North and South which was to last a hundred years.

THE first clash was a Cherokee victory; a party of Iroquois was ambushed and destroyed. Throughout the Iroquois empire, along the maze of paths by Erie and Genesee and Seneca and Onondaga and Schoharie, swift runners carried the news. The best warriors of the Five Nations, led by the Seneca, took the war trail against the Southerners.

Southward along the Warriors' Path through Ohio and Kentucky and down the upper prongs of the Great Indian Warpath through Pennsylvania and West Virginia, past the site of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and Lancaster and Lexington and Roanoke, moved shadowy fantastic companies stripped and painted for war. Led by some veteran of many ambushes, they passed silently as panthers, their faces and upper bodies streaked and circled with black and red hematite paint, eagle feathers tossing in their stiffened scalp locks.

Coming down the Warriors' Path and continuing southward along the lower prong of the Great Indian Warpath across Tennessee, a strong Seneca war party turned east at the French Broad along the branch trail which led over the main divide of the Smokies. On a ridge not far from where Robbinsville now stands they found a Cherokee town. All night they lay hidden in the woods; then at first dawn they attacked.

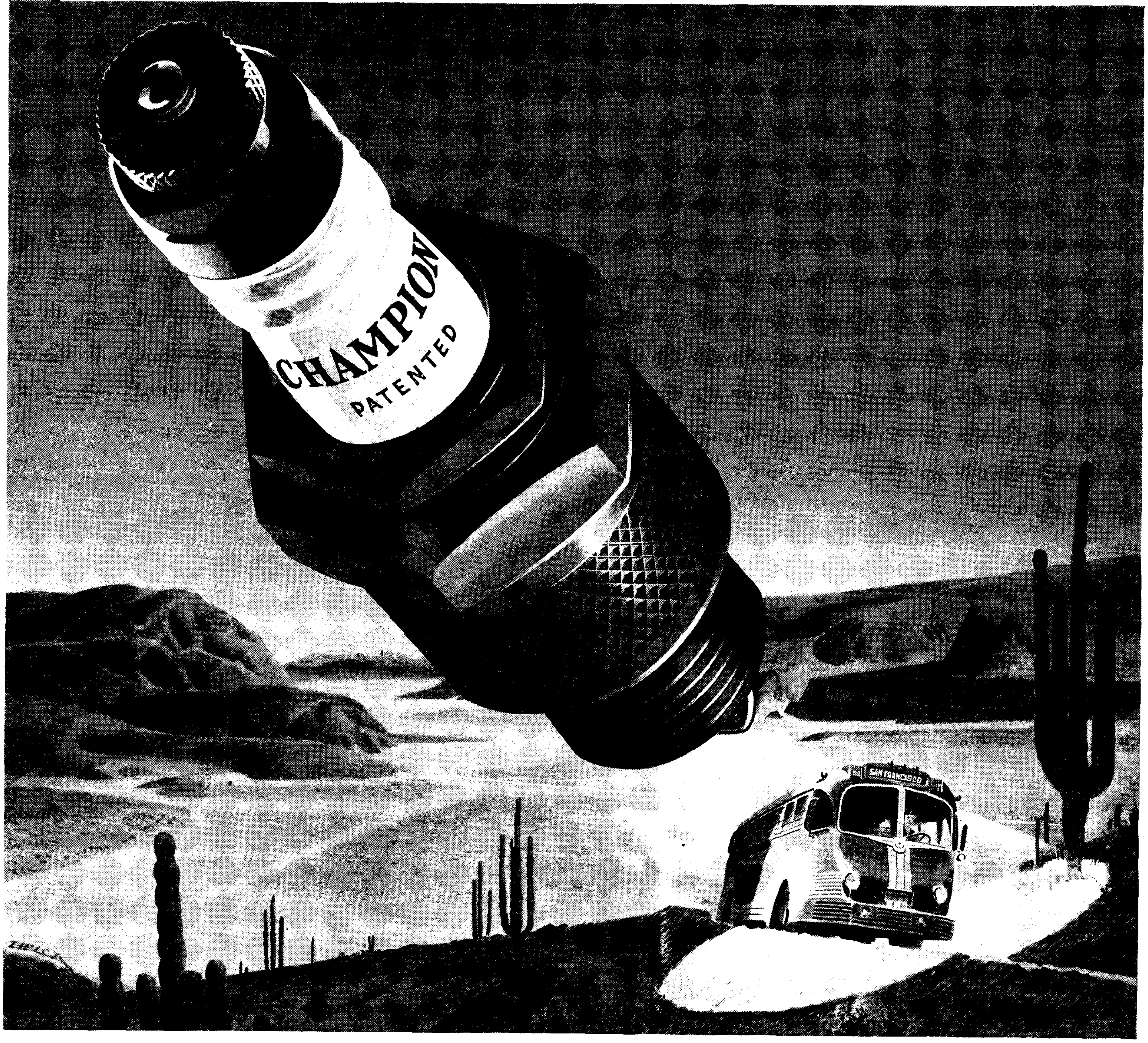
It was a raid like many others. Except for a few who escaped in the confusion, all the people of the Cherokee village, women and children as well as men, died under the hatchet with the Iroquois death whoop ringing in their ears.

At his town on Hiwassee, Talitanigiska, a war chief of the Cherokee, heard the news. The Seneca had a good start, but Talitanigiska and his men tracked them across the high ridge of the Smokies and northward along the Great Warpath across Tennessee. There or on the Warriors' Path beyond Cumberland Gap they ambushed another party of Iroquois headed south, killed them all and took their scalps. Then, day after day, they pushed onward across Kentucky, across Ohio, swinging northeastward near the Mingo town which is now Columbus and toward the Seneca lands in western New York.

It was night when they came to a Seneca village. In the long central town house a celebration was being held. Talitanigiska and his men could hear the shouting and singing and they knew that the Seneca were dancing over fresh Cherokee scalps. The night was very warm; Talitanigiska thought of a plan.

A well-trodden path crossed the clearing, and Talitanigiska found, as he ex-

CHAMPIONS IN PACIFIC GREYHOUND SERVICE



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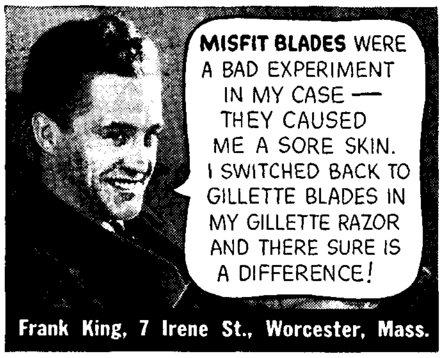
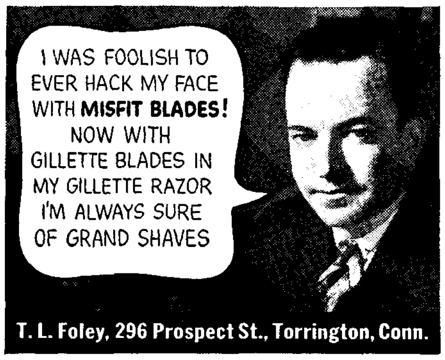
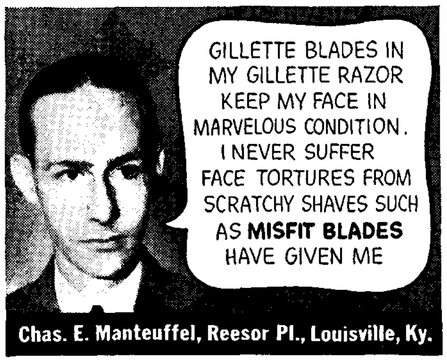

MISFIT BLADES WERE A BAD EXPERIMENT IN MY CASE — THEY CAUSED ME A SORE SKIN. I SWITCHED BACK TO GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR AND THERE SURE IS A DIFFERENCE!

Frank King, 7 Irene St., Worcester, Mass.


I WAS FOOLISH TO EVER HACK MY FACE WITH MISFIT BLADES! NOW WITH GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR I'M ALWAYS SURE OF GRAND SHAVES

T. L. Foley, 296 Prospect St., Torrington, Conn.


GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR KEEP MY FACE IN MARVELOUS CONDITION. I NEVER SUFFER FACE TORTURES FROM SCRATCHY SHAVES SUCH AS MISFIT BLADES HAVE GIVEN ME

Chas. E. Manteuffel, Reesor Pl., Louisville, Ky.

Why Shaves Are Velvet-Smooth

—when your razor and blade match

IF YOU are using MISFIT blades in your Gillette Razor, you may be getting scuffy, irritating shaves without knowing why. Here's the answer. The shaving edges of MISFIT blades may be exposed too much so that they irritate your skin; or they may not be exposed enough, which means your razor will miss bristles here and there, giving you that half-shaved appearance. Play safe. Always use a genuine Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. These two work smoothly together because they were made for each other. They FIT and function as perfectly as the parts of a fine watch. Treat yourself to the thrill of an "ALL-GILLETTE" shave tomorrow and see!

Gillette BLUE BLADES

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

pected, that this path led to a spring just within the cover of the woods. Around the spring he hid his men. Then he waited while watching the town-house door.

What happened is known in outline; the details must be filled in. Presently in the doorway a Seneca warrior appeared. He stood there a moment, plainly visible in the bright moonlight, and they saw him wipe the sweat from his forehead with his forefinger; then he walked along the path toward the spring. At the woods' edge he passed so close to two of the hidden Cherokee that they could have touched him, but they waited until he stooped over the spring to drink. Then Talitanigiska, rising behind him, buried his hatchet in the Seneca's neck.

A woman came next. She was a young woman, straight, slender, lithe as a yearling doe. Wide bracelets of copper encircled her arms, her skirt was laced and beaded with delicate dyed shells, the braids of her jet-black hair were bright with scarlet feathers of the tanager. She, too, was hot from the dancing, so that her cheeks glowed red and her breath came fast as she moved along the path toward the spring, glancing over her shoulder now and then.

Talitanigiska knew that this time it would have to be done very quickly. The girl's backward glances told him that her lover would follow her; and almost at once the lover, a young brave like a bronze statue, appeared in the town-house door. So Talitanigiska did not wait for the girl to stoop beside the spring.

Quiet, Please

He whispered to his men, and just as the girl entered the cover of the woods a shape rose behind her, brained her without a sound and dragged her body from the path. Thus they were ready for the lover when he came, striding swiftly along, his eyes eagerly searching the shadows ahead. He found his sweetheart, for they laid his body beside that of the girl.

The man who next appeared in the town-house door was an older warrior, very tall and powerfully built, and they knew at once from his feathers and dress that he was a great war leader and a sagamore, one of the chief men of the Seneca. Hence they watched him with especial eagerness. He was very hot and before he stepped from the doorway into the path he slipped off the ceremonial shirt which he had been wearing so that he was naked above the waist. As he walked slowly along the path toward the spring, his upper body, painted black, at times became almost invisible, while his face, white with green and yellow streaks, seemed a ghostly mask wholly detached from his body.

This man was a fox in his cunning. Six paces from the edge of the woods he stopped. Either he had heard some faint sound or, more probably, he had caught the scent of blood.

Talitanigiska was ready for this. Behind the tree trunk which concealed him his hickory bow was already bent. The long cane arrow, tipped with bone, drove clear through the Seneca's throat. He fell with a choked gurgling cry.

Talitanigiska ran out into the open and, stooping over the body, slid his knife around the upper part of the sagamore's skull. This required perhaps a minute and a half, and, as he rose with the scalp, another shape appeared in the town-house door. It was a woman and she saw at once the dark form stretched on the ground and the tall Cherokee standing over it.

She sprang back into the house, and suddenly the singing and dancing stopped. Men came swarming out like hornets from their nest. Only a few minutes were wasted and even in the blackness of the woods the skilled trackers among the Seneca were able to follow the trace. They ran the trail of Talitanigiska and his men for miles through the darkness. Probably they followed it for days; as far, perhaps, as the Tennessee River, which was the boundary between North and South—the first Mason and Dixon's Line. But the Cherokee story of the raid affirms that all the warriors of the party got safely back to their homes in the Smokies except one man.

There were many raids like this, equally merciless, equally daring. Sometimes the Northern warriors were successful, sometimes the Southerners. It was blood spilt in vain. The red empire of the North could not break the spirit of the Southern highlanders, nor could the Cherokee wear out the iron will of the Iroquois. The war had lasted approximately a hundred years when peace was made in 1768, a peace without victory.

Pontiac used the Warriors' Path when he welded all the red nations from the Lakes to the Gulf into a warlike federation. Tecumseh used it when, a century too late, he roused the tribes from Canada to Florida for a last stand against the white tide.

Daniel Boone used it when he hewed civilization's first highway across the mountain barrier. For many miles through Kentucky beyond Cumberland Gap, Boone's famous Wilderness Road followed the Warriors' Path. And this is one of the dramatic high lights in its story, for when Boone thus turned it to the white man's use he opened the way for those paleface bands which, at first in small companies and then in irresistible hordes, were to sweep along the Warriors' Path and overwhelm the race that had created it.

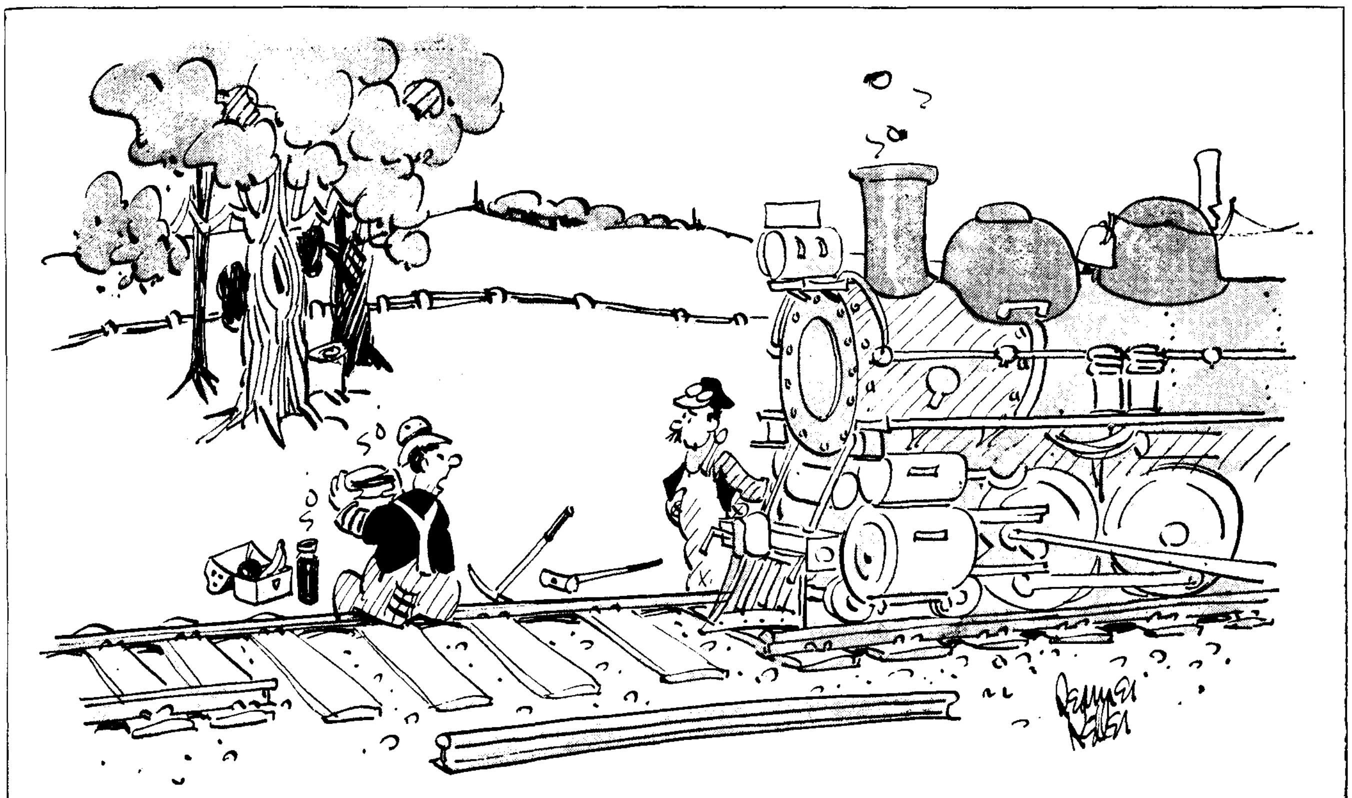
The Moving Pageant

We began with old Bill McLain and a tourist and now let's go back to them for a moment. We are all looking for adventure, for pageantry, for romance. And most of us don't know how to look.

Strangely, old Bill had an inkling. But the tourist had no inkling at all. Romance and wonder and barbaric pageantry were under the wheels of his car, but he didn't know it. And, for that matter, how was he to know?

Nobody had told him. Nobody had told him that through the populous heart of America ran and still runs the Warriors' Path. Probably no other highway on the continent has seen more drama—unless it be the Great Indian Warpath with which it merged and of which it was really a part. For many miles in the aggregate modern highways follow these ancient routes, but the people who travel them today don't know it. Of the cities and towns along the way few know that they are stations on a thoroughfare older, perhaps, than the famous roads of Rome.

What a chance for a thousand communities, from great cities to tiny hamlets, to interest that golden horde of tourists who scatter dollars in their wake! To every state through which they pass the Warriors' Path and the Great Indian Warpath can be worth a lot of money. Some day those states will realize this—and then they'll mark the ancient road from end to end and tell its story to the world.



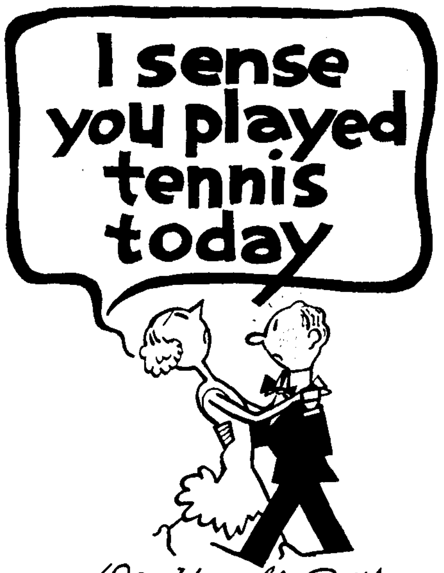
"You always come around when I'm eating!" REAMER KELLER

"I SEE AN OLD FAMILY FRIEND THAT WILL KEEP US ALL CLOSER TOGETHER THIS SUMMER"

Long Distance rates to most points are lowest after 7 P. M. and all day Sunday. Keep in touch by telephone!

The telephone company doesn't put telephones in crystal balls. But for surprisingly little, it can put an extension upstairs or down to save you steps and time. Call your local telephone office for full information.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES


I sense you played tennis today

Don Herald Says:

Don't bring that athletic aura indoors

Exercise is fine. Perspiration is good for you. Be a good animal. Be an athlete.

But don't be guilty of athletic aroma indoors—at a party or at the office.

There are times when it's great to revert to nature and run and jump and swing, and sweat a bucket full. It's healthful.

But nobody likes animals like that in the house.

Shower baths are not a complete cure, because they wash away only past sins. Perspiration goes on. In a half an hour you're in danger of Zoo-roma again.

After every shower or tub, make Mum a habit. Two quick dabs underarm with this pleasant, fragrant cream will annul perspiration odor for a whole day without interfering with perspiration itself. And it's not a bad idea to use it again before evenings out. Also, touches to the feet will increase hot-weather foot comfort and keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

Now for a shower bath and MUM

Millions of men have gone Mum-wise—now make Mum a real daily habit.

Start by trying a free sample. Your name on the margin of this page will get you a small jar, if mailed to Bristol-Myers. Dept. M2-77, 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Cotton Rich

Continued from page 13

twenty-six companies operating fifty-four mills and employing 21,000 people closed their doors.

Think what that must have done to that town. In a city of 120,000 people or about 40,000 employables, 21,000 were thrown out of work. You wonder how the town could survive such a disaster. Up in Manchester, New Hampshire, there was the biggest cotton-textile mill in the world—the famous Amoskeag. It had over half a million spindles and 14,000 looms. It stretches out in a series of buildings for a mile and a quarter along the banks of the Merrimack. There has been a mill at Amoskeag Falls for 130 years. There was a time when this huge Amoskeag plant had a cash surplus of $30,000,000. The real property of the mill was assessed for local taxation at $35,000,000. Then the competition of the South struck it. In the difficulties which followed, other troubles were generated. Efforts to meet deficits, to cut costs, produced financial problems, strikes, lockouts. It ended by closing its doors and going into bankruptcy.

Common Sense in a Crisis

In Manchester the closing of the mill was nothing short of a community disaster. It ranked with a pestilence or a tornado or a foreign invasion or an airplane raid. So the people of the town acted as they act in a case of public calamity. A group of businessmen got together. They said to themselves—here is the big bread-and-butter mill of the town closed. Thousands of workers will stop getting pay checks and of course they will cease to visit the merchants. So this is not merely a case of Amoskeag going on the rocks: it's a case of the town being on the rocks. What to do?

Well, what they needed was employers—men who would manufacture something and hire men and women. That was simple. And that, incidentally, is precisely the problem of the whole country. Here, they said, is a vast property with innumerable buildings. Some of them have modern weaving machinery in them. Most of them are capable of being used by other manufacturers. They have been the town's biggest asset. Why should they cease to be an asset? As soon as they began to think about it they began to get ideas as hard-headed New Hampshire men would. The company was in bankruptcy. Therefore, the property once assessed at $35,000,000 could be bought at a bargain. They learned from the bankruptcy court it could be bought for around five million. Therefore merchants, businessmen, raised funds and got the banks to back the project and bought the whole outfit for $5,000,000. They were then in a position to offer a bargain to outside manufacturers. They could sell them sections of the mill at eleven cents on the dollar. Not only would the buyer get a bargain, but thereafter he would get a low assessment and, hence, low taxes, and it was taxes which, among other things, helped to kill the Amoskeag. In no time at all they induced a big textile company to buy a part of the mill. They got a great shoe manufacturer to take another part of the mill. They got the local power company to buy the mill's water-power plant. They got various other manufacturers to buy other buildings. Already from 4,000 to 6,000 persons are back at work in the new mills. Those working are working full time instead of the half time the old Amoskeag employees worked and they are getting a lot more pay and at better hours.

In Fall River something of the same thing was done but in a different way. Emancipation from the dominion of the cotton-mill giant—that was its problem. And so it went after new industries. It is not true that Fall River is enjoying record prosperity, but you cannot visit the place and talk to its businessmen without realizing that it has started on a new career.

Of course if you go to the other mill towns that were not so heavily hit by the depression and the flight to the South—towns like New Bedford and Lawrence and Salem—you find a degree of prosperity exceeding anything they have known since the war. Workers have been getting more regular employment. Mills are running two shifts a day—the limit under the new trade agreements—they are working the forty-hour week instead of the forty-eight, which makes work for more people, and they are getting about seventy per cent higher wage rates.

The effect is noticeable all over New England. But of course it would be untrue to say that it is due entirely to the prosperity of the textile industry. For the shoe industry, another of New England's great activities, has just finished the greatest year in the history of the entire industry and is starting on another year, apparently of even greater activity.

As you go around from town to town, however, somewhere on the main stem, usually a second-story window will have over it the ominous legend—"Headquarters C. I. O."

In one town in the local newspaper I found a cartoon representing a barbershop. One customer—the automobile industry—was leaving through the door after getting a trim (or trimming), another customer—steel—was rising from the chair, while the barber, with huge black eyebrows and prognathous jaws—John L. Lewis—was greeting the next customer sitting timidly on his chair with the salutation "Next!" This is about the truth of it. The C. I. O. under the leadership of Sidney Hillman, next in command to Lewis, has begun to organize the textile industry and, in good time, the industry will have to face the music.

At first you get the impression that this threat hangs over the industry like a cloud. But as you talk to managers and workers and even businessmen in the town you come upon a situation which surprises you. The mills and even the businessmen do not seem to be so very gravely terrified by the Lewis cloud swinging overhead.

Will the Southern Mills Submit?

The reason is interesting. I have already pointed out that the cotton-textile industry lives in this country in two worlds—the North and the South. The South has taken the cotton-mill capital away from New England, first through its natural advantage—proximity to the raw cotton—second, because of its lower taxes and third and chiefly, through its lower wages and longer hours.

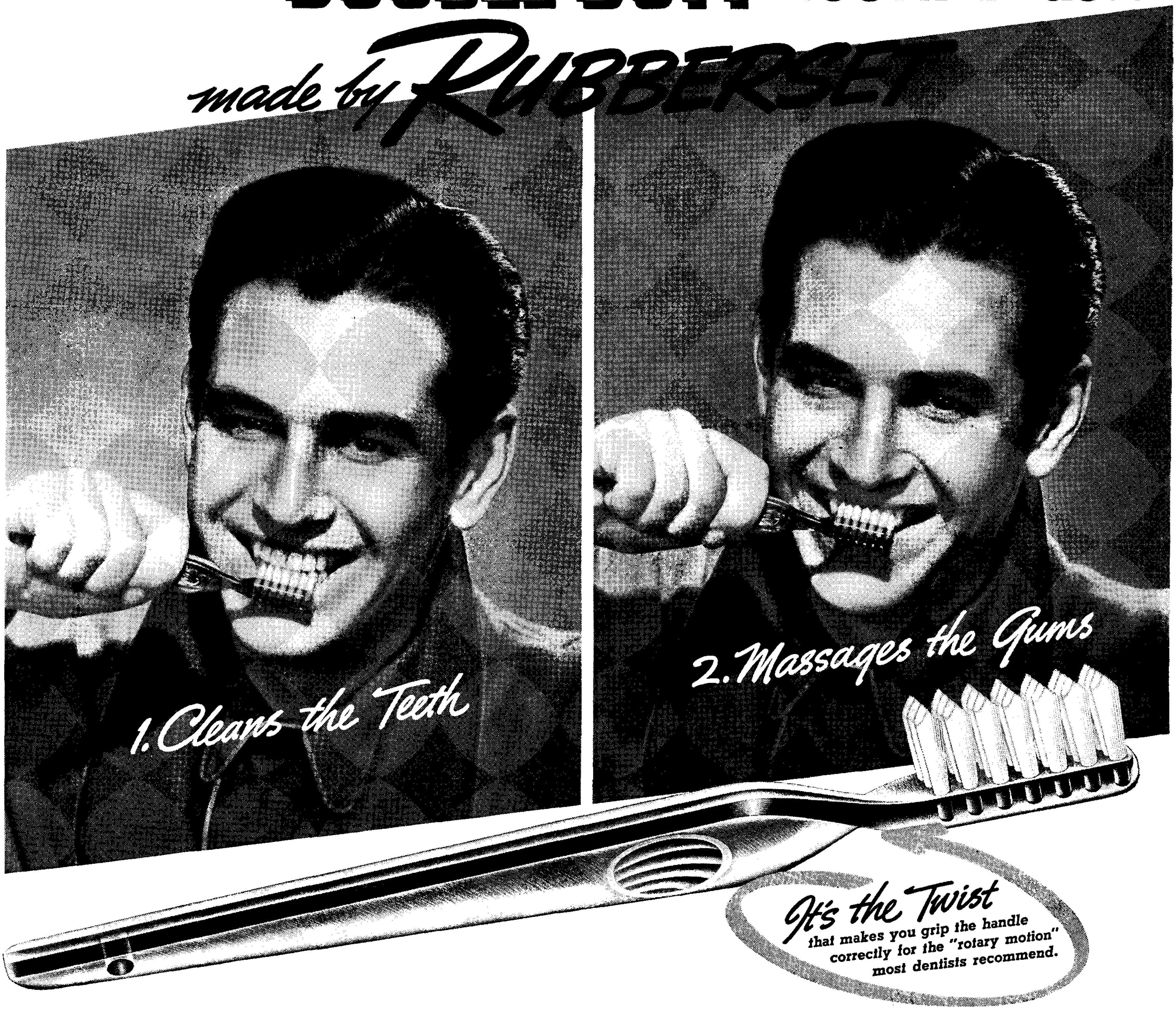
How can New England protect herself against further invasions? The textile industry has been a protected industry from the start—a prime favorite with Republican administrations, which imposed heavy tariffs to keep out competition from abroad. But now the competition comes from other American states and there can be no tariffs against South Carolina or North Carolina.

The difference in taxes between the two sections can, of course, be corrected. And Massachusetts has recently passed a law making large reductions in cotton-textile mill taxes—which, it is estimated, is as good as a subsidy of $900,000 a year. If New England could now force Southern mills to pay as high wages or

LOUIS PRISCILLA

Dentists from 48 states acclaim DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush

made by RUBBERSET


1. Cleans the Teeth
2. Massages the Gums
It's the Twist
that makes you grip the handle correctly for the "rotary motion" most dentists recommend.

EVERY DAY, letters by the hundred continue to pour in from dentists all over the country—voicing their approval—their *professional endorsement*—of the new *Double Duty* tooth brush!

"Most sensible brush I've ever used," writes a prominent dentist..."Conforms in design, generally regarded as best among the dental profession," says another..."Splendid for massaging gums, I don't believe a better brush could be made!"... and so on—replies which tell a far better story than we ever hoped for.

Convince yourself! Get a *Double Duty* tooth brush today. *One trial will quickly show you why it has gained such widespread dental acclaim.* From its modern head to the twisted handle—*Double Duty* is *scientifically* a better brush. As you brush your teeth, you'll feel the benefit of the firm, fine bristles—set wide apart. But it's the handle that makes the real difference. It practically forces you to grip it correctly, so that the "rotary motion" so many dentists recommend becomes easy, natural. You get more benefit with less work—you massage your gums as you clean your teeth—with such ease it is almost automatic.

1,000 DENTISTS HELPED DESIGN DOUBLE DUTY

The overwhelming success of the *Double Duty* brush is not surprising. It deserved success because *over a thousand dentists helped design it.* And when these same dentists saw the first new brush—how revolutionary it was in looks, in feel, in action—*93% approved it.* Here's the exact vote:

1. Dentists approving *Double Duty*—93.0%.
2. Dentists preferring *Double Duty* to brand formerly used—73.5%.
3. Dentists preferring *Double Duty* to National Brand "A"—85.8%.
4. Dentists preferring *Double Duty* to National Brand "B"—71.7%.

Double Duty is made by Rubberset—your guarantee of perfect workmanship and satisfaction. Stop in at your drug store—ask for *Double Duty*—and start today to keep your teeth clean, sparkling—to give your gums the stimulation they need to be firm and healthy. The Rubberset Co., Newark, N. J.

RUBBERSET'S
DD
DOUBLE DUTY
(TRADE MARK)
TOOTH BRUSH

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTOR OILS

Paragraphs
ON SUICIDE

ALL MACHINES are, by nature, suicidal. The grind of naked metal upon naked *metal is death!*

Beautiful indeed is the engine of a modern motor—and pitiless to itself. Designed for high speeds and generating high temperatures, it is capable of quick self-destruction. But give it Oil and you give it Life!

Give it Veedol—Aristocrat of Motor Oils—and you give it everything an oil can bestow. For Veedol is made, every drop, from Bradford-Pennsylvania crude—the costliest crude in the world.

Veedol forms a thin, silken film of miraculous toughness and unmatched resistance to heat. Veedol is the unfailing friend and the faithful protector of moving metals. It saves your motor from itself!

VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL

Made 100% from Pennsylvania's Costliest Crude—Yet No Extra Cost to You

A PRODUCT OF TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY

almost as high wages as it does, it feels it would be in a position successfully to resume competition with the South.

That's where Mr. Lewis and Mr. Hillman come in. Suppose John L. Lewis can organize the textile mills of the North and South and impose upon them a uniform or nearly uniform wage scale? Wouldn't that just about solve New England's chief disadvantage? Suppose Lewis could impose a work week in the South of 40 hours instead of the 48 and 54 which are worked? That's the idea they are playing with in New England. Of course they don't go in for any heavy loving of John L. But they exhibit a surprising tolerance of him. "I'm told he's not a bad fellow," one mill man told me. "After all, we've had organization in our mills always," said another. "They say Lewis is a great believer in workers' keeping their own contracts. If that's so, why shouldn't we do business with him?" said another. But the fact is they think he might get away with a uniform wage and hour scale.

But will the Southern mills submit? Not without a real battle, they say. They don't want organization of their employees. A lot of the Southern mills go in for the paternalistic system, workers living in mill houses, getting low rents and being given welfare treatment. Some of the employers are benevolent men but do not go farther than that. They realize they have the great advantage on New England. Their consciences don't trouble them because, while they pay less money, the cost of living is less in the South. It is less because living standards are lower and also because prices are a little lower.

But Lewis has something else to offer. One reason for Lewis' success with the large mass-production industries is overlooked. These industries, like steel and coal, are devoted to the theory that their salvation depends on organization to control production. The employers haven't had much success with that because the government has always gotten after them for violation of the Sherman anti-trust laws. But Lewis believes in production control. He has acted as the big brother of the soft-coal owners in the last four years. He concedes to them that production ought to be controlled so they can get good prices and thus have good profits. If they do they can pay good wages. Production control and good prices are not as simple as they sound in this formula. Good prices might mean that the business would go to some rival of coal or cotton or steel. But the point is that Lewis sympathizes with the employers and is always willing to go the limit for them. He put over the Guffey bill for the coal industry.

Forty Cents an Hour

The textile industry wants to control production and hold up prices. It is running along breezily now. It will continue to run that well, textile men will tell you, until it overproduces. At present, production is held down to two shifts a day. If mills start putting on a third shift the industry will go into a tail spin.

Lewis, therefore, may be able to do business with the industry on the basis of these two points—production control under government supervision and nearly uniform wages and hours in the North and South.

This same subject gets into the minimum-wage and maximum-hour bill. After all, can such a bill be passed without the aid of the Southern members of Congress? And will they support a bill that their rivals believe may wreck their industry?

In the North now, the cotton mills are paying 40 cents an hour and over. In the South the rate is below that. If the minimum-wage bill fixing wage minimums at 40 cents is passed, it will mean a big boost for New England mills. This is the reason why there is to be a central board with authority to make revision upward or downward. If the bill is passed to please the progressives, the board may be able to revise wages downward in the South to please the Southern members.

If the textile industry elects to fight Lewis to the bitter end, his job may turn out to be more difficult than in autos and steel. The reason is this: In the steel and automobile industry there are what are called bottlenecks—stages in the process through which all production must pass, which stages are separately organized and operated. For instance, in steel, the raw material comes from the coal and iron mines. The next stage is the blast furnace. Then comes the blooming mill where the steel is made into huge slabs. This blooming mill is a separate mill. If you can organize that and tie that up you can interrupt the entire flow of production. That is what Lewis did in steel. He organized the blast furnaces and the blooming mills. He could have shut down U. S. Steel in 24 hours had they elected to fight him.

A Scattered Industry

There is nothing like that in the cotton-mill industry. The cotton comes from the cotton plantations, which are not susceptible to organization. It goes directly to the warehouses of the cotton mills. After that every part of the business of making cotton takes place in that mill. The bale is cut, the thread is spun and then it is put on looms for weaving and finally bleached and wrapped for delivery to the merchant. You have to tie up the whole mill to get anywhere.

Then there are too many mills. The steel industry is a huge thing—that is, the units are huge. A few big companies dominate the industry. That is not so of cotton mills. There are about 1,100 mills and most of them are small. A mill with 2,000 employees is considered large, but *two thirds of the mills have less than* 200 employees. The industry is scattered all over the East and South. The C. I. O. will have to deal with a multitude of small owners, individual owners. They may fight Lewis without reference to the interests of the cotton-mill industry itself, but solely because of the effect of the fight on the whole social problem.

The mill owners have already begun to fight in the South. In papers all over Georgia appeared a startling ad recently. It contained a large picture of an abandoned cotton mill in Fall River. Beneath it was the legend: "Don't let this happen in Georgia!" Then followed this paragraph: "This is the abandoned plant of the Lincoln Manufacturing Company in Fall River, Massachusetts—a million-dollar monument to discord. It is an example of what happens when burdensome taxes, exorbitant wage demands, and throttling legislation are carried to a logical conclusion . . . *let's keep the mills in Georgia.*"

And now, to complicate the matter, Mr. William Green's A. F. of L. has announced that it will fight to do the organizing of the cotton mills. He has done little in the South yet, but already some of his representatives have set up headquarters and actually had several preliminary skirmishes with the C. I. O. And so here is a strange war with both camps split into hostile armies. The employers are divided up into North and South; the workers are divided up into C. I. O. and A. F. of L.

Meantime, however, the mills hum with activity and life and the first prosperity they have known in many years. And the mill towns are enjoying the flood of money which is flowing into them. This is another factor which will weigh heavily in the outcome of the approaching war.

Dangerous Young Man

Continued from page 21

afford, in his position, is notoriety. That's point one. Point two is that he's in love with Franziska Rilling. He wants to protect her. The best way he can protect her is to keep his mouth shut. He isn't talking, and he won't talk."

"I'm not convinced."

"Very well. This is how I see it: we've got Franziska Rilling precisely where we want her. She thinks there's just one of us. She believes I'm from Cobalt, Nevada, and that my father and I are millionaire mining men. If she doubts it, she can check it up easily. In other words, she's completely bewildered. She thinks I'm a superman. She thinks I'm a master mind. She'll obey orders like a little soldier. Now, all we have to do is to devise a proper way to make use of her—and Banyard."

Tetlow sighed. "Why do you always have to play it the hard way, Charlie? Your father's worth millions. Why not just get some of it?"

Charlie shook his head. "No, Steve. They know what I am. This is a freeze-out."

FRANZISKA hugged the cool pillow to her hot face and said, "You've got to do something, Sonja. I'm just too tired to make the effort. I've got to go to that dinner. I've got to."

Sonja bent over the bed.

"We'd better do just what we did this morning, Miss Rilling. The whole routine."

"Okay, Sonja. But I'm much, much worse than this morning. Help me out of these clothes. Oh, how good this bed feels. We start with a light facial, don't we?"

As Peter entered the red-and-chromium elegance of the Crown Club, he saw Roger Van Tyle's aristocratic face rising from a table for two. He went over, smiling.

Shaking his hand, Roger said, "I hope this wasn't inconvenient, Mr. Banyard."

"Oh, not at all."

They sat down. Peter ordered a whisky and soda, Roger a Daiquiri.

"I wanted to talk to you about Miss Rilling," Roger said briskly. "She's a terribly nice girl and I think she's got herself into a terrible jam. I'd like to help her if I can. What's your opinion about last night, Mr. Banyard?"

Peter found himself resenting Roger Van Tyle's graciousness, his finish. He knew it was because he would have liked to be as gracious, as finished himself.

"I haven't much of an opinion. I simply followed them there and found this fellow taking snapshots of Miss Griffin and the Cuban with a candid camera. I broke it up. That's all."

"But why did you go there?"

"It was just a hunch."

"Did you see a man hand something to Miss Rilling when she went into Lazzarre's?"

"No."

"You just went there on a hunch." The brown eyes were weighing Peter, and they looked cynical.

"Not entirely. They were acting furtively. It was just after your toast."

"Yes."

"They slipped out, looking rather furtive. I saw them get into a cab, and I saw a certain expression on Miss Rilling's face. She looked frightened. And I thought it was odd, Miss Griffin going off without her bodyguard."

The waiter brought their drinks. When he had gone, Roger said, "I've known Miss Rilling for years. We practically grew up together. She's the most honest and honorable girl I think I ever knew. She's exceptional. I've seen her spanked because she wouldn't lie. That's why it's so hard to think that she might have —well, turned crooked."

"That's ridiculous. What does she say?"

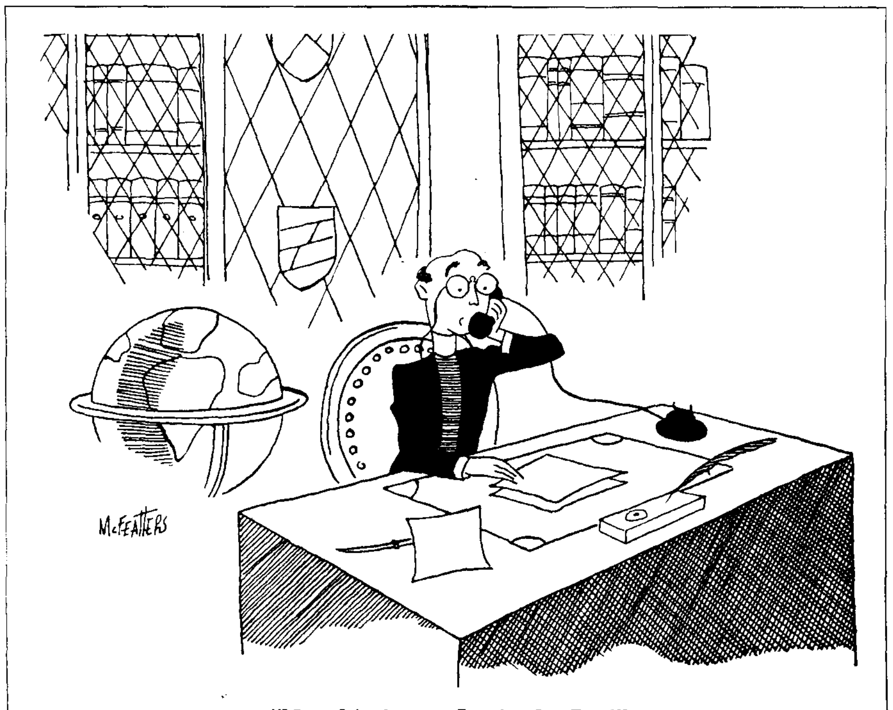
"That a man who represented himself as an employee of Jane Griffin's father asked her to take Miss Griffin to that apartment, to break up her interest in this Cuban dancer. He told Miss Rilling that Roderico's mistress would be there. He persuaded Miss Rilling that it wasn't as phony as it sounded, and he begged her to co-operate."

Peter thought of Frankie Fife slumped over his desk with a bullet in his brain.

"He told her how distressed Jane's father had been over the affair, and she says she agreed to help, out of the goodness of her heart. Do you see any reason to doubt that story?"

Peter shook his head. "No."

"It may be true," Roger went on, "but everything is confused by her insisting that she mistook you for a man she met



"No, this is not Louie-the-Rat!" FRANK MC FEATHERS

Sail in the Sun Swim in the Sea

BUT PROTECT YOUR HAIR!

Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

SUMMER'S the season for sun-broiled hair! Sailing and swimming—tennis and golf—all conspire to dry the oils of masculine hair—the sun to bake it brittle and the water to leave it limp and lifeless.

Health and spirits—muscle and morale get a lift from summer sports—but hair takes a beating—and there isn't a reason in the world why it should.

For Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps defeat the double threat of sun and water. Apply Vitalis briskly to your scalp. Feel the exhilarating tingle as circulation is roused. Your scalp feels awake — alive. And Vitalis' pure vegetable oil comes to the rescue of your oil-depleted hair. 50 seconds to rub—10 seconds to comb and brush—and your hair has a healthy, handsome look.

With Vitalis, you'll notice that your hair is easy-to-comb—it stays exactly as you want it—and it hasn't that very objectionable "patent-leather" look. It's a head of hair you can be proud of!

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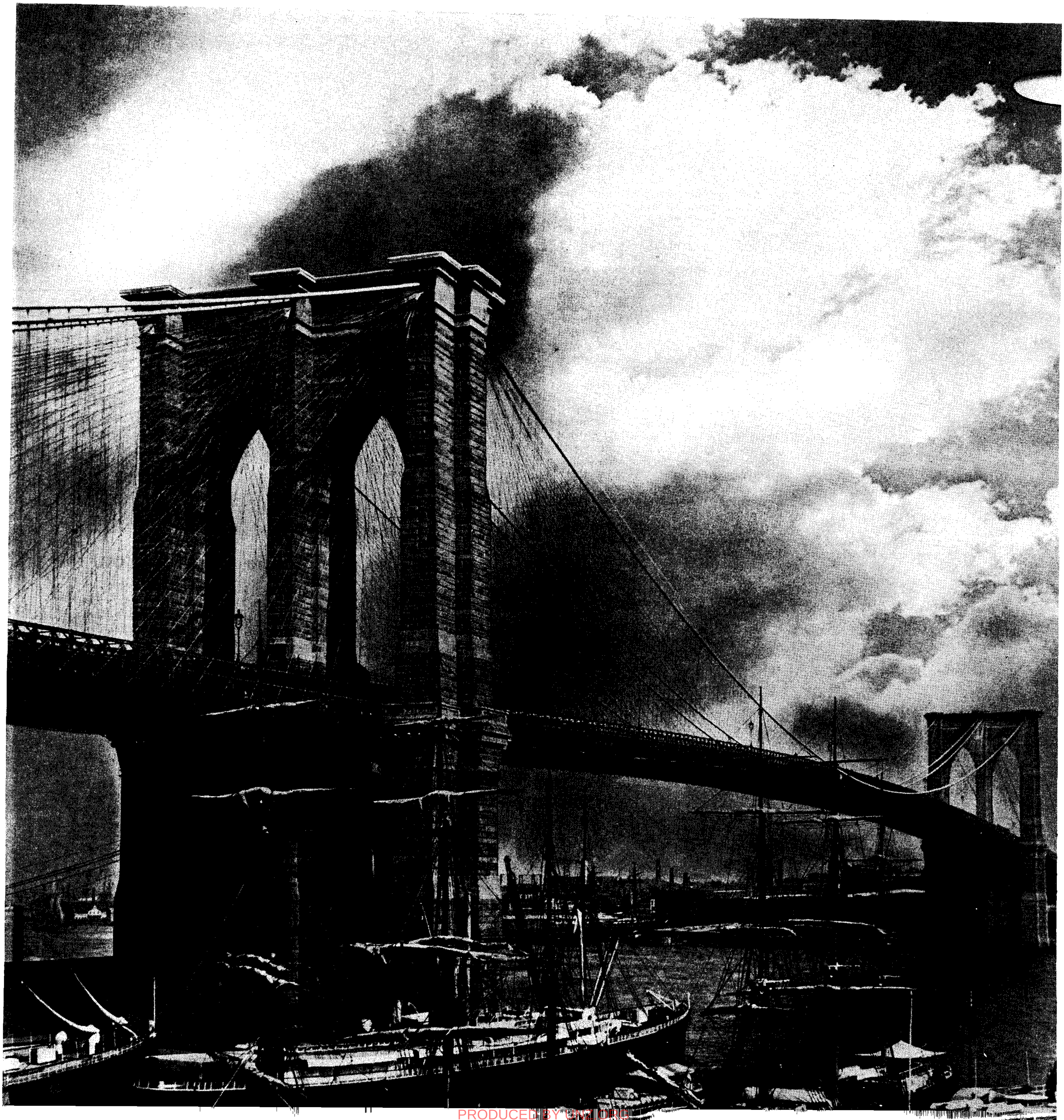

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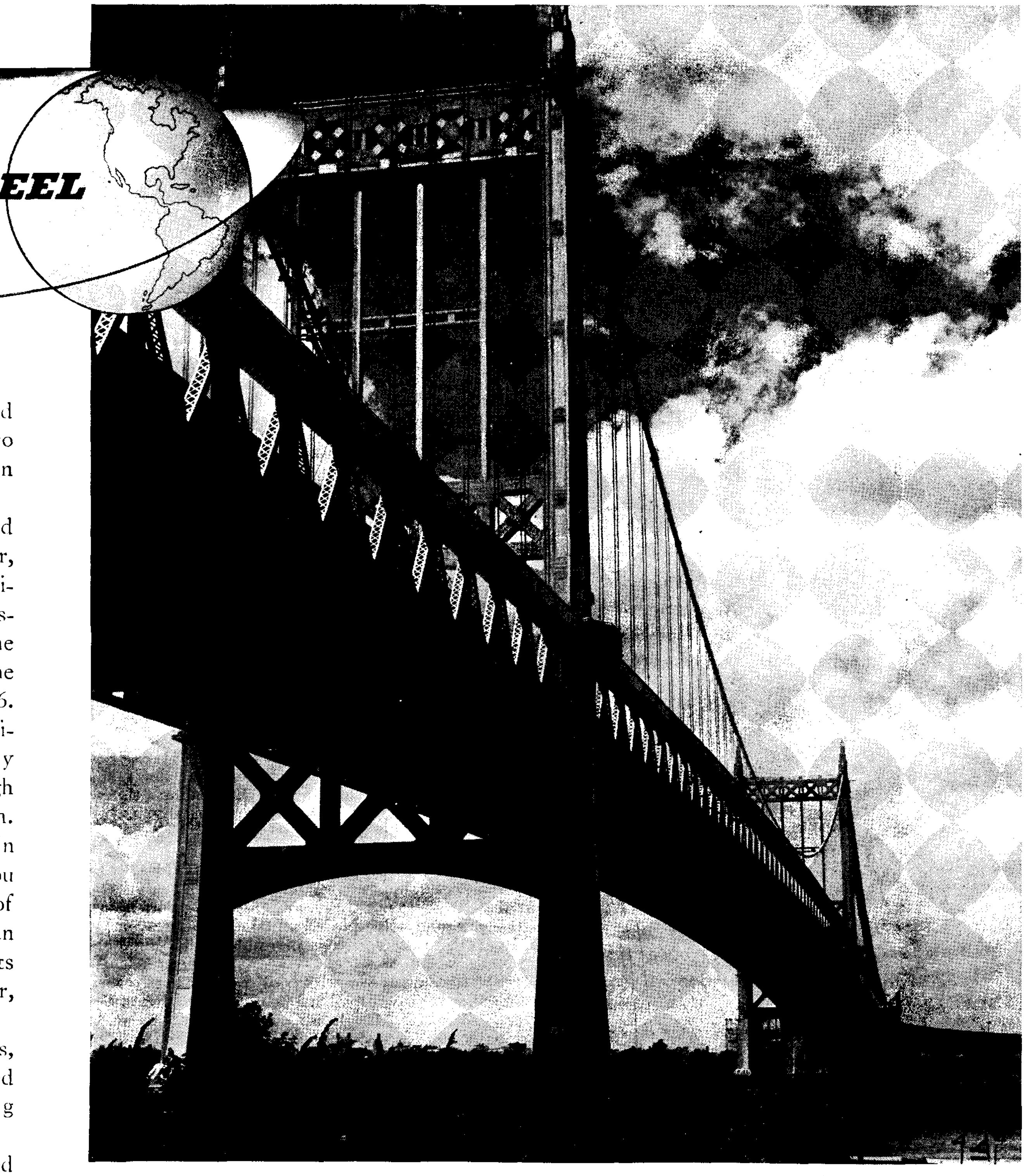

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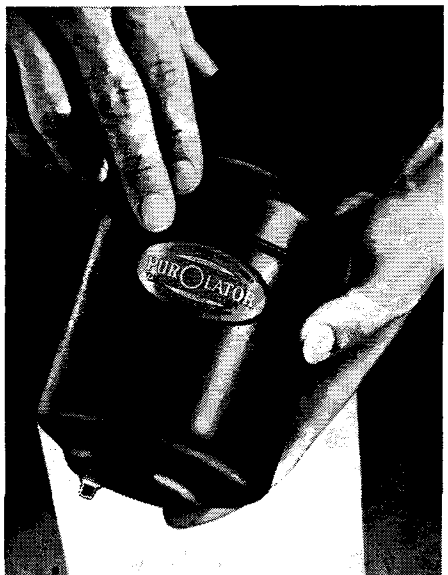

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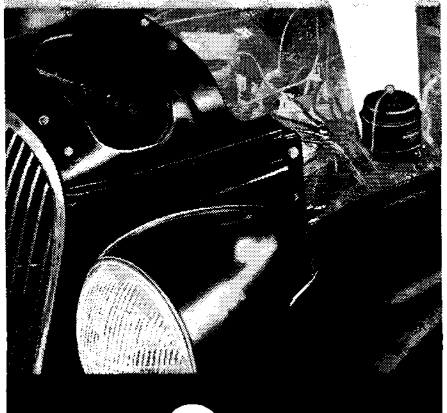

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on the boat coming back from France last summer—a crook. She insists he tricked her up to his apartment, proposed that they team up for some crooked scheme, and, when she refused, tried to tear her clothes off."

Peter nodded. "I heard about that."

"You did?" Roger was surprised.

"From Miss Griffin."

"Did she phone you this afternoon?"

"Yes. She told me about the call to Cobalt."

Roger looked at him steadily a moment. His lips were thinned a little, and his eyes were cool.

He said evenly, "Well, what do you think, Mr. Banyard?"

"That she's telling the truth."

"Oh?" Roger seemed disappointed. "She said this noon that last night's whole business was a clever frame-up, that you'd engineered it all to ingratiate yourself with Jane Griffin."

"Perhaps she meant it," Peter said dryly. "Did she mention having seen me a while ago?"

"Yes. And she's convinced now that you are who you say you are. She said she had a pleasant little talk with you, and she likes you."

"Did she say that?"

"She said she thought this crook must resemble you amazingly."

PETER looked thoughtful. "Well, what do you think?"

Roger shook his head. "It isn't physically possible. And it isn't as if she saw this fellow only at a distance, or only once. She spent a lot of time with him on shipboard, she had cocktails with him one afternoon a few days after they landed, and she saw him at his apartment once. She has perfectly good eyesight, and a perfectly good memory for faces.

"When she saw you on the plane coming east, she was sure you were the same man. When you cut in on her repeatedly last night, and asked her to go somewhere and talk things over—"

"I was referring to the plane incident," Peter said.

He was irritated. He saw himself being placed more and more in the position of explaining and justifying himself. He could have explained everything—and ended everything—by telling this gracious, judicial young man about Charlie Dunkin. That would have been fatal; fatal to his own hopes, and fatal for Franziska. That wasn't the point, anyhow. He resented being placed on trial, with Roger Van Tyle sitting in judgment.

Roger was gazing at him with cool appraisement. "It's awfully hard to understand; all of it. Mr. Griffin wanted me to thank you for saving Miss Griffin and himself from a great deal of embarrassment. He asked me to inquire if you'd accept some sort of reward."

He said it so graciously that Peter, for a moment, hardly believed that he had said it. He would have been angrier if he hadn't realized that it was prompted by this cool and insulting young man's jealousy of Jane's interest in him.

"Thanks," Peter said. "I've already had my reward."

Roger seemed to sit up straighter in his chair. His hostility came to the surface of his eyes. He beckoned to the waiter for the check, then said suavely: "Mr. Griffin wanted me to ask you if you'd mind not mentioning it to anyone. I know that you won't, of course."

Peter wanted to say, "Then why in hell did you bring it up?" He smiled and satisfied himself by saying, "Miss Griffin and I settled that last night."

Roger paid the check and the two young men drifted to the hat room and got their hats and topcoats. The deference Roger was accorded by the headwaiter, the hat-check girls and the doorman was slightly annoying to Peter, and he observed that Roger accepted it with indifference.

They went out onto the sidewalk. A slender girl with pale red hair looked hard at them a moment, then dropped her purse, picked it up and quickly crossed the street.

The street was dark. The ruby glow from the Crown Club lighted a dark brown sedan at the curb. The driver's face was turned away. His hat was down well over his ears, and his coat collar was turned up. There was a pair of small black eyes at the window, which was rolled down. This man lifted into sight the blue steel barrel of a gun, with his black eyes swinging from Roger to Peter, as if deciding whom to shoot first.

Only once in his life, when a sleeping rattlesnake had waked up and sung at his heels, had Peter acted as surely as he did now. He threw one arm around Roger's neck, yelled, "Run!" and pulled him along the sidewalk at a fast run.

As he swung Roger into an alleyway between the Crown Club and the adjoining building, an outrageous stuttering began, and the screams of ricochets. A row of four large garbage cans against the other wall threw a long shadow toward the rear from a light across the street.

Peter said, "Get down!" and pushed him down. He dropped into the shadow behind him. His arms and chest muscles were suddenly frantic. There was a hammering in his throat and an awful tension across his stomach.

A man ran into the alleyway with a submachine gun hugged against his side, pointing it like a hose. When he passed the last garbage can, Peter stood up and swung a fist into his face. The man dropped the gun, stumbled to his knees, scrambled up before Peter could hit him again, and ran out of the alley.

A police whistle shrilled. There was a faint ascending shriek of gears. Roger said shakily, "Well, for God's sake!"

A policeman ran past the alley, blowing his whistle in sharp blasts as he ran.

Roger got up. Peter said, "Were you hit?"

"I don't know," Roger said huskily. "I don't think so. No, I don't think so. Were you?"

"No."

ROGER leaned weakly against the garbage can. Several police whistles were shrilling. "I'll be all right in a minute." Roger was shaking. His face, in the light from across the street, was pale green.

The Crown Club doorman came and stared into the alleyway. He shouted: "Here he is, Officer!" Peter and Roger walked out to the sidewalk. Guests were streaming out of the cocktail bar. A girl cried: "There's a bullet hole in the window!"

The doorman took Roger by the arm. "Are you all right, Mr. Van Tyle?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure you weren't hit?"

"Yes. Did they—"

There were two policemen. One of them said, "Are you Mr. Roger Van Tyle?"

"Yes."

He looked at Peter. "Who are you?"

"Peter Banyard."

"Mr. Van Tyle's bodyguard?"

"No," Roger said. "He's a friend of mine."

"Say, listen. He's better than any bodyguard," the doorman said. "If you could have seen the way—"

"What was it?" the other policeman said.

"A snatch. Get it on the phone. What did you gents see?"

"A dark brown sedan."

"He dropped his gun in the alley," Roger said. "Mr. Banyard hit him in the jaw, and he dropped the gun and ran."

"Are you quite sure you're all right, Mr. Van Tyle?"

"Yes. I'd like to get out of here."

A crowd was gathering. A girl said, in an awed voice, "It's Roger Van Tyle. Somebody tried to kidnap him."

"The squad car will take you home, Mr. Van Tyle."

It pulled into the curb with softly moaning siren. A short man punched an elbow into Peter's stomach and snarled: "Give somebody else a chance to look, willya?"

Peter moved back. He wondered if he had the strength to reach the corner. He saw Roger surrounded by policemen. They put him into the squad car and it drove away.

PETER let himself in and closed the door quietly. He walked through the living room without seeing Oliver or the maid and went into the bar. He wondered if he looked as bad as he felt. He couldn't possibly look as bad as he felt. He poured a drink of Scotch and drank it. He looked at himself in the blue mirror. But you couldn't tell from that. You always looked like a corpse in a blue mirror.

He went into his room and looked in another mirror. He looked all right. His color was good and his eyes were clear.

He dropped across the bed. He had been lying there about half an hour when Oliver came in. When he saw Peter, he gasped and said, "Good heavens, Mr. Banyard, I didn't know you were home. The police commissioner and all the newspapers in New York have been trying to get you. I've been terribly worried. Are you all right?"

"Yep."

"You weren't hit by a bullet, sir?"

"No, Oliver. I'm all right. I was just taking a little nap."

Oliver stared at him and laughed weakly.

"You came to New York, to use your own phrase, to knock this town's ears down. You've done it. You're a hero, Mr. Banyard."

Peter looked at him thoughtfully.

"You're made, sir. Especially if you handle it properly. Do you hear those voices?"

Peter listened. He heard a muffled hum of voices.

"Reporters," Oliver said. "Every elevator is bringing up more of them. I would suggest that you dress before seeing them. You look so well in a dress suit. And the police commissioner is sending up Inspector Clark, and Bracken and Hurley of the Fifth Avenue Squad are outside. Mrs. Van Tyle's secretary called. And Miss Griffin called. She is coming for you, she said, at ten instead of ten-thirty."

"While I'm dressing, Oliver, order a corsage of talisman roses for her. Not too large. You know. Just right."

"I'll attend to it at once, Mr. Banyard. Shall I bring in Inspector Clark when he comes?"

"Yes, and those other flatfeet. I'll talk to them in here, then I'll see the reporters."

"Shall I give them something to drink?"

"If that's the way heroes are made—sure."

Peter was dressed, was just slipping into his dress coat, when Oliver brought four men into the bedroom. He recognized Bracken and Hurley of the Fifth Avenue Squad. Oliver presented the others.

"Mr. Banyard, this is Inspector Clark, and this is Mr. Fosden of the Department of Justice."

Inspector Clark was a slender, white-haired man of fifty-five. The federal man was short, bull-necked, blond and forty. His eyes were foggy.

Peter knew that these men were clever detectives, accustomed to outwitting

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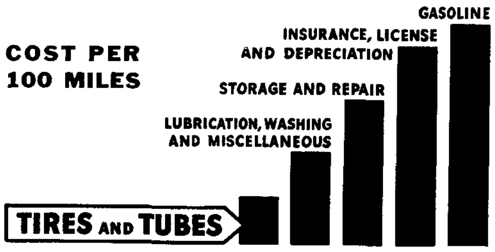

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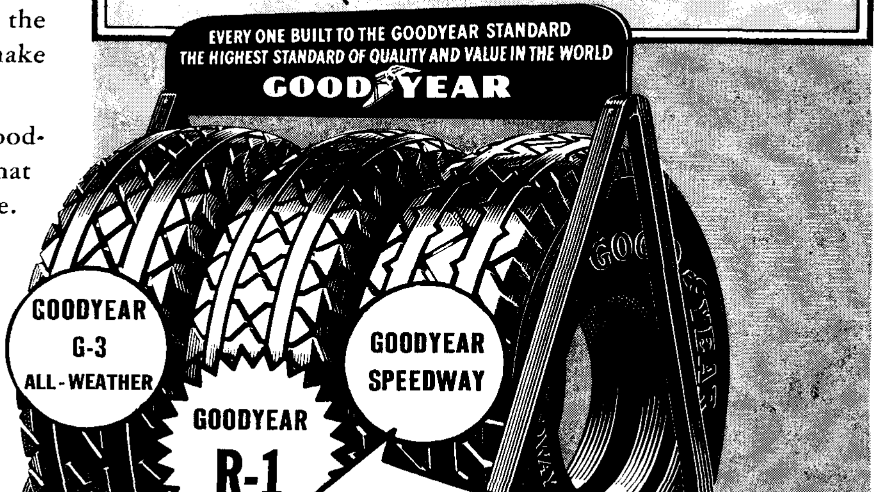
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anyone who tried to conceal the truth. He felt uneasy.

"Get on the phone," Inspector Clark said rapidly to Bracken. "Shoot it in as fast as you get it. Mr. Banyard, it's a pleasure. I hope you can help us. You should have gone straight to headquarters. If those saps had been on the job, you wouldn't have got away. A lot of good time has been lost."

Peter smiled politely as he asked them to sit down. Machine-gun bullets bit into his back. All four looked at him with curiously inexpressive eyes.

At the phone, the man who looked like Harding said, "All ready, Inspector."

Peter said. "I didn't see anything worth reporting."

The inspector smiled professionally. "You saw their faces. That's all we want."

"But, you see, I didn't. The driver had his head turned, so I couldn't see his face. The man with the gun showed nothing but his eyes."

Inspector Clark and Mr. Fosden exchanged a low-lidded glance, and the inspector's mouth curled down a little at one end. "You must have seen something of his face."

"It happened too fast. Just before he started shooting I saw his eyes. They were black, small and close-set."

Inspector Clark and the federal man glanced at each other again, then they looked at Peter.

The inspector shot up his white eyebrows with an effect of resignation. "Will you tell us just what you did see, Mr. Banyard?"

Peter wondered if they knew how shaky he felt. He thought: "They know I'm trying to conceal something," and he said: "It was a brown Wilkins Eight, a sedan—1935, I think—with a large dent in the rear left fender. The driver wore a brown felt hat and a gray-and-white checked overcoat—small checks."

Bracken repeated it into the phone.

"A girl on the sidewalk outside the Crown Club looked at us, dropped her purse, picked it up and ran across the street. It may have been a signal, or not. She wore a dark blue dress, or suit, under a black coat with a silver-fox collar, and a small black hat with a little red feather on it, across the front."

"You got that, Bracken?"

"Yes, Inspector. They've picked up the sedan. A stolen car. Found abandoned corner of Madison and Eighty-third. Any instructions?"

"Tell them to hold it and send a fingerprint man. We'll be along. Go on, please, Mr. Banyard."

"WHEN we went out, I saw her do this, then I saw the sedan and the pair of black eyes and the gun—in that order. I grabbed Mr. Van Tyle and hustled him into the alley. When the fellow with the gun came in, I popped him, but he got away."

"But you saw him!"

"No. There's a light across the street. It was behind him. All I saw was his silhouette. He was about five feet eight, very broad-shouldered, and his hat was jammed down. I never saw his face."

"That could have been Brunetti, all right," Hurley said.

"He went down on one knee when I hit him. He dropped his gun, jumped up and ran like a spanked horse."

"There's something screwy about all of it," the federal man said. "What's your opinion, Inspector?"

Inspector Clark and Hurley looked at each other.

The inspector said, "Mr. Van Tyle says he has had threatening letters."

And Fosden said, "Is that all you saw, Mr. Banyard?"

"Yes."

Bracken hung up and came over. Peter smiled.

"Did you call up Cobalt?"

"Sure. My apologies, Mr. Banyard."

"That's it," the inspector said, and Peter felt a muscle tighten across his stomach. "You've guessed, haven't you, Mr. Banyard, that there's a man we're interested in who looks like you?"

"I gathered that from Mr. Bracken and Mr. Hurley this afternoon. Who is he?"

"Charlie Dunkin. He's an international jewel thief. We think he pulled off a couple of jobs over here, but he's very smooth."

Fosden said, "Tell him about Brunetti."

"Well, that's our theory," the inspector complied. "We think this Charlie Dunkin was in with Brunetti, who is a smart gangster and a smart jewel thief and smart in every way. We understand he split with Brunetti some time ago. Anyway, he dropped out of sight. He is clever at fade-outs. We have photographs of Dunkin, of course, and his resemblance to you is amazing."

"It's so amazing," Hurley said, "that we don't see how it's possible for two people who are unrelated to look so much alike."

PETER could see his face in a mirror behind Bracken. It was its normal deep color. It felt white and clammy, and his eyes felt blurred, but they looked clear. He grinned lazily at Bracken. "That makes you President Harding's twin brother, doesn't it?"

The inspector and Hurley laughed and Fosden said, "Hell, there's always somebody who looks like the President, or Garbo or Will Rogers, isn't there? There's always somebody who looks like somebody else. I remember one time in Cleveland when Coolidge—"

Inspector Clark broke in: "Our guess is that Brunetti tried to bump off Charlie today, thinking you were him. We're after Brunetti. We hoped your identification would help us. As long as it hasn't, we prefer this to be an attack on Mr. Van Tyle. You understand?"

"Yes."

"Will you keep that in mind when you talk to the newspapers?" He smiled. "It isn't going to do you any harm, Mr. Banyard."

Fosden was looking at Peter with foggy eyes. "Then they were obviously shooting at Mr. Van Tyle, weren't they, Mr. Banyard?"

Peter said. "Oh, yes. There's no doubt about that."

"That's fine," the inspector said. "If we pick up anyone, will you come down, Mr. Banyard? Your description of the driver's coat and hat may lead somewhere. That girl—would you recognize her?"

"I might."

THE four men looked at him thoughtfully and filed out.

When they were gone, Oliver said, "Why didn't you tell them the truth, Mr. Banyard? It was your chance."

"No, Oliver. Even if they could find Charlie to arrest him, what good would it do? Can I pin last night's business on him? If I could, how about Franziska?"

"But Brunetti may take another pot shot at you, sir—if it *was* Brunetti."

"Not after he sees the papers. Brunetti won't know who he's shooting at —so he won't shoot. *If* it was Brunetti."

"Yes, sir. I thought they were jumping at conclusions with very little evidence. It might well have been Mr. Van Tyle."

"Oliver, we're kidding ourselves. And I've got to do something about Charlie, and I've got to do something about Miss Rilling. Do you know a lawyer who's absolutely dependable?"

"Yes, sir. Phineas O'Dane, of O'Dane, Balister and Levine."

"I want to see him as soon as I've talked to these reporters."

"He won't be at his office now, Mr. Banyard."

"Try to reach him at his home. And get in touch with Tetlow. If he isn't at the Tavern, have him get there as fast as he can."

Oliver looked startled. He hesitated. "Very well, sir. I'll try to reach them while you're talking to the reporters. Don't forget you have an engagement with Miss Griffin."

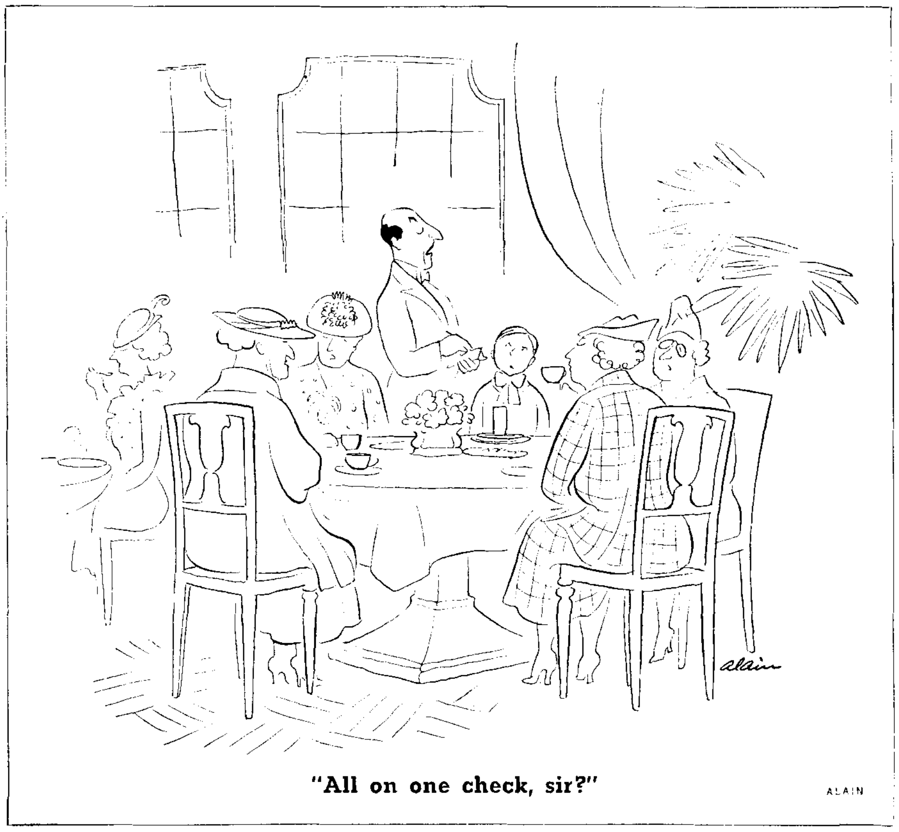
"I won't."

Peter's diaphragm tightened again. He was afraid of reporters. He had come in for it the time he had flown food to the snowbound mining camp. An enterprising Los Angeles paper had flown reporters to interview him. This would be much worse. New York reporters, he had heard, were as pitiless as chicken hawks.

Oliver went down the hall and into the living room. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "here is Mr. Banyard."

Peter strode into the living room.

(To be continued next week)



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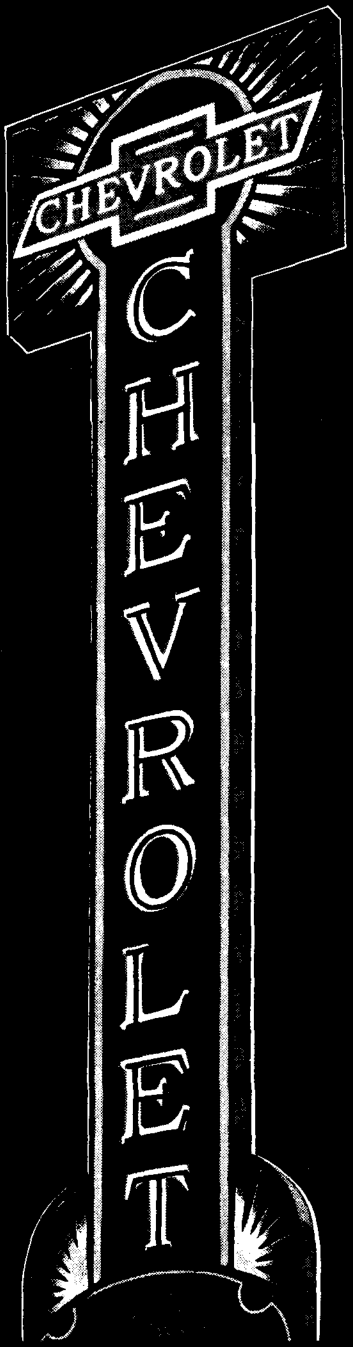

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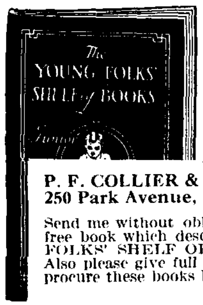

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Mr. Chips Meets a Star

Continued from page 19

old who had almost established a record for the minimum amount of Latin learnable during a year in Chips' classical form. So he leaned forward after a few moments and said to the still breathless intruder: "Well—umph—Renny . . . how are you?"

The young man looked up with a rather scared expression. "I beg you, sir, not to give me away . . ."

"Give you away . . . umph . . ." Some joke, obviously—Renny had always been one for jokes. "What is it you have been up to this time—umph?"

"I'm trying to get away from the crowd—I thought I'd actually succeeded. . . . I chose this compartment because—if you'll pardon me for saying it—I noticed you were reading the paper through double spectacles—so I guessed—I hoped—"

"I may be—umph—a little short-sighted, Renny—but I assure you—umph—I never forget a Brookfield face. . . ."

"Brookfield? Why, that's where I'm going to. What sort of a place is it?"

CHIPS looked astonished. Surely this was carrying a joke too far. "Much the same—umph—as when you were there fifteen years ago, my boy."

Then the young man looked astonished. "I? . . . But—but I've never been there before in my life—this is my first visit to England, even . . . I don't understand."

Neither did Chips understand, though he certainly—now that the other had suggested it—detected an accent from across the sea. He said: "But—your name—it's Charles Renny . . . isn't it?"

"Renny, yes, but not Charles . . . Randolph — that's my name — Randolph Renny. I thought you recognized me."

"I thought so too. I apologize."

"Well, I hope you won't give me away now that I've told you."

"Give you away? I—umph—I don't know what you're driving at."

"My being Randolph Renny—that's what I mean. I'm traveling incognito."

"Mr. Renny, I still don't understand."

"You mean you don't recognize my name?"

"I fear not. . . . My own name—since you have been good enough to introduce yourself—is Chipping."

"Well, Mr. Chipping . . . you've never heard of me! You must be the only person on this train who hasn't seen some of my pictures."

"Pictures? You are an artist?"

"I should hope so. . . . Oh, I see—you mean a painter? . . . No, not that sort of artist. I'm in the movies. Don't you ever go to the cinema?"

CHIPS paused; then he answered, contemplatively: "I went on one occasion only—umph—and that was ten years ago. I am given to understand—umph—that there have been certain improvements since then . . . but the—umph—poster advertising outside has never—umph—tempted me to discover how far that is true."

Renny laughed. "So that's why you've never heard my name? Wouldn't I like to show you round Hollywood! . . . I suppose you're not interested in acting?"

"Indeed, yes. In my young days I was a great admirer of Henry Irving and Forbes Robertson and—umph—Sarah Bernhardt—and the immortal Duse—"

"I guess none of them ever got three thousand fan letters a week—as I do."

"*Fan* letters?"

"Letters from admirers—total strangers—all over the world—who write to me."

Chips was bewildered. "You mean—umph—you have to read three thousand letters a week?"

"Well, I don't read 'em. But my secretary counts 'em."

"Dear me—umph—how extraordinary. . . ." And after a little pause for thought, Chips added: "You know, Mr. Renny, I feel—umph—somewhat in the mood of the late Lord Balfour when he was taken to see the sights of New York. He was shown the—umph—I think it is called the Riston Building—and when—umph—the boast was made to him that it was completely fireproof, all he could reply was—'What a pity!' "

"Good! I'll remember that one. Tell me something about this place Brookfield."

"It's just a small English village. A pleasant place, I have always thought."

"You know it well?"

"Yes, I think I can say I do. But why—if I may ask—are you going there?"

"Darned if I know myself. Matter of fact, it's my publicity man's idea, not mine. Fellow named McElvie—smart man. . . . You see, Mr. Chipping, your English public—bless their hearts!—has fussed over me so much during the last few weeks that I'm all in—gets on your nerves after a time—signing autographs and being mobbed everywhere. . . . So I said to McElvie, 'I'm going to take a real rest cure, get away to some little place and hide myself, travel incognito . . . just some little place in the country—must be lots of places like that in England?' . . . And then McElvie suddenly had one of his bright ideas. You see, I was born in Brooklyn, so he looks it up and finds there isn't a Brooklyn in England, but there's a Brookfield. Sort of sentimental association . . . you see?"

"I see," answered Chips, without seeing at all. He could not really understand why a man born in Brooklyn should have a sentimental desire to visit Brookfield; he could not understand why letters should be counted instead of read; he could not understand why a man who wished to avoid publicity should travel around with the kind of luggage that would rivet the attention of every fellow traveler and railway porter. These things were mysteries. But he said, with a final attempt to discover what manner of man this Randolph Renny might be: "In my young days we used—umph—to classify actors into two kinds—tragedians and comedians. Which kind are you, Mr. Renny?"

"Oh, a hero, you know—romantic hero. Fact is . . . I guess it sounds stupid, but I can't help it. . . . I've sometimes been labeled the world's greatest lover."

Chips raised his eyebrows.

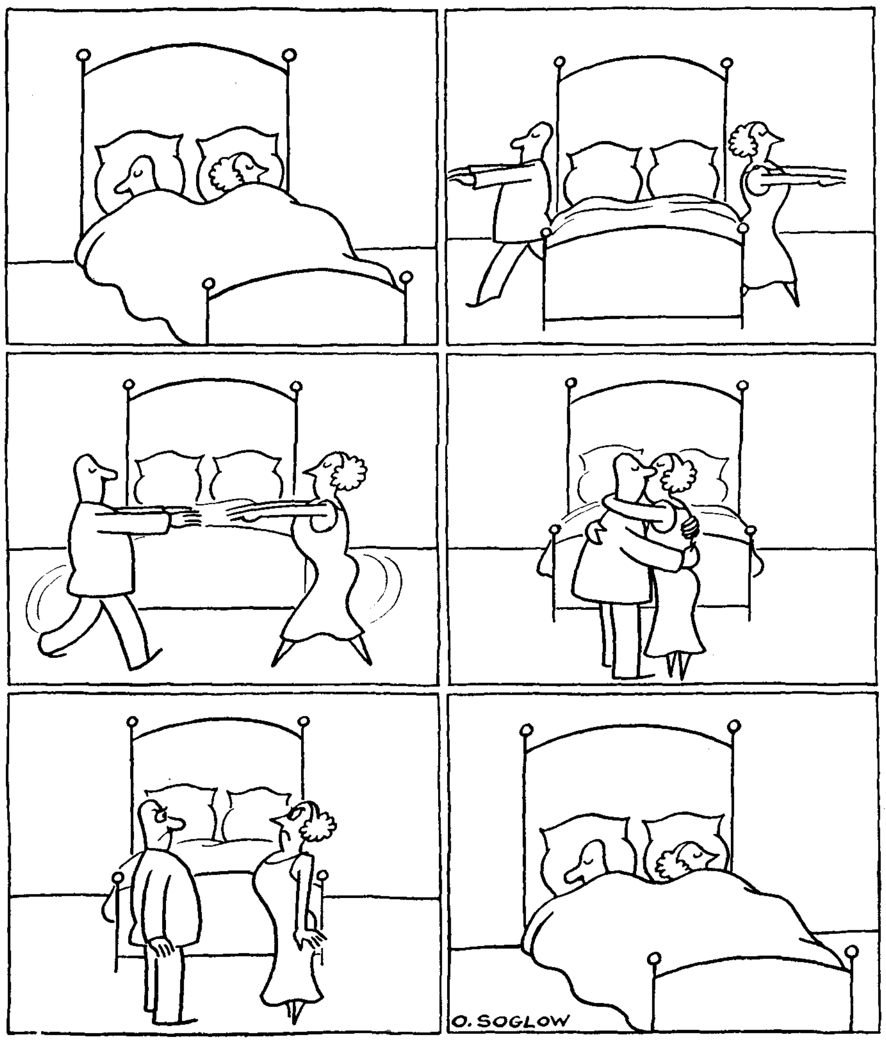
THUS they talked till the train arrived at Brookfield, by which time Chips had grown rather to like the elegant strange young man who seemed to have acquired the most fantastic renown by means of the most fantastic behavior. For Chips, listening to Renny's descriptions of Hollywood life, could not liken it to anything he had ever experienced or read about. For instance, Renny had a son, and in Hollywood, so he said; the boy was taken to and from school every day in a limousine accompanied by an armed bodyguard—the reason being that Renny had received threatening letters from kidnapers. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Chipping, I almost thought of sending him to a school in England. D'you know of any school?"

"Umph," replied Chips, thinking the matter over—or rather, not needing to think the matter over. "There is a school at Brookfield."

"A good school?"

"Well, I have—umph—some reason—to believe so."

"You were educated there yourself?"



O. SOGLOW

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Auto-Lite Spark Plugs are built to work in perfect harmony with the rest of the Ignition System, and as a result, produce "Balanced Ignition"—more power in your motor—a spark of the right characteristic, delivered in the right place, at the right time. Your motor will prove these facts to you as soon as you install a set of Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. Merchandising Division, The Electric Auto-Lite Company, Toledo, O.

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I Got No Sympathy Because I Couldn't Explain!"

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Chips answered, with a slow chuckle: "That—umph—is a matter of opinion. But I rather imagine I have picked up a little knowledge there during—umph—the past half century or so. . . ."

By such exchanges of question and answer Chips and Hollywood's ace film star came to know each other and each to marvel at the strange world that the other inhabited. It was on Chips' advice that Renny tore some of the labels off his luggage and wrapped up his Fifth Avenue hatbox in brown paper and did a few other simple things to frustrate the publicity he was apparently fleeing from. And at the Royal Hotel (still taking Chips' advice) he registered as plain Mr. Read, of London.

A FEW days later he rang up Chips on the telephone, said he was feeling a little bored, and suggested a further meeting. Chips asked him to tea at his rooms opposite the school, and afterward showed him over the school buildings. Renny was horrified at the primitiveness of the school bathrooms, and was still more horrified when Chips told him they had just been modernized. But he was pleased and relieved when Chips told him that there had not been a single case of kidnaping at Brookfield for the past three hundred years.

"Before that—umph—I cannot definitely say," added Chips. "There were very disturbed times—we had a headmaster hanged during the sixteenth century for preaching the wrong kind of sermon—yes—umph—we have had disturbed times, Mr. Renny."

"You talk about them, sir, as if they were only yesterday."

"So they were," replied Chips, "in the history of England. And Brookfield is a part of that."

"And you're a part of Brookfield."

"I should like to think so," answered Chips, pouring himself tea.

The two men met again, several times. One afternoon they lazed in deck chairs on the deserted school playing fields; another day Chips took Renny to the local parish church, showed him the points of historic interest in it, and introduced him to the verger and the vicar as a visiting American. Renny seemed surprised that neither recognized him, and uttered a word of warning afterward: "You know, Mr. Chipping, you're taking a big chance showing me round like that."

"No," replied Chips; "I think not. There are—umph—quite a number of people in England who—umph—have never heard of you, Mr. Renny. The vicar here, for instance, is much more familiar with the personalities of Rome during the age of Diocletian—he has written several books on the subject . . . while our verger is so passionately devoted to the cultivation of roses that—umph—I doubt if he ever goes to the cinema at all. . . . So I think you may feel quite safe in Brookfield—nobody will annoy or molest you."

But after another few days had passed and there had been other meetings, a dark suspicion began to enter Chips' mind. Renny looked much better for his rest cure; idle days in sunshine and fresh air had soothed the tired nerves of an idol whose pedestal too often revealed him as merely a target. All the same, there was this dark suspicion—a suspicion that suggested itself most markedly whenever the two men walked about the streets of Brookfield. Just this—that though Renny was doubtless sincere in wanting to get away from crowds of autograph-hunting admirers, he did not altogether relish the ease with which in Brookfield he was doing so. There were moments when, perhaps, the success of his incognito peeved him.

It would have been truly awful if a mob of girls had torn the clothes off his back (they had done this several times in America), but when they didn't, then . . . well, there were moments when Renny's attitude might almost have been diagnosed as: Why the hell don't they try to, anyway . . . ?

All of which came to a head in the sudden appearance of McElvie on the scene. *This wiry little* Scots-American arrived in Brookfield like a human tornado, expressed himself delighted with the improvements in Renny's health, demanded to meet the old gentleman with whom he had been spending so much time, wrung Chips' hand effusively, and opined (gazing across the road at the school buildings) that it certainly looked "a swell joint."

"And see," he added, taking Renny and Chips by the arm and drawing them affectionately together. "I've got a swell idea, too. . . . I'll work up a lot of phooey in the papers about your disappearance . . . 'Where is Randolph Renny?'—'Has anybody seen him?'—'He's hiding somewhere—where is it?'—you know the sort of thing . . . and then, when all the excitement's just boiling over, we'll discover you here . . . spending a vacation with the old professor. . . ."

"I'm not a professor. . . ." protested Chips, feebly.

"Aw, it's the same thing . . . and you knew Irving, too . . . and Forbes Robertson . . . Sarah Bernhardt . . . the immortal Dewser . . ."

"I didn't know them," protested Chips still feebly. "I only saw them act."

"Aw, what does that matter . . . after all, you saw 'em and you're old enough to have known the whole bunch of 'em . . . they gave you tips about acting—and you took in what they said—and now you pass it all on to Renny here. . . . Oh, boy, what an idea—handing on the great tradition—Randolph Renny vacations secretly with Dewser's oldest friend—you were roommates, maybe, you and Dewser—"

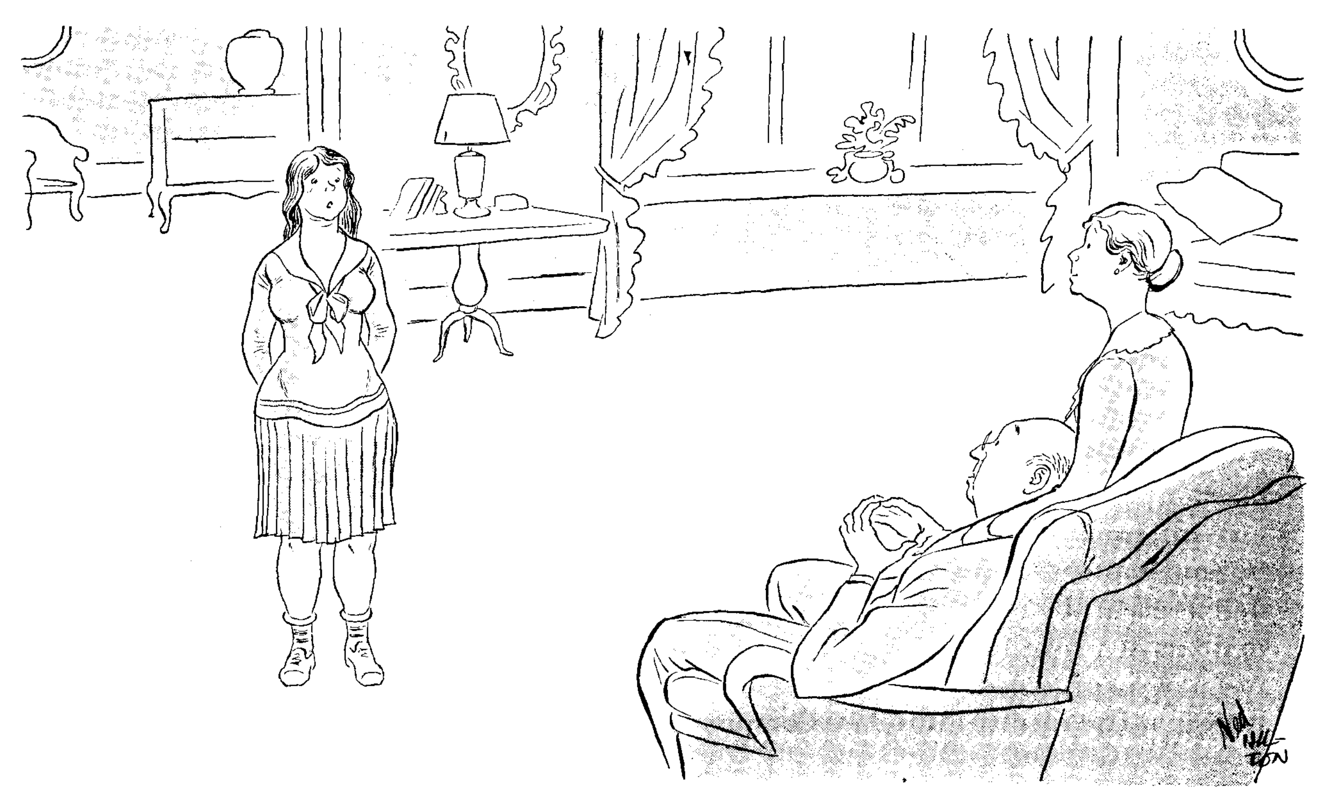
"Hardly," answered Chips. "It was before the days of coeducation. . . ."

"Oh, a woman?" replied McElvie, seizing the point with an alertness Chips could not but recognize and admire. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Chipping—no offense meant, I'm sure. . . . But you got the idea, haven't you?—why, it's stupendous—it's unique—I don't believe it's ever been thought of before. Oh, boy, it'll be the greatest scoop in the history of movie publicity! . . ."

WHICH was why, that same evening, Chips gave Miss Lydia Jones the news that Randolph Renny was staying in Brookfield at the Royal Hotel. He decided that if there were to be a scoop at all (whatever a scoop was), Brookfield, as represented by the Brookfield Ga*zette and by its social reporter*, *should* have it. And thus it came about that Miss Jones began her column of gossip ambiguously, ungrammatically, yet in substance correctly with the words: "Coming out of the Royal Hotel the other day, who should I espy but Randolph Renny . . ."

It only remains to add that the following term Renny's son began his career at Brookfield School, and, during a preliminary interview with Chips, remarked: "Of course you know who my father is, don't you, sir?"

"I do, my boy," Chips answered. "But—umph—you need have no fear—on *that* account. We all know—but at Brookfield—umph—we do not care. . . ."



"We want to speak to you, Tilda, now that you're budding into womanhood"

NED HILTON

"WE SAVE MONEY BY ITS SILENT OPERATION" OWNERS REPORT

Servel Electrolux cuts refrigeration costs because its freezing system has no moving parts

THEY'RE ENTHUSIASTIC . . . these happy Servel Electrolux owners . . . about the *different,* noise-free operation of their Servel Electrolux refrigerators. And no wonder!

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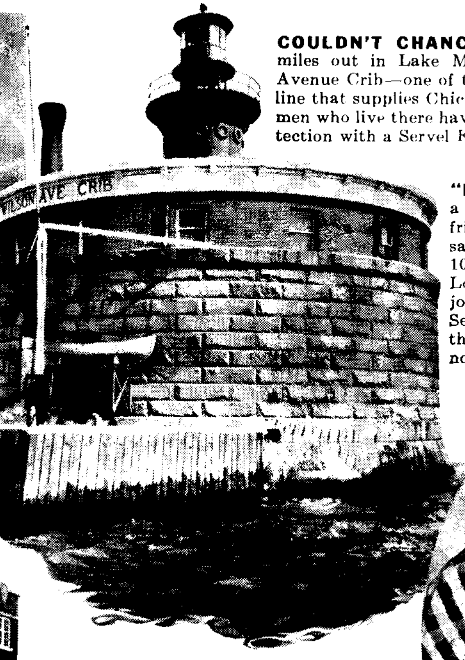
In the entire freezing system of a Servel Electrolux, there are *no* moving parts to wear or to increase the cost of running even after long service. A tiny gas flame does the work.

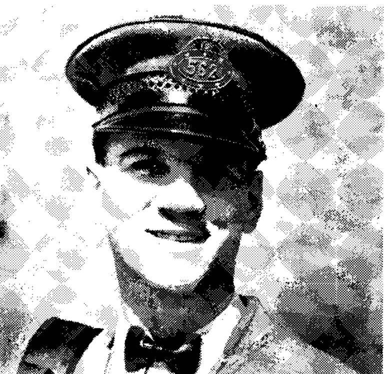
See the beautiful 1937 models at your gas company or local dealer. Get all the facts. Your own gas company backs and services every Servel Electrolux it installs.

For farm and country homes, Servel Electrolux operates on kerosene or bottled gas. Write for details. Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind. (Servel Electrolux is also sold in Canada, Central and South America.)

"WE'VE SAVED A LOT OF MONEY with our Servel Electrolux since we got it three years ago," says Mrs. Ellen Madden of 4139 Roanoke Rd., Kansas City, Mo. "It's so economical to operate, and saves money in food costs, too. And it's a joy in our small home not to have noisy refrigeration."



COULDN'T CHANCE TROUBLE—Three miles out in Lake Michigan is the Wilson Avenue Crib—one of the intakes on the pipeline that supplies Chicago with its water. The men who live there have dependable food protection with a Servel Electrolux.



"NO MOVING PARTS is a big advantage in a refrigerator, I can tell you," says George M. Glass of 1038 N. Townsend Ave., Los Angeles. "We've enjoyed the silence of our Servel Electrolux, and the fact that it's so economical in operation."

SILENT, PERFECT, AFTER 9 YEARS—In 1928, the Immel Construction Company of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, installed Servel Electrolux refrigerators in its Eldorado Apartments (shown at left). Today, Mr. J. W. Immel, the president, reports, "These refrigerators are still in perfect operating condition."

LOWER FOOD BILLS—"My Servel Electrolux has proved a real economy in food buying," says Mrs. Margaret Carney of 19750 Nauman Ave., Euclid, Ohio. "But most important to me is the knowledge that it is safeguarding my children's health; their food and milk is always at the right temperature."

SERVEL ELECTROLUX THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY *WILL CONNELL*

Handsome vegetables in the window draw the crowds. Succulent asparagus, peas green and flavorsome, beans tenderly cooked, keep them coming. Here's the story of a reputation built on vegetables, and how you may acquire the same

Know Your VEGETABLES

By Ruth Seinfel

TWENTY years ago Henry Lustig decided that people didn't care enough about vegetables. Maybe he was prejudiced, being a vegetable market man. Anyway it seemed to him that when his clients, who were, and are, some of the leading hotels and restaurants in New York, went to all that trouble to buy their vegetables fresh and the best the market offered, their customers ought to know what they were getting. But to prove it he had to go into the restaurant business himself.

When his first restaurant opened, passers-by stood three deep staring in the window. They saw mushrooms, snowy domes resting on shiny green leaves like giant pearls on a satin cushion. They saw bouquets of string beans, lusciously green. They saw pyramids of peas in plump pods, stalks of rhubarb as snobbish as American Beauty roses.

Apparently they did more than stand and stare. Plenty of them went in to see whether the beauty of those peas was more than pod deep, for there are ten restaurants now in this burgeoning chain. They have bars and sidewalk cafés, and their beige and tomato-red interiors have been designed by a decorator of repute, but they still display mushrooms and peas and such in the window.

And inside, under the strictly modern indirect lighting, you will see large masses of diners rejoicing in the verdant succulence of asparagus which is never, never overdone; in golden-yellow carrots with their good earthy sweetness undimmed, in the full-bodied tang of cauliflower virgin white and crisp under the fork, yet tender. Of course the broiled chicken you order must be crackling brown and butter-soft, of course your steak when you cut it must ooze honest red—but a meal is only as good as its vegetables. What if the morsels of lamb in your stew do melt flavorsomely on the palate? Are the lima beans therein whole and green and equally flavorsome?

"The vegetables, they are the true test," says one of the chefs of these restaurants, with a face as appetizing as fresh bread and an accent as French as *pot au feu*. There are ten of them, and they all cook the same way.

"I could prepare you the finest roast, but if the peas were wrinkled and tasteless, you would say I was no cook. And you would be right. Vegetables are delicate as flowers. You know how, if you are a little careless, the flavor runs away. . . ." An eloquent movement of the hands indicates flavor fleeing rapidly in all directions. He leads the way to a table where an assistant is making passes with a paring knife, and holds up a carrot.

"Of course the vegetable must be good at the commencement. See, is this not a beautiful carrot? The shape, long and slender, like the streamline. The color could be stronger, but this is the best for the season. And the top is green—you do not eat the top, but it tells you the carrot is young and fresh. The good pea has the streamline, too—" he means the pod, which is smooth and green and scarcely shows the bulge of the peas inside. "And also the string bean. Feel it in your fingers—like silk. So you know it will be tender, if you cook it with care."

When he says cook it with care, he means two things: First, cook it just the right length of time, enough to bring it to the perfect point of firm tenderness, and not an instant more. And second, cook it in the right amount of water. For spinach, this means only the water which clings to the leaves when you have washed them. For all other vegetables, it means enough water to cover.

For years there have been two schools of thought in the vegetable-cooking world—those who believe in enough water to cover, and those who stake their lives on the rightness of cooking vegetables in barely enough water to keep them from sticking to the pot, and having no liquid left over when they are cooked. And it seems that all the while this battle has been raging the chefs in the ten restaurants most famous for the excellence of their vegetables have been quietly cooking peas, string beans, et cetera in enough water to cover and pouring the water off as soon as the peas, string beans, et cetera were done.

To see how important time is in cooking vegetables, take a look at the steam table of a large, busy restaurant. At home we don't have to keep food hot—the first principle a cook learns is how to make things come out right just in time to serve—but in a restaurant it is one of the vexing problems. On the steam table here stand half a dozen pots, surprisingly small. You wonder how the hungry, hurrying crowd upstairs is kept supplied. Monsieur the chef explains:

"We cook over and over again, three, maybe four, times during a meal, so to have them fresh for each order. Your peas may stand only a few minutes here, keeping warm in their own juice and a little butter. Already they have been strained of the cooking water, for if they stand in that they lose the color, the shape. And if the steam becomes too hot, phut! we snatch them out. They must not cook more."

There's art in the preparation of vegetables, too, for the length of time you cook them depends, among other things, on the way you have made them ready for the pot. Here's a hill of string beans, sliced in four thin sections lengthwise, an unbelievable feat unless you've seen in the shops the simple little hand gadget that does it. The vegetable chef slices his string beans thus not only because they are nice to serve that way, but because they can be cooked in twelve minutes, and come out of the pot as freshly verdant as they went in.

A glimpse through the door of the refrigerating room shows how the fruit of the earth is made ready for the pot. Artichokes in ranks like plump soldiers, the spiky tips of their outer leaves trimmed in half-moons with one stroke of a sharp knife, a lemon slice tied to the bottom of each to keep the heart from turning dark. Asparagus in standing sheaves like wheat; broccoli trimmed, its lower stalks peeled, also tied in sheaves—these will cook upright in tall pots. A mound of small pale green lima beans—the large white ones are meatier but not so sweet. A green hill of washed spinach, covered with a white cloth.

To Coax the Appetite

Spinach, the one exception to the rule about enough water to cover, is the exception to another rule also. Many people prefer their spinach creamed—chopped fine, mixed with sweet butter and thick cream and cooked another minute to blend it all smoothly. As for all other vegetables, the true connoisseur, I was told firmly, likes them untrimmed.

But there come moments when the appetite needs to be coaxed a little, and for those moments you have a few tricks up your apron sleeve such as serving the peas in hot sweet cream (add a few tiny pearl onions for a treat) or cooking the string beans the last few minutes in cream, then adding grated cheese and baking them for string beans *Julienne*.

Try cauliflower with sauce *Mornay*, a simple cream sauce with grated cheese which you pour over the cooked vegetable in a buttered dish and bake. Or sauce *Polonaise*, for which you fry fine bread crumbs and mix them with chopped hard-cooked eggs and parsley, and pour over with brown butter on top. This usually goes on asparagus and sometimes broccoli, but it takes the problem right out of spinach.

Then there are tomatoes, which are as stirring to the appetite cooked as raw and make a brilliant spot of color on the plate. They take almost no preparing and very little cooking. Cut them in quarters and stew them with butter, salt and sugar. Or, to accompany a roast or a steak, cut off the top of the whole tomato, drop salt, sugar and some specks of butter on it, put it under the broiler a minute or two to brown, then bake in the oven ten minutes.

Since time is of the essence, I begged a schedule to hang up over the stove so that she who cooks may read: string beans, sliced, twelve minutes; peas, twenty to twenty-two minutes if they are young; asparagus, eighteen minutes (the "grass" fancier likes them best in May, June and July and eats them rare); broccoli and spinach, fifteen to eighteen minutes each; limas, depending on their youth, thirty minutes and up; artichokes, also depending, twenty-five minutes; Brussels sprouts, ten to twenty minutes.

First in Cold Water

These are the green vegetables which are put into boiling salted water so slowly that the water continues to boil without pause. Others begin in cold water; indeed, cauliflower, cabbage and white onions are improved by standing in cold water two hours and a half before cooking. Give cabbage eight to fifteen minutes of cooking, carrots twenty minutes or until tender, turnips and onions ditto. Young beets, scrubbed and popped into the pot fully clothed, may take an hour or more. Item: cauliflower keeps its snowy whiteness better if cooked in unsalted water (ten to fifteen minutes broken up). Corn on the cob likewise, with the difference that it goes into boiling water and stays there ten minutes or less.

Carrots and turnips destined for a stew get special treatment. They are blanched, as the French have it, or in plain English parboiled, then cooled and put aside until the stew is far enough along to receive them. Nice to serve carrots whole if they are very young and shapely (cook twenty-two minutes). If you dice them, try carrots *Vichy*, cooked in their own juice with sweet butter and served with dots of parsley chopped fine—in Vichy they add a few drops of the famous bubbly water.

When the time comes to think about vegetables in terms of salad, how gratifying to have bought them fresh and cooked them with care! A vegetable served cold, either cooked or raw, is on its mettle as surely as a girl without her make-up. Set out your platter of cooked vegetables—white flowerets of cauliflower cheek to cheek, a green mound of string beans and another of peas, blushing young beets neatly sliced, small whole carrots in a bright yellow clump, asparagus tips stacked and all pointing in the same direction. Be glad, now, that you bought the thick-stemmed asparagus which would surely be juicy and firm; that the string beans and peas were streamlined and of a good green color; that the carrots were the same and glowingly orange; that the beets on the other hand were small and chunky and heavy in the hand; that the cauliflower was closely packed and white. Then pour on your French or Russian dressing with a proper pride.

Your raw vegetable salad might contain finely shredded carrots and cabbage, tomatoes peeled and quartered and well chilled, rings of green pepper and celery knobs. And—surprise!—raw cauliflower and raw sliced string beans. Ten chefs who know say they're good.

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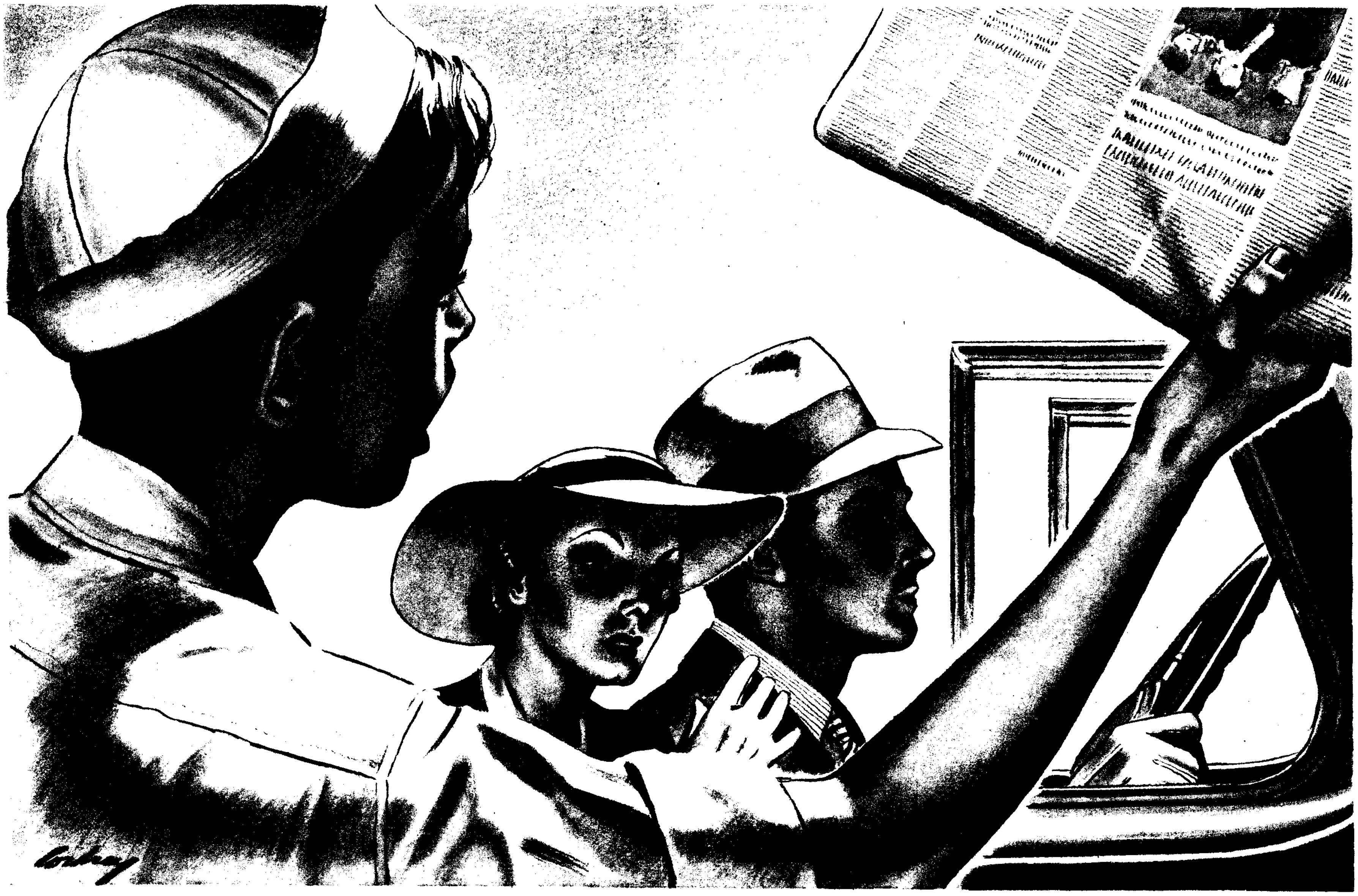


"Robert, wait!" Cornelia's hand was urgent on his arm. "It's something about Jennifer and Julia Farrel!"

Call Back Love

By Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney

The Story Thus Far:

HOMELY little Jennifer-Jenny Lane, daughter of Dr. Andrew and Cornelia Lane, so impresses David Morris, noted Hollywood producer, with her work in a minor school sequence in which, quite by chance, she plays a part that he insists on starring her. He believes that the public will like her; he is not sure.

The Lanes are poor. Nevertheless, Andy Lane consents with great reluctance to the experiment. Foreseeing future trouble, Morris asks Julia Farrel, a glamorous star, to do what she can to alter the young doctor's attitude toward Hollywood. And Julia, promising to co-operate, starts her campaign by feigning illness and summoning Doctor Lane!

Unlike her husband, Cornelia is delighted *by the situation. She enjoys her daily trips to* the big lot where, under the brilliant direction of the astute von Loben, Jennifer is taught to act. She enjoys meeting the stars of whom she has, hitherto, only read: notably, Robert Gilman, who, attracted by her beauty, pays her many charming attentions.

And she enjoys, more than anything that has come into her life heretofore, the verdict of the critics on "Jenny Lane" when the picture is finally shown: She is a genius, a marvelous little *actress; the whole world will love her!*

She does *not,* however, enjoy seeing Andy, accompanied by Julia Farrel, leave the party given by Julia immediately after the first showing of the picture. Unfortunately, there is no time for Andy to explain: Julia has become violently ill; he must get her to a hospital, at once—she may have appendicitis, an acute attack. En route to the hospital, she requests him to perform the operation.

Not aware of this, Cornelia is troubled, hurt. With Gilman, she does not try to hide her feelings. After a time, Gilman leads her to the veranda; there he puts his arms about her, kisses her.

V

"ARE you angry?" Gilman whispered.

"No," Cornelia answered.

"I wanted to kiss you that way the day we were at Malibu," he went on in a low voice. "I wanted to, but I was afraid that you wouldn't want me to."

"I didn't."

"But you did want me to, tonight."

She felt weak and dizzy. "I think so. I don't know. Please let me go. We shouldn't—it should never have happened. I was out of my head. Please...." She pulled away from him.

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know. To powder my nose!"

She skirted the room, her knees unsteady and her thoughts in a whirl. Her eyes searched the tables. If only Andy had come back! Then they could go home together, as he had wanted to earlier in the evening, and all the doubt and confusion in her mind would know peace and safety within his arms. Then, all at once, it occurred to her that that was exactly where she would find him. Home! Her heart lifted. Why hadn't she thought of it before? He had probably stood it as long as he could and then bolted. She couldn't wait to join him, in a new, full desire to be close. She knew that she was going to tell him that Gilman had kissed her, partly because she had never kept anything from him in all the years of their marriage and partly because the kiss had frightened her a little with its unexpected, stirring sweetness.

She savored in advance the attunement which could make possible this honesty between them. It was strange that the first time she had been kissed by another man, she should love her husband more. Strange, but somehow right and beautiful.

She had so built up the surety of his being there that it was like a physical blow to find his empty bed. She slipped her cape off her shoulders and sank down into a chair, the tenderness and eagerness draining out of her and leaving her bereft and numb. She felt somehow widowed to have come home alone like this into a dark and silent house. Perhaps she ought to go back to the Trocadero and wait for him, for he would probably return there to call for her. But the joy of the party was over.

She undressed slowly and then stood for a few moments by Jennifer's cot. How deeply she was sleeping! Tomorrow her picture would probably be in the newspaper. It would be fun to show it to her. She laid her cheek for an instant against Jennifer's cool forehead. "I wish your daddy were here," she whispered.

Although she was tired, she couldn't go to sleep. She tried to read a magazine but her eyes strayed off the page every time a car rolled down the block or footsteps echoed past the house.

DAVID MORRIS saw Cornelia leave the dance floor and go out on the veranda with Gilman. He watched her speculatively. She had fine shoulders and he liked the way she held her head. The sort of woman who could wear sables and feel at home in them. She'd have no objection to his proposition, he was sure of that. He hoped, however, that Gilman would have the sense not to cut up any monkeyshines with her. Dr. Andrew Lane wasn't the kind to stand for monkeyshines. He wasn't the kind to stand for a lot of things.

"A penny for your thoughts!" Florabel, seated beside him, raised a paper tickler to her lips and took playful aim at him. David guarded the champagne glass beside him. He was just in time. The tickler smashed into his wrist. "You're losing your grip, Flora, old girl," he said mildly.

"I've had too much to drink," admitted Florabel. "You make me stop, Dave, will you?" Her eyes implored him wistfully to take care of her, command her.

"It won't hurt you. Go ahead." He fell silent, cutting patterns into the white cloth with a fork. "Look, Flora," he demanded abruptly, "how'd you like to move your whole school over on the lot?"

"*What?*" She stared at him.

"You heard me. Move the school over on the lot."

"But why?"

"On account of Jenny, of course."

"Jenny? David, are you crazy?"

"No, I'm not crazy." David's speech was lucid, but it lacked enthusiasm. He was a realist, and schools and motion pictures were not fundamentally related in his mind. "It's this way," he explained. "I've been doing a lot of thinking here tonight. We've got in Jenny Lane a great actress all right, but that's not everything. We've got box office. And we've got her poppa. That's the fly in the ointment. He's going to be a hard nut to crack. He thinks that education is important, so we'll have to give him education. A special school for his kid, right on the lot, so at the same time she gets plenty of companionship from other children. I don't like it, but we got to do it."

"I see what you mean!" cried Florabel with shining eyes. It was on the tip of her tongue to exclaim that Madame Hortense, who read palms, had told her that she would be going back to the studio! But David didn't believe in such things so she restrained herself. "You can count on me, Dave," she said. "It's a brilliant idea!"

He shook his head gloomily. "It'll be just another headache. I should be a schoolmaster as well as a picture producer. Well, 'at's the moon picher business." He shrugged philosophically, and reached for his glass.

The headwaiter stopped beside his table. "There's a phone message for you, Mr. Morris."

David rose. The manager met him in the foyer. "They've rung off, Mr. Morris. They just said to give you the message. It was from the General Hospital. They weren't very clear. It was something about Miss Farrel and a Doctor Lane."

"It couldn't be, they're here."

"I don't think so, sir. Miss Farrel left an hour ago in her car with a gentleman."

"No!" David stared incredulously. His voice sharpened. "What else did the message say?"

"Nothing, sir. But I gathered that you were wanted over there at once, sir."

DAVID'S stubby fingers beat a tattoo on his knee as his car sped across the city. All the horrible accidents he had ever read about in the papers flashed across his mind. Damn it, Julia was like she was his own daughter. He didn't pray often, but he found himself praying that it wasn't serious.

At the entrance desk, he cornered the first nurse he met. "I want to see Miss Farrel! I'm David Morris. Take me to Miss Farrel right away!"

The nurse finally left him waiting outside the operating room. She didn't know anything about the case, but she said that she would send him someone who did.

It seemed hours later before the double doors swung open, and two internes and a nurse wheeled a stretcher table into the hall toward a waiting elevator. David stepped closer. He saw Julia, swathed in sheeting, her still white face as remote and empty as a mask.

His throat closed. "Is it bad?" he whispered to one of the internes.

The interne was evasive. "Dr. Lane will be out in a moment," he replied. They left him, and the elevator doors closed.

"Hello, Morris."

He looked up and saw Andy in the doorway. He was in a surgeon's gown, and there were stains on it that made David a little sick to see. He wet his lips. "Julia, how is she? Will she get over it?"

"It was a narrow call, but she has a fifty-fifty chance."

"A fifty-fifty chance only!" David turned pale. "Will she be disfigured? Not that I wouldn't love her anyway, but it would break her heart to lose her profession."

"She'll be all right for anything but a burlesque show," said Andy dryly.

"And you? Was it a bad accident?"

Andy eyed him quizzically. "An appendix isn't an accident, it's an act of God, especially to a poor surgeon."

David looked comical, with his eyes staring and his mouth agape. "An appendix!" he exclaimed. "Say, I thought—" He gulped in embarrassment. "Did you have a good man do it?"

Andy grinned. "Pretty good. We grabbed the only one that was handy. I did it."

CORNELIA leaped from bed as a car drew up before the door. She hadn't closed her eyes all night. She reached the window in time to see a long limousine roll off down the block. Julia's, of course. Her long vigil terminated abruptly in a gush of sheer anger and resentment. She no longer cared where he had been, or what he had been doing. The unforgivable fact remained that he hadn't even bothered to let her know his whereabouts. She hurried back to bed and pretended to be asleep. If she were to confront him now she knew that she would not be able to hold herself in leash.

A few moments later the water was running in the tub. Still she could not trust herself to speak. She lay rigid with control beneath the covers, her hands clenched tensely to her sides. Suddenly she wanted desperately to cry out all the hurt confusion in her soul and fling herself into his arms. Then the whole ugly night would fade into a nightmare that had never been. . . .

She opened her eyes. He had taken his bath and was standing before his chifforobe, rummaging through a drawer for a clean shirt. He was going out again! He did not care that she had waited for him hour after hour, tortured by a hundred images of accident and death. He did not know that she was awake now, waiting for him. He didn't want to know; he was glad she was asleep so that he could slip away again, without talk or explanations.

He was soon dressed and tiptoeing down the hall like a guilty boy. As he passed Jennifer's door, she heard the child call drowsily to him, "Where are you going so early, Daddy?"

"To the hospital," he whispered. "Hush, you mustn't wake Mummy, she was up late last night at the party."

Cornelia bit her lips against an impulse of ugly laughter. "You mustn't wake Mummy, she was up late last night." It was funny—funny—funny— She put her head under the covers and wept.

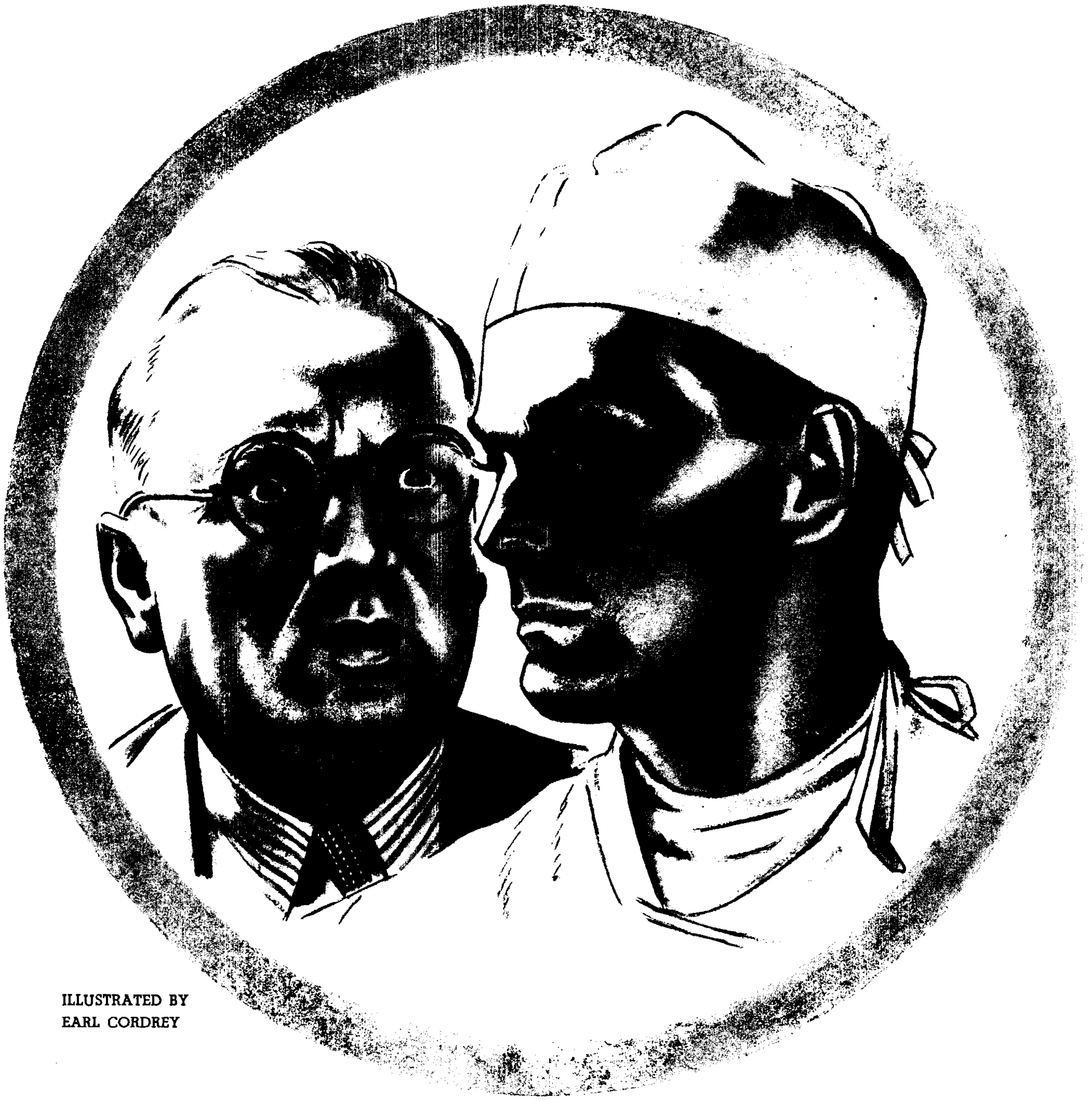
ANDY lost no time in getting back to the hospital. He was pleased that he hadn't wakened Cornelia. Evidently she hadn't been worried about him, which relieved his mind considerably. He wondered whether she had had a good time at the party, and who had brought her home.

His appearance at the hospital caused a stir. The elevator boy said, "Congratulate you, Doctor," and an orderly, riding up with him, added, "You ought to be pretty proud, Doctor Lane." At first Andy thought it was because he had performed a spectacular operation the night before; then when two nurses rushed up to him he thought it was because Julia Farrel, the movie star, had been his patient. It wasn't until Julia's private nurse sandwiched her professional report with an excited reference to the morning papers that he realized that Jenny's success was the sole reason for his popularity. Even Julia, returning hazily to consciousness, whispered faintly, "Jenny—the reviews—they were wonderful—I asked—"

He had to bend close to hear her. "Yes, they were fine," he assured her. "You must rest now."

She tried to lift her hand. He took it, held it a moment, and then placed it gently back beneath the covers.

"Jenny—" she whispered again. "You must let her go on acting, Andy—"



ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL CORDREY

"It was a narrow call," Andy said, "but she has a fifty-fifty chance." David turned pale

He smiled down at her approvingly. "Good girl. Nice pulse."

Her eyelids fluttered. "Promise, Andy—about Jenny—"

"Promise—" After he said it, he knew himself to be a fool.

When he emerged from Julia's room, a brief explosion of light flashed suddenly across his eyes. "Thanks, Doc—" Two photographers saluted him with a grin. "Any chance of getting Miss Farrel?"

"None. Get the hell out of here!"

Annoyed, he hurried to the telephone at the end of the hall to call Cornelia. Gladiola answered, her voice quivering excitedly like a soft rich chocolate pudding in a bowl. "Oh, Doctah Lane, we shuah is got a wondah chile!"

"We sure is, Gladiola. Is Mrs. Lane there?"

It was a few moments before Gladiola returned to the telephone. "Mis' Lane says she's in de bathtub, Doctah—"

He did not notice the doubtful, puzzled cadence which had slipped into Gladiola's retailing of the message. He gave her a number. "Tell Mrs. Lane she can reach me there in about half an hour."

Cornelia did not call him back, but he thought nothing of it. At noon he telephoned again. Gladiola told him with regret, not untinged with pride, that nobody was at home—Jenny had been invited to Millicent Davis' birthday party and Mrs. Lane had gone out with Mr. Gilman.

Andy couldn't help feeling a little disgruntled. "Damn it all," he muttered, "when a man does a swell operation, he wants to tell his wife about it!"

"WOULD you, if you were I," Cornelia had appealed to Robert Gilman, when he telephoned her, "let Jennifer accept Dottie Davis' invitation to luncheon?"

"Yes, why not?"

"She only asked the youngster because of the reviews—"

"Well, that's natural." Gilman's rejoinder held a tinge of amusement. "You'll have to get used to that sort of thing."

"I suppose so."

"We'll drop her over there and then go on to the Vendome," he suggested.

"I'd love to!" she accepted gratefully.

When he came, he saw at once that she was strained and pale. He made no mention of it, however, and neither of them spoke of the night before. "He's kind, and really a gentleman," thought Cornelia. He could so easily have asked her what time Andy had come home, and where he had been.

Dottie Davis lived in an enormous house in Brentwood. "It's the most gorgeous place I ever saw," marveled Cornelia, as Gilman's car sped back toward town.

Gilman laughed. "Darling, you're a babe in the woods. Dottie's place is a mere bungalow compared to Crest Haven."

"What's Crest Haven?"

"My house on the hill."

"Oh, that's right; you've shown it to me from a distance—"

"Would you like to see it all through?"

"Adore to."

"Good. We'll go after lunch."

"But you told me Ken Crawford and Mary Burns were living in it."

"Only for three months. They moved out last week, thank God."

"Why, thank God?"

"They spilled liquor all over a white velvet rug, and had pedigreed pups in the living room. Fortunately, I had my own servants there to keep the place from going entirely to the dogs."

They slowed down for the traffic light at Vine Street. Newsboys scurried beside the wheels of the car, seeming, as always, to be courting death. They yelled the headlines in a meaningless yodel, and brandished the paper tantalizingly before their eyes.

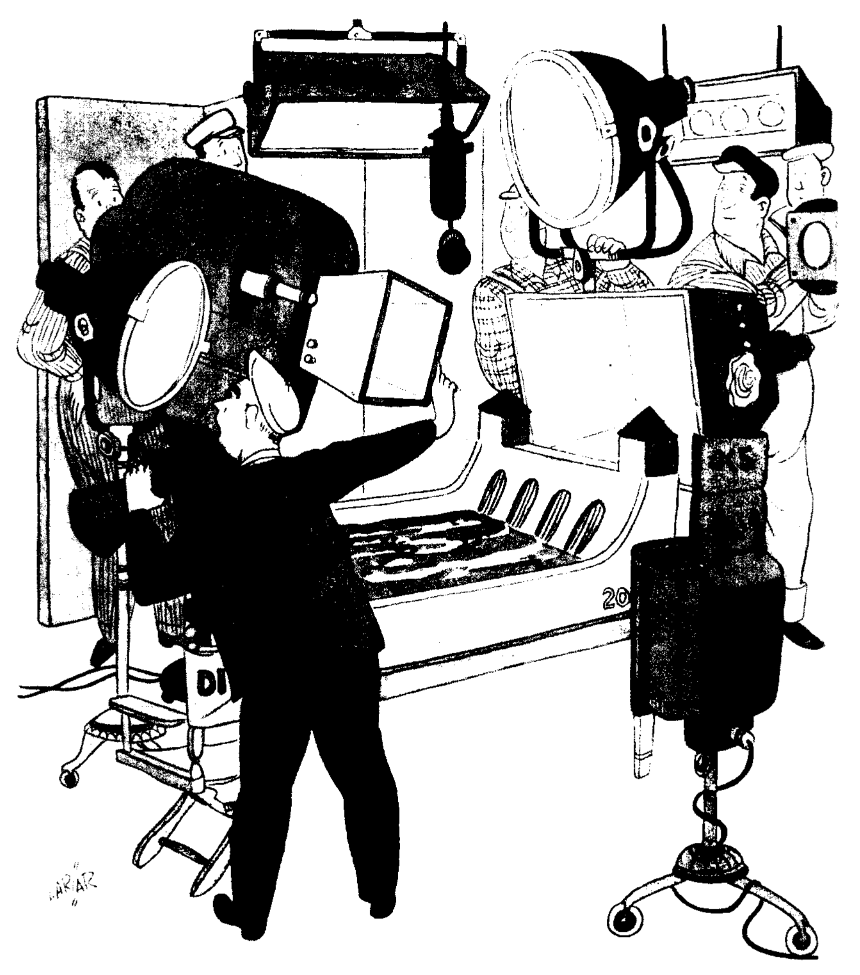
"Robert, wait!" Cornelia's hand was urgent on his arm. "It's something about Jennifer and Julia Farrel!"

"*Julia!* Here, boy! Quick, let's have one!"

GILMAN drew the car up at the curb, and Cornelia read the glaring headlines against his shoulder "FATHER OF JENNY LANE SAVES JULIA FARREL'S LIFE!" And there was Andy's picture, outside the door of her hospital room, and Julia's picture, snapped the night before at the Trocadero.

"It can't be, it's nothing but another publicity gag!" cried Cornelia, indignantly. "I never heard of such atrocious taste. What could Andy be thinking of to let himself in for that sort of thing!"

"Hold on a minute," said Gilman. "Nobody, not even Julia, is going on the operating table just to make the front page! It is odd, though; didn't Andy tell you anything about it when he came home?"



"Everybody got their rubbers on? We're going to blow up the dam!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

Cornelia flushed hotly. "I was asleep," she said.

"Oh. Well, let's push on to the Vendome, and you can call him from there and find out what's what."

She was trembling when she entered the gay, noisy restaurant, and walked the long length of the room to the table that Gilman always reserved. A waiter brought a portable telephone. She called Andy's office and then the hospital. She could not reach him.

"There's Dave," exclaimed Gilman suddenly. "He ought to be able to tell us something—"

"Where?"

"Opposite. Three stalls down. He likes the herring they serve here. Here, waiter, take this note to Mr. Morris."

David joined them in a few moments. There were circles under his eyes, and his swarthy skin looked flaccid and lifeless from lack of sleep, but he was beaming broadly. "Just the person I been looking for, Mrs. Lane; my secretary called your house but you were gone. Well, everybody turns up at the Vendome sooner or later." He seated himself beside her. "How does it feel to have a famous daughter and a famous husband?"

Cornelia smiled woodenly. "Very nice."

"Is it really true about Julia and Lane?" put in Gilman eagerly.

"Absolutely it's true. If it wasn't for him, Julia wouldn't be here today to tell the tale. Listen, Mrs. Lane, he told you, didn't he, what we talked about last night—I mean this morning?"

Cornelia bit her lips. "No, he had to rush back to the hospital."

"That's right, he did. Well, there's no time like the present. Look, Gilman, be a good feller and eat your lunch with somebody else; plenty of pretty girls here will be happy to have you. Come back later—"

Gilman rose good-naturedly. "All right. Don't forget our date for this afternoon, Cornelia—"

David Morris came straight to the point, as was his custom. He ordered Cornelia a salad and then, in lieu of an ivory elephant, picked up a spoon and turned it in his hands. "Look, Mrs. Lane, I don't have to tell you Jenny is the biggest thing that has happened to the movie business in the past twenty years."

Cornelia nodded.

"I want to put her under contract, you know that without my saying so."

"Yes, but Andy wants to go back to New York, and he's awfully set once he makes up his mind to a thing."

"The point is, maybe he's changing his mind a little. I met him at the hospital on his way out this morning. He didn't jump down my throat like he always does. He was like a civilized human being. He said he would talk it over with you tonight."

"Oh—" Cornelia's heart thudded heavily against her ribs. Was it the glamorous image of himself as Julia's physician which had caused his change of heart? Or was David merely being clever?

"It will mean a big difference in your way of living, I admit it," he continued. "But Jenny won't suffer by it, I promise you."

"Why would it mean such a big difference?" asked Cornelia. "Andy won't want that, I'm sure. And I wouldn't, either."

"Well, all right, maybe not such a big difference; that's up to you and him. But one thing, for example, a movie star that gets four thousand dollars a week can't live in a fifty- or sixty-dollar cottage—that makes sense, doesn't it?"

"No, it doesn't make sense. What do you mean, a four-thousand-dollar-a-week star?"

"It's what Jenny's salary's going to be—if her papa and mamma don't object."

ANDY came home late, long after Jennifer, tired from her party, had gone to sleep. He kissed Cornelia exuberantly. "You're a good one!" he chided her. "The last one to congratulate the famous surgeon!"

She didn't mean to say it, but she couldn't help herself. "Andy, I worried about you all night—why didn't you let me know—"

"You worried about me all night!" he laughed and ruffled her hair. "You good-for-nothing little liar, you were dead to the world when I came in!"

She had tried valiantly to cleanse her soul of jealousy and resentment, but his unawareness made her wince. If his thoughts had not been full of Julia, he would have known that she was awake and waiting for him. She started to explain to him and then changed her mind. Her pride would not let her empty her heart to him. "Tell me about it," she said, with an effort to be casual and interested. "Tell me every little thing that happened."

"All right, come upstairs!"

She followed him and sat on the edge of the bathtub, while he stood at the basin scrubbing his hands and blubbering water over his face. "Gee, Neal, can that girl stand pain!" he began. "You never saw such courage!"

She stared at him. It was true, then. She had sensed emotionally what was actually a fact. She saw it in the light of his eyes and heard it in the vivid tremor of his voice. She wondered, with her heart a lump of agony in her breast, whether he knew that he was in love with Julia. There was one way to find out. "Andy," she said slowly, "do you want to stay here, or go back to New York?"

He rubbed his cheeks dry with a rough towel before he answered. She sat there, dying a hundred deaths. "It's up to you, Neal," he said at last.

Her whole being screamed out in panic, "Let's go back, Andy; let's go back before it's too late!" But again her pride would not let her speak the thoughts she really felt.

"Let's stay, Andy," she answered steadily.

THREE days later, Jenny's new contract was signed. Morris, recognizing Andy's point of view, had agreed that she might be withdrawn from all picture work on the completion of any single production.

"I'm not worried about it, though," said Morris. "You won't want to take her out; she's going to be happier and healthier than she's ever been in her life. I guarantee it."

"She'd better be," returned Andy grimly. "Because I'm telling you, Dave, the money doesn't enter into it. We can be happy with or without it. It doesn't mean a thing to us."

"I believe you," said Morris.

Meanwhile, it was becoming impossible to remain in the Sycamore Street

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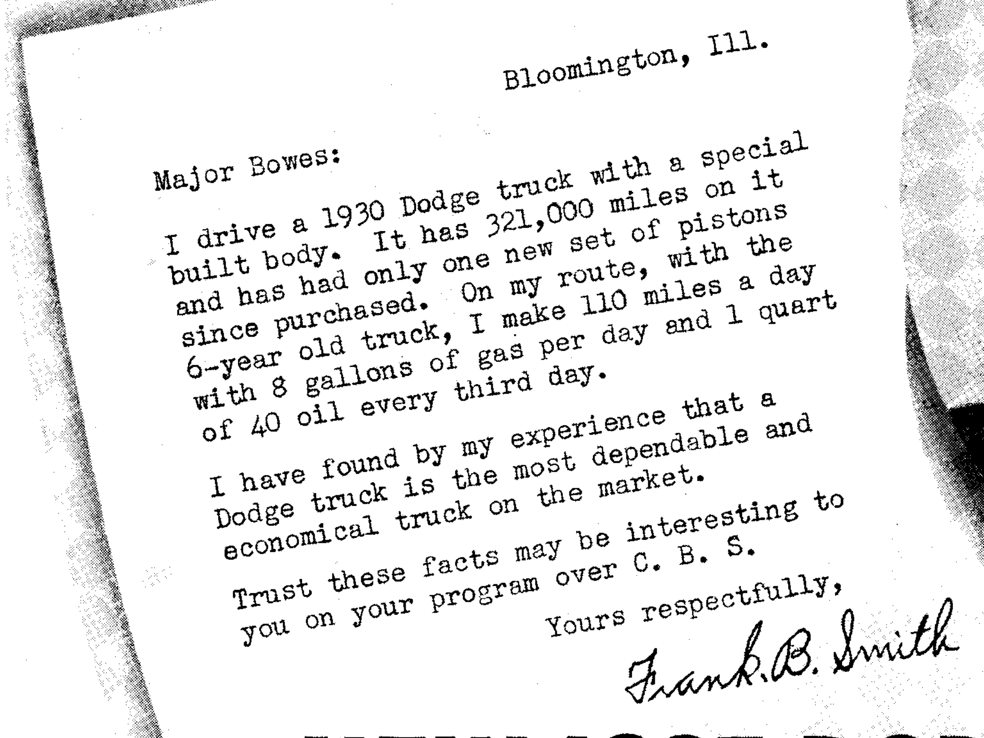

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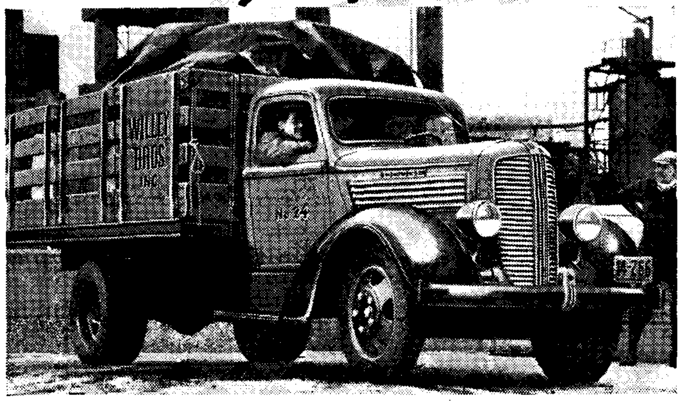

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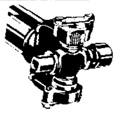

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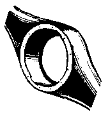

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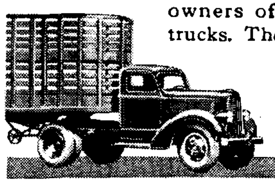

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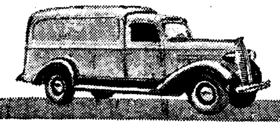

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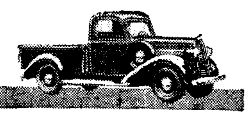

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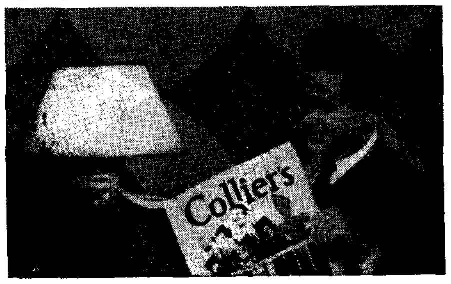

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cottage. Even Andy had to admit it, for the small, naked house, with its shallow plot of ground in front, was an easy target for unruly sightseers and clicking cameras. "Move over to Crest Haven until the excitement blows over," suggested Gilman generously. "It's set far back in trees, and there's a high iron fence all around it to boot."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't dream of imposing on you," Cornelia said, for the idea of renting Gilman's estate had not yet entered her mind. But it wasn't very long before she realized that it was the most feasible thing to do. In the first place, as Gilman pointed out, it was in perfect running order, fully equipped with servants, and in the second place, it adequately met their needs.

They moved the following week. Andy left for the hospital as usual. He paused for an instant on the porch, and looked about him. There was a pull of regret at leaving the old patterns for new, at abandoning this small world that they had made for themselves for a larger world which held—he wondered what it held for them.

It was dusk that evening before he could break away from the hospital. The last of the sun was playing on the red roof of Crest Haven as he made the canyon turn at Beverly. Four times he assaulted the mountain road, and four times he missed the Crest Haven turning and came to the abrupt ending of some blind street. Finally he arrived at the Lane residence, with his old coupé puffing and wheezing like a case of bad asthma, and a bag of chocolate sundaes on the seat beside him. The butler, who had also come with the house, regarded him with suspicion not unmixed with disdain, and seemed loath to admit him until his identity was verified.

Fortunately, Cornelia appeared at that moment with Jenny at her heels. They greeted him ecstatically. "Welcome home!" cried Cornelia, covering her nervousness with nonsense. "Just a modest little bungalow to camp out in!"

"So I see," said Andy. His lips set ominously, as he looked about him.

"Now, Andy—" Cornelia placated him with a kiss behind the butler's back. "You can't say I didn't warn you—"

"It's very big, Daddy," Jennifer interpolated, with wide eyes.

"Big? It's an institution, a mausoleum, a museum—"

"It only looks that way at first," Cornelia consoled him. "Come on, we'll show you through."

THEY began with the sumptuous bar-and-play-room in the basement and then went on into the private projection room which adjoined. "Hey!" protested Andy. "Let me get my breath, won't you?"

They ended up in the sleeping quarters. "Whose is this?" said Andy, pausing on the threshold of a luxurious apartment done in mellow shades of brown.

"The master's," replied Cornelia a little feverishly. "Isn't it stunning? Look, I've put your pipes out, and your books . . ."

"And where, may I ask, is the master's mistress' room?"

"Way down thar—" Cornelia made a timid gesture toward a room that lay beyond a connecting sitting room and bath.

"Do I use a bicycle?" queried Andy coldly.

"Oh, no, darling, skates. There's a pair in the closet—gold ones, with platinum wheels and diamond bearings."

"Daddy!" exclaimed Jenny, who had not been following the conversation. "What's that on your coat?"

Andy looked down at himself. From the package, which he still held beneath his arm, emerged a brownish-white trickle of cream. He used a very bad word and held the leaking bag away from him.

"Whatever is it?" asked Cornelia, reaching gingerly for it.

"It's the ice cream that brought me home, damn it."

They had a hilarious time cleaning up the sticky mess and eating the melted sundaes surreptitiously behind closed doors.

"We'll ruin our appetites," Cornelia blissfully deplored.

"It's good," said Jenny, with a smudge of chocolate on her nose. "It's my favorite of everything."

The sharp ring of the telephone cut through the air and made them start guiltily. Finally, after a frantic search, Cornelia found the instrument skillfully concealed within the bedside table.

"Hello?"

It was the butler. "Is Doctor Lane there, madame?"

"Yes, he is." Cornelia doubled up with laughter as she looked at Andy, absorbed in spooning out the last of his sundae with a small wooden spade. "Who wants *him*?"

"The hospital, madame. Shall I say that the doctor is at home?"

"Oh." The laughter fled from her. "Put the call through." She held out the instrument. "For you, Andy. The hospital."

"The hospital?" His face changed. He strode across the room and took the telephone.

"Yes? Yes, Miss Huston? What was it? A hundred-three-point-four? Just keep her quiet and give her an alcohol sponge. I'll be over at once."

He hung up. "I have to go, Neal—that was Julia's nurse—"

"I know," said Cornelia, being casual about it. "You can wait for dinner, though, can't you?"

"No, I can't."

An edge crept into her voice. "But I thought she was out of danger."

"So did I," said Andy, with a worried frown. "So long, Jenny—" He hastily patted Jenny's head. "So long, Neal—don't wait for me—no telling when I'll be back—"

He was gone. The big room was suddenly cold and unfamiliar. Jenny put her box of sundae on the table. "I don't want any more," she said.

"No," said Cornelia, "I don't either—"

The old fear, the old jealousy, swept over her.

TWO months, and the dogs—great Danes which went with "the Lanes' new home"—still barked at Andy.

He stopped his car one evening and shouted his impatience above their deafening clamor. "Hey, you, shut up! It's me, you crazy mutts!" He opened the door and started toward them, but their bared teeth and vicious snarls drove him back. He'd better not take any chances with his hands, what with three major operations scheduled for the following day.

It was the first time he had been home before dark for weeks. He noticed with appreciation the punctilious riot of color in the gardens and drew keen breaths of the scent-laden air. It was a gorgeous twilight, with the hills falling away in purple grandeur toward the sea and the sky on fire with flame-lined clouds. The thing to do was to gather up Cornelia and Jenny and they'd all climb to the crest to see the sun set over the ocean.

As he entered the great hall, the rattle of a typewriter reached his ears from the office off the library, where Jenny's increasing fan mail was keeping the secretary overtime.

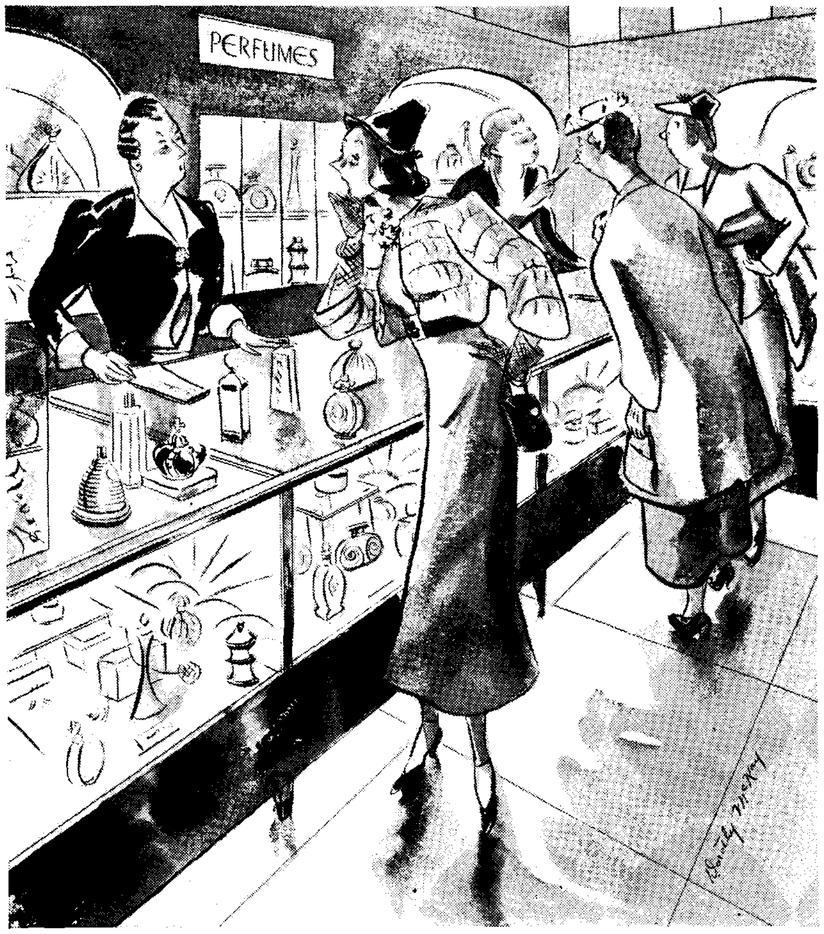
Cornelia's maid passed with a box of orchids. "Is Mrs. Lane home yet?" he inquired.

"Madame left word that she might be a little late, sir, and asked you to wait."

"Say, I live in this house," he expostulated silently. "I don't wait. I just stay here." He called after her, "Is Miss Jenny back from the studio?"

"No, sir. Her governess said she would be late, too, sir."

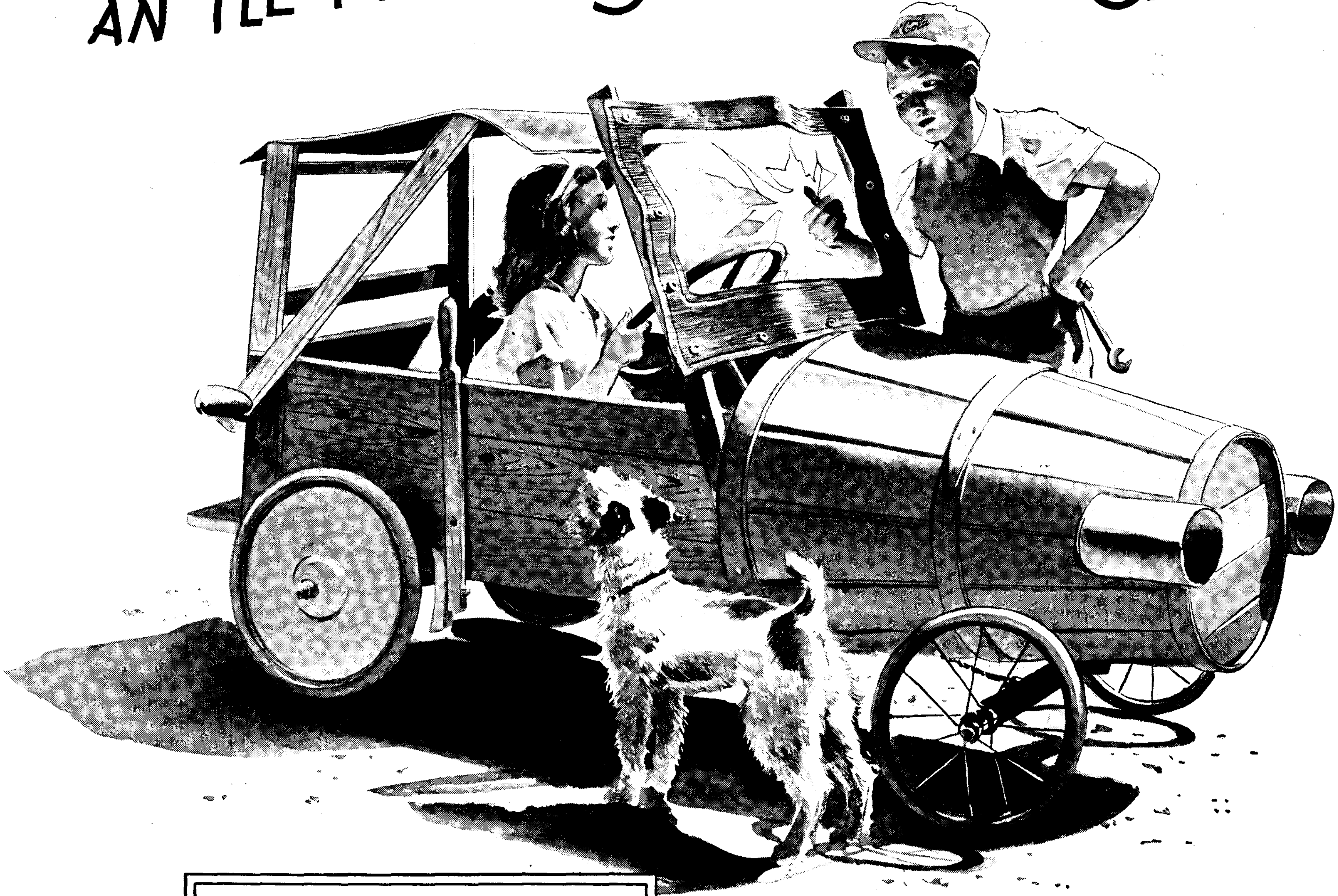
He tried to count the servants who



"I want a scent that doesn't say 'Yes' and doesn't say 'No'!"

DOROTHY MC KAY

"YES, MADAM... AN' I'LL PUT IN SAFETY PLATE GLASS"



Today, children are taught the importance of Safety measures from the time they start to toddle. A mother's first admonishment to her child is as often "Be careful" as it is "Be good." No wonder, then, that children, even in their play—play safe.

Thousands of children, and grown-ups too, are sound and happy today because someone sensibly insisted that a broken windshield or window be replaced with Safety Plate Glass. As long as you drive your car, you need the added protection of Safety Glass—an additional safeguard which the car manufacturer provided when he built your car. When breakage occurs, keep your car safer by replacing with Safety Plate Glass. When you need Safety Glass, ask for L·O·F—the glass used by a majority of motor car manufacturers for original equipment. Your car dealer or local L·O·F Glass Replacement Dealer is equipped to give you prompt service. You will probably find him listed in the classified section (yellow pages) of your telephone book under "Glass-Safety." Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

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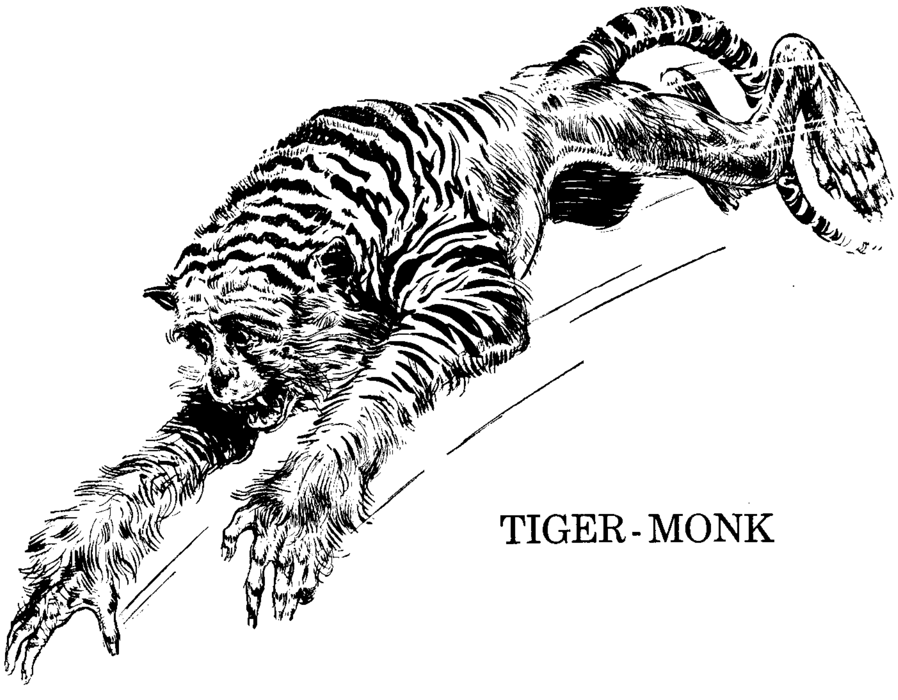

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cluttered up the house. Seven that he could tick off on his fingers, not counting Gladiola, who had been kept on as Jenny's personal laundress.

He mixed himself a lonely highball in the bar and then wandered upstairs to his room. His Filipino valet entered, noiseless as a cat, with Andy's dinner clothes across his arm. "Mister Doctor like bath now?"

"I might as well," conceded Andy.

He was just getting out of the tub when he heard sounds of occupancy in Cornelia's end of the wing and the closing of the sitting-room door. He made a toga of a mammoth bath towel and hurried to the telephone. He started pushing the intercommunication buttons and got the garage, the pantry and the outside operator twice before he found the right connection.

Cornelia's voice came to him faintly but clearly without the aid of the instrument. "Oh, Andy, for goodness sake, what's held you up?"

He grinned. "Well, dear, it's this way—"

"But we're giving a dinner," she broke in. "You knew that." Reproach was carefully veiled in her reminder, but it was apparent that she was annoyed.

"Sorry, Neal, I know you asked me to be on time but I can't possibly make it before eight."

"Oh." There was a small silence. "Very well, dear, if you can't, you can't."

Cornelia put down the instrument, struggling against her irritation. It was getting to the point where she was less hurt than angry at his insensitiveness to her wishes. He wouldn't dream of putting himself out for her. Last night, for example, he had refused to go to the opening of the Ballet, because he said he couldn't stand openings and he couldn't stand ballets. Robert had taken her instead. It was a small thing, but indicative. "It's the small things that count in marriage," thought Cornelia, as she slipped out of her soft mink coat, and let it drop in a dejected huddle of fur and satin on the chair. An open break would be more dignified than the constant attrition of unspoken resentments and suspicions. Suppose she were to say to him, "Let's be honest with each other, Andy. You're in love with Julia Farrel. I don't know whether I'm in love with Robert Gilman, but I do know that he makes me forget to be unhappy when I'm with him." Yet it would not be easy to bring matters to a head between them now.

ON THE night of the preview she had been ready and eager to confess this emptiness within herself, but the hour that might have cemented their union on the enduring terms of fearless understanding had marked instead a subtle inertia and the insidious beginning of a widening chasm. At first she had fought desperately against this drifting apart, but gradually she was coming to realize that Hollywood was full of marriages no different from her own. . . .

Her maid appeared. "The blue velvet this evening, madame?"

"Yes. No. The new one, Vera."

She slipped out of her smart wool sports frock and stood in a wisp of lace and satin. The door pushed open. She gave a little cry of surprise as Andy stood on the threshold in his dressing gown. Swiftly, she caught up a negligee.

"Andy! You were in the other room the whole time!" She felt silly for the thoughts that had been going through her mind.

"Sorry, I should have knocked," he apologized, as Vera discreetly left them alone, "but I sort of got out of the habit during the years. You look pretty beautiful, do you know it?"

"Do I?" She wondered if he were measuring her against the charms of Julia. "Robert's downstairs. I wish you'd hurry and keep him company."

Andy looked pleased. "Then he isn't dressing and I don't have to!"

"Yes, of course he's dressed. He dressed at the studio, and we went from there to see the tag end of the tennis matches."

"Tennis matches in a dinner jacket? I'll look in on Jenny. This is a cockeyed town."

"I don't think she's in yet."

Andy frowned. "Since when does she stay at the studio this late?"

"She isn't at the studio. She's laying the cornerstone of the new orphanage."

Andy gave a snort. "Well, I'll be damned."

"It's been in all the papers and over the air," Cornelia mildly reminded him. "Why get excited about it now?"

"Because it's a lot of cheap ballyhoo."

"No, it isn't. Besides, it doesn't hurt the child. Von Loben didn't shoot any of her scenes this afternoon; she rested from two o'clock until it was time to go."

"Well—" Andy looked only slightly mollified. "It isn't her health," he threw back over his shoulder as he went back to his own room; "it's the whole general idea—"

HE MADE short work of dressing and encountered mademoiselle at the door of the nursery. "Mees Schenny has not come, and eet ees so late that when she does arrive I weel put her straight to bed," she forestalled him.

Andy's jaw set. He did not care for this bird-faced, competent Frenchwoman who guarded his daughter's well-being with such passionate and unimaginative attention to duty. "When Miss Jenny returns, please ask her if she will be good enough to see her father for a few moments," he requested.

Mademoiselle drew her chin in to a direct point between her bony clavicles. "Oui, monsieur."

Irritation rising, he made his way down the winding marble stairway. The butler met him with a portable telephone, which he plugged into the nearest socket. "Miss Farrel calling, Dr. Lane."

Andy took the instrument. "More and more like a bad movie," he remarked.

"What, biting the hand that feeds you!" Julia's laughter bubbled over the wire.

Andy laughed too, reluctantly. "Every once in a while it just hits me all over again," he acknowledged.

"It's because you fight against it, instead of just accepting it."

He chuckled, as she handed back to him his own words. But Julia had needed that doctrine to combat an incapacity which was not the result of a single illness, but payment for years of injudicious living. "That doesn't go in my case, though," he denied. "If I stop fighting, I'm finished, done with—lost."

"Perhaps you're not fighting the right thing."

He was arrested, as always, by these flashes of wisdom which occasionally deepened her casual conversations. "What do you mean, not fighting the right thing?"

"Too much pride—too much fear. Not enough confidence in the person that's really you."

"I'd have to be convinced of that."

"Maybe some day I will convince you, but not over the phone. Look, do you know why I called you? I'd like to come to your party tonight. Cornelia asked me last week, but I didn't feel up to seeing a lot of people."

"Sure you feel up to it now?"

"A little wobbly, but otherwise very peppy. Will it upset her table too much, do you think?"

"Not a bit. She'll be delighted. I think I'll come over and get you."

"Oh, you're sweet, Andy, that would be a big help. I'll be ready in two minutes."

(To be continued next week)

Big Girl Now

Continued from page 17

said. "You don't let yourself get too excited in the theater. Something happens if you do, and the whole thing falls through."

There are contradictions in the veteran Mitzi Green. She is a tall girl, still growing, and her body is slender and unformed. She sits with one leg tucked under her, little-girl fashion. But even as she does this she exudes that indefinable quality which only the stage can give. Mitzi puts across, in private conversation as well as in public appearance, what she has to say. She does it with appropriate gestures and emphasis; the footlights are never wholly absent.

Her face, too, is part child and part actress. It is a pretty face, marked by a wide and generous mouth. But the mouth is crimson with the smartest and latest lipstick shade. Her hair, once dark and bobbed, is longer now and is a golden red.

Discovered at Four

The place of Mitzi's birth was, geographically, Flushing, which is on the outskirts of New York. The event took place on October 22, 1920. In spirit, however, she was born in the theater. Her father, whose name is really Joe Green, was a song-and-dance man of the old school. Her mother was named Green, too. She was Rosie Green, a soubrette who had first been teamed with Joe professionally and then married him. Mrs. Green, naturally, had left the act called Keno & Green when Mitzi was forthcoming. Joe was temporarily playing with Mitzi Hajos, the Hungarian star. So with one of those sentimental outbursts so common among actors he named his daughter in her honor.

In 1923-1924 Keno & Green were touring the Orpheum Circuit, which included Los Angeles. In that colorful city, appropriately enough, young Mitzi made her professional debut. Gus Edwards was on the same bill with Mr. and Mrs. Green. Mitzi fooled around in the wings during her parents' act and was noticed by Edwards. She was a cute kid so he gave her a spot in his own skit. She sat on a fence which was part of the set and was paid twenty-five cents a performance. When she was late or missed a performance Edwards solemnly fined her two cents. If there were talent scouts in the Los Angeles audiences they missed a bet this time. They failed to sign the infant prodigy. Mitzi was, in fact, nearly four when her gifts were discovered.

Keno & Green had moved on to Brighton Beach, down near Coney Island. Moran & Mack were the headliners and Mitzi listened to them eagerly. At the end of one performance she informed her father that she would like to be a vaudeville entertainer herself.

Mr. Green was not at all disapproving; a minor disappointment of his life, indeed, had been the complete disinterest of his son, who is five years older than Mitzi, in theatricals. He was, however, skeptical.

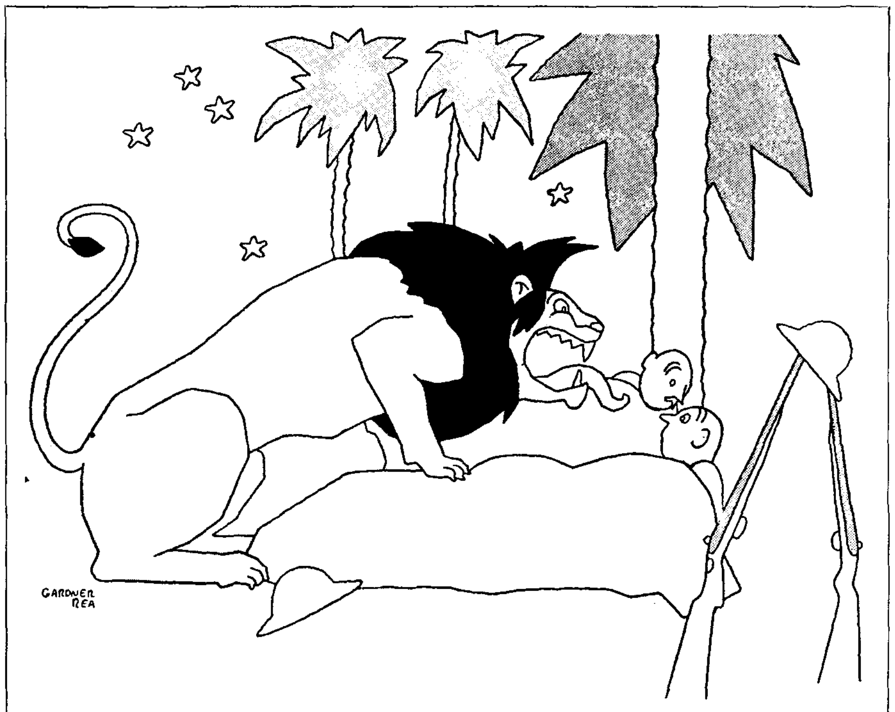
"What could you do, daughter?" he asked.

"I can do Moran & Mack," said the tiny tot.

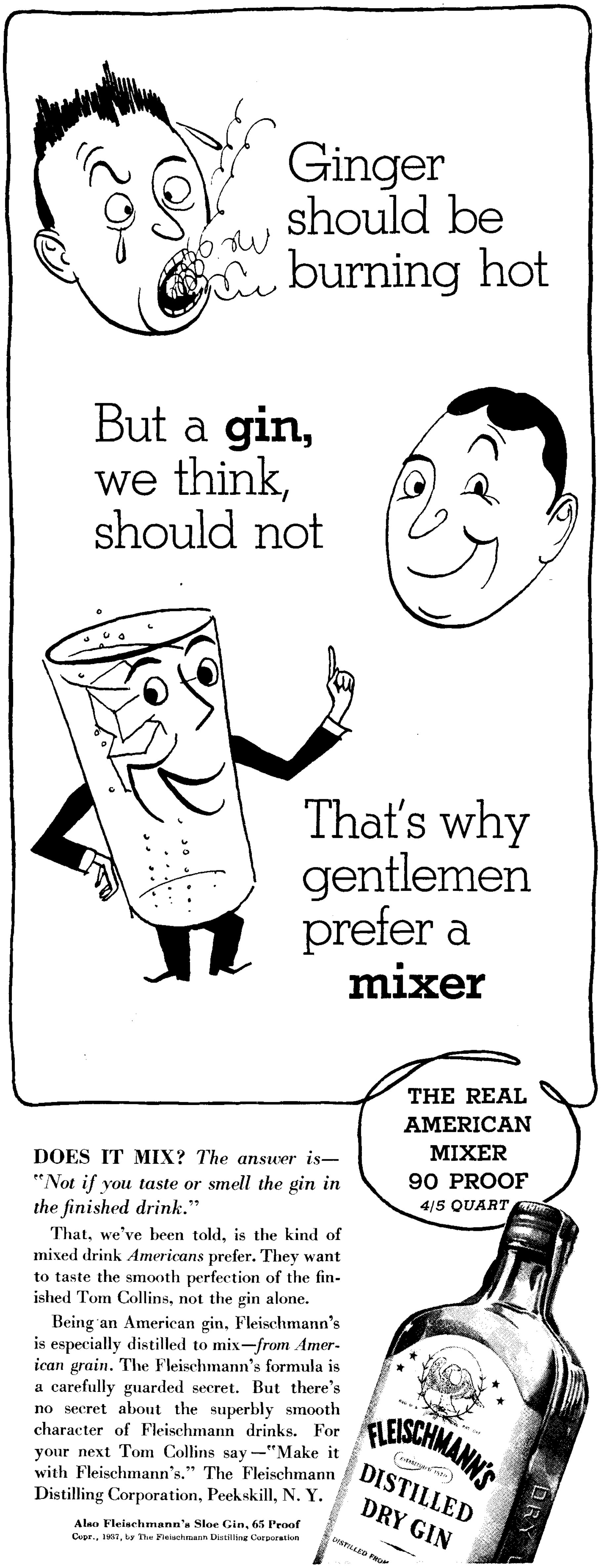
So she did, in the dressing room of Keno & Green, who were as enchanted as they were surprised. A benefit performance was being arranged for Freeport, Long Island, a night or two later, and several child entertainers were to appear. Joe wangled a spot for Mitzi and coached her zealously. He was chagrined when his child got cold feet shortly before she was due to go on. He pointed to a small boy who was about to do a tap dance.

"Look!" he scolded. "That little boy isn't afraid. Would you let a *boy* get the best of you?"

Mitzi was not deaf to this appeal to her womanhood. Her courage stiffened. She did the Moran & Mack imitation very prettily. So excellent was she, in fact, that Joe Green's telephone rang steadily the next morning. Big-shot agents in New York, who had never bothered to summon either member of Keno & Green, wanted him to bring Mitzi to their offices at once. Joe made a date for the following day and worked up a routine for himself and Mitzi which would serve as an introduction for the imitation. They were received by the booking agents with great cordiality. Green was so impressed with their eminence, though, that he completely forgot his lines when the audition began. This



"Let's leave it this way: If he's here in the morning, and we're not, it won't be a dream" GARDNER REA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time Mitzi was very calm; she prompted her father and they got through it all right.

So Keno & Green became, in due time, a supporting team for Little Mitzi, the Mimic. She was signed for a fourteen-week tour and then for a thirty-week extension. Joe helped her to work out other impersonations, notably of Chevalier and George Arliss. He found that she had two faults. She was rather lazy. She was also a perfectionist. She was never convinced that any new number was ready for a public showing. Her father knew the cure for this hesitation, however.

"I would get her out on the stage and then announce to the audience that she would give them Chevalier," he has recalled. "Then I'd leave her flat; just walk off the stage."

Learning to Act

This heroic treatment was effective. Mitzi's vaudeville tours continued until she had passed eight. She got a little education now and then at a school for professional children. In 1929, not long before her ninth birthday, Hollywood began calling. Keno & Green promptly answered in the affirmative, on her behalf, and the trio went out to movieland.

Knowing that Mitzi's span of usefulness would be brief, the producers wasted no time and worked her to the limit. She appeared in fourteen pictures before she was involuntarily retired three years later. Her first film was a little number called The Marriage Circle in which Mary Brian and Fredric March were the stars. In April, 1930, she was assigned to impersonate various stars in a musical called Paramount on Parade and was coached by Elsie Janis. Then came the famous "I know a secret" reiteration in Honey. By now Mitzi was developing no small ability as a picture stealer and dirty glances came her way from the older luminaries of Hollywood. She swiped one picture from Clara Bow in the summer of 1930. When it was shown in Minneapolis, Mitzi's name was above Clara's on the marquee.

The years which followed Hollywood's rejection of her services were important principally for the large weekly pay checks which continued to flow. They were getting the girl nowhere professionally. Actually, she had no adequate training for a continued career in pictures or on the stage. She did not sing well enough to become a radio star. Mitzi drifted along into her 'teens hoping that somehow she could learn to act. In the summer of 1935 she did something about it. She joined the company of Walter Hartwig in Maine. Hartwig was an excellent coach. Mitzi played some ingénue parts and was given one lead.

That fall Mitzi studied dancing and practiced singing. The personal appearances continued, but they were getting wearisome by now. Both Mitzi and her parents knew that they could not go on much longer. Last summer she had a nibble or two from the legitimate theater. She was offered a part in an English musical show which was to have been brought to New York, but it was never produced. An agent got her a chance to be heard for the Rainbow Room at Radio City. On the day of the audition, however, she was told that no additional acts were needed.

"Let's go over and see Nick Prounis at the Versailles," the agent suggested. "Maybe he'll take you on."

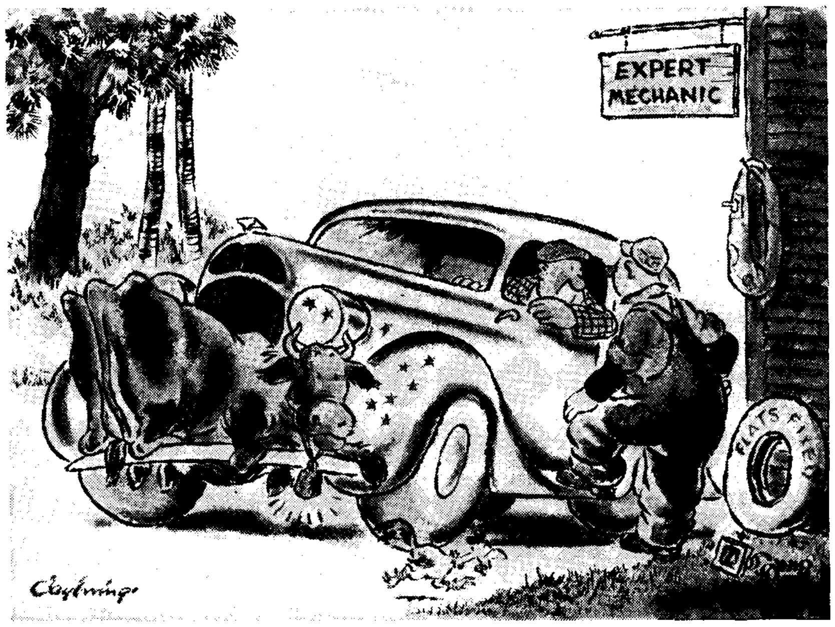
The Versailles is among the better New York night clubs with a superior clientele. Mr. Prounis is one of those entrepreneurs who believe in taking a chance. He told Mitzi that he liked her looks and would play a hunch. He wouldn't even bother to listen to her stuff. She could have a two-weeks engagement. So Mitzi opened at the Versailles last November.

Among the people who visited the Versailles were Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers, whose lyrics and music have assured success for a number of shows. Messrs. Hart and Rodgers had been fooling around for some time with a thing called Babes in Arms, which had been greeted with loud cries of derision by the experts. It was to be a musical with an entirely adolescent cast. Everybody was sure that a collection of brats would bring about the worst flop in the show business.

The dire predictions about Broadway's reaction to Babes in Arms proved to be inaccurate when the show opened this spring. The critics liked it very much indeed and it settled down to a lengthy run. Mitzi found herself in an unusual, if pleasant, situation. Several members of the cast are younger than she is. Even some of the older ones look up to her as the most important member. She is required to act in a judicial capacity backstage, to settle quarrels and iron out disputes.

These maternal duties may, in the end, change her quite a lot and she may, actually, grow up. But they haven't done so yet. She remains a mixture of small girl and precocity. Last fall she was given a rather elaborate Manchurian ermine coat and muff. Asked how she liked it, she paused a moment.

"I'm too young for mink," she said gravely.



"I seem to hear a funny tinkle in the motor" JAY IRVING

The Free Life

Continued from page 11

"But what would I do with Father?" she demanded last.

He could stay where he was, said Everett Starch practically. Get some housekeeper, cheap. . . .

But even a cheap housekeeper, with the rent and food and her own maintenance in the nebulous city, made up a staggering sum.

"I suppose I'm tied here," she concluded bitterly.

"You're too nice a girl for that," Everett Starch assured her.

Now she began to lay aside money, to save a little and lay it aside. Small savings, in food, in little comforts. One day she told her father that he spent a good deal on his wax and soap and candles for modeling, and she wondered if it paid. Scott put away his little figures and sat for hours by the kitchen window. He never had been a man to take walks, but now, on the morning after his wax and soap and tallow were put away, he took a long walk; all about the town; and after that, he took a walk nearly every morning, hurrying away with an air of absorption, as if he must be occupied with something in order to live.

THEN one day, as he walked, he looked up and he could not tell where he was. The buildings looked strange, looked terribly near to him. He fell to trembling and walked about and about, among strange faces, until someone greeted him casually, hurrying on; this one he stopped with a cry, a fearful cry of dread and despair: "Where am I? Where am I?" The man led him home.

"You'll have to send your father where he can have care," said Everett Starch to Mona. "Have someone with him all the time."

Startled, Mona looked up; and the expression in her eyes quickly changed to one rather like hope.

Spring came, and Everett Starch bought a small secondhand car. After hours he and Mona drove about the countryside and to near-by towns for dinner at lunch cars and such. "A free life's the stuff," he told her. "A person can't do anything who isn't free." She thought how wise he was, and what a broad outlook he had. What could she do, in that little house, with her father growing so old? "I couldn't care for an old man losing his mind," she thought.

As the spring nights came on, sweeter and sweeter with breath of earth and air of heaven, with moist yellow sunsets and the pale sparkle of stars, Everett Starch felt the immemorial vigor; and Mona, who felt this all the time, was waiting.

"A person wants some aim in life," said Everett Starch—his eternal indirection was partly like diffidence and a little like delicacy.

"What's yours?" she asked.

"I s'pose what any man's is," said Everett, still indirect.

"Success in business," she hazarded.

"A nice healthy wife and nice healthy kids," came from Everett, in a sudden rush of feeling.

"Oh," said Mona.

"A husband and some cute kids—that's what a girl wants, too," he challenged her.

Perhaps as a way of side-stepping, perhaps as voicing something profound and passionate, she protested:

"Well, and pretty clothes—and something doing!"

"Sure," he comprehended, "and what chance have you—"

"Oh, plenty of chances!" she flashed.

He saw his mistake. "Mona!" he burst out. "We're separated—she and I. When we're divorced, could it be you and me?"

Mona's conquering look belied her discreet words:

"I'd have to think about that!"

The next day Scott Whetstone wandered down the levee, and again "came to himself," as he said, not knowing where he was. So he went to the oil station hard by and told them:

"I'm Whetstone. She'll have to come after me. Mona. Where they sell boards."

The kindly busy man located Mona, who came down in the lumber truck, very hurried and annoyed, and took him home.

"Now you stay here," she told him. "No more of this."

Everett Starch said at once that there must be some place where "such cases" could be taken care of, and he volunteered to make inquiry. There indeed was a "Home," quickly discovered and waiting for "such cases." On a spring night, Everett Starch and Mona drove to visit the place, taking a picnic lunch and making a little holiday of the time. And the "Home" could receive Scott "just as soon as the old man in the hall bedroom dies; and it won't be long."

Assuming a jubilant air, as of one making a gay confidence, Mona told her father of this great opportunity, of the old men smoking on the benches, of the blazing beds of red geraniums.

"I'd rather stay here and make my garden," he said at once.

She had explained to him already that he was not strong enough to work in his garden, that it would be bad for his head, and besides that "buying the seeds ran into money—" so that he had planted only some seeds which Mrs. Saltus had given him. Now, however, Mona told him about the big garden at the "Home," where he could work.

"Evenings they all play pinochle," she coaxed.

"I hate pinochle," said Scott Whetstone.

BUT he listened. It was pleasant to have Mona talking to him about anything at all, she who was usually so remote and preoccupied. While she was describing to him the beautiful lounge and reading room at the "Home," she was so eager and intent that abruptly he laid his hand on hers:

"Just then," he said, "you were like the little girl you used to be."

He encouraged her to tell him about the "Home" so that she should be talking to him about something. It was really so that she would be kind and gentle to him again, that he agreed to go.

Yet he did not think of himself, really, as going there. Sometime, perhaps—but not now.

Suddenly the lumber company transferred Everett Starch to its mill, in the West. This hastened everything.

"We ought to go out there together," said Everett Starch.

"Your divorce!" Mona reminded him.

"That'll be all right," he cried. "You drive out with me—sweetheart, I can't leave you here!"

When Mona began to sell her father's furniture, he was stupefied. Her mother's machine, her mother's rocking chair and dresser, the bedroom set—he was dazed when people came in and paid money to Mona for his things. Then he must sign a paper for the sale of the house.

"I can't have it so," he said ineffectually, when it all was so.

"Think of me, dearest—and of your-

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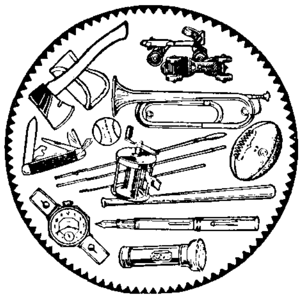

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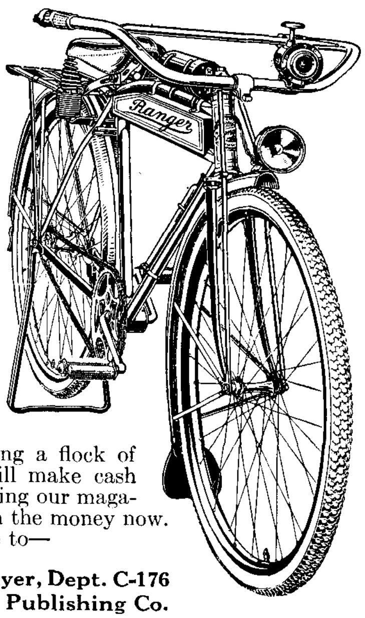


Write Today

self," Everett Starch urged Mona. "You've got to be free!"

The new owner was pressing to come into the house. Everett was leaving in two days. Everyone was hurrying Mona, except Scott Whetstone, and too, that old man in the hall bedroom at the "Home," who, it seemed, was in no hurry about his dying.

So Mona asked Mrs. Saltus if she could rent a back bedroom for her father, who would be waiting in town for a few days for someone to come for him.

"And where will *you* be?" Mrs. Saltus demanded.

Mona said that she had an opportunity that she couldn't afford to lose.

They moved Scott Whetstone into Mrs. Saltus' small, pleasant back bedroom, from whose window he could look onto the kitchen and garden plot of their old home. He had on his best suit, and his two straw suitcases were there, packed and ready as he sat in the comfortable chair, holding his shoebox of tiny figures of wax and soap.

WHEN she said goodby, Mona clung to him for a moment, and briefly she wept. At this show of affection, Scott became radiant, so that she left him sitting with his face lifted to hers, and on it an expression of fulfillment and even of momentary joy.

Mrs. Saltus watched Mona go; and then she put two sugared doughnuts on a plate and took them up to Scott Whetstone.

"I don't quite understand this move of Mona's," he told her, crumbling a doughnut which he did not eat.

For five days he sat in his new room by the window, wearing his best suit, rising early to restrap his suitcase, and waiting for them to come for him.

On the sixth day they came, two kindly, hurried young men, who said, "Now then!" And they took him away.

At the door, Scott Whetstone turned and looked at Mrs. Saltus. It was as if, in that moment, the truth having broken through to him at last, there was now no more need of any concealment. So he looked at her and said:

"My daughter threw me out."

These were almost the last words spoken by him there in his home town. His last were said to Mrs. Saltus when he turned back and laid in her hands his box of little wax and soap and tallow figures. "For your kindness," he said. "No. I'll never want them—now."

In that Western lumber camp, which they reached after a long drive "into the sunset," Mona kept house for Everett Starch in a tiny company cabin. The place was inconvenient enough, but the strangeness and the adventure held her. Everett was trying hard for his divorce, he said. It would be all right. She wakened early at the long screeching blast of the whistle, cooked breakfast, tidied the cabin, sat by the window watching the unloading and loading of the lumber. It was not long before she found herself wondering if all this was really "being free." But Everett did not like being asked questions, and she recalled how it had annoyed her, too, when her father questioned her. . . . She tried to think of her father as moving forever among blazing red geraniums.

She had told Mrs. Saltus frankly that she would not be able to come back "if anything happened." But she had not expected it to happen so soon. Scott Whetstone did not survive his shock by one full month. He died, it seemed, more quickly than the other old man had died, in the hall bedroom. Everett now brutally said that perhaps she had given her father a raw deal.

In a few months he said more. His wife, it developed, was not willing to give him this talked-of divorce. Further, she wanted to come out and join him.

"And when a person offers to pay up a person's debts—" said Everett Starch, with his delicate indirection.

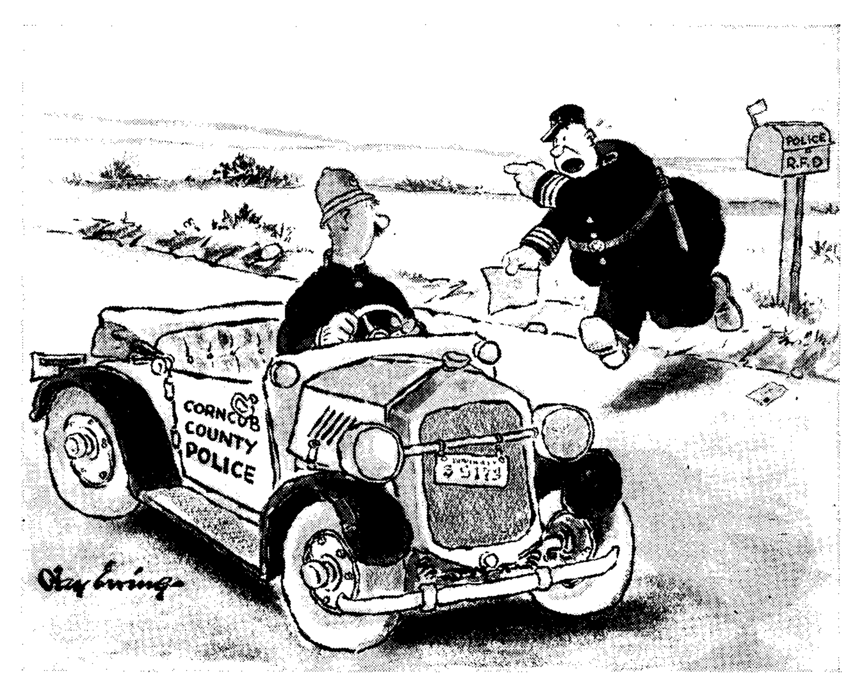
Mona went on alone to the nearest town. No feeling shook her at leaving him, save a feeling of passionate injustice; and now came the first naked pang at the thought of her father.

"But I couldn't have cared for an old man losing his mind," she kept repeating.

ADVERTISING for work and the weary, and then frantic, answering of advertisements bore her no fruit until well after her scanty money was exhausted. One day when she had raced along strange streets to answer an inquiry for a housekeeper, she was received into a small commonplace house, not unlike the one that she had left. There Mona listened to a well-dressed and vivid young woman who was saying to her:

"I must get away and live my own life, you understand. So I want someone to look after this house and my father. He's getting old and his mind is failing—I'll pay the right person well. . . ."

Mona heard herself saying faintly: "I hope I'm the right person."



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GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

Silver Gilt

Continued from page 15

with Charlie, John knew. She had always been too intent on pacifying him. She had a right to a lot of fun.

"I wish we could have dinner together," he said, smiling at her.

Mary said, "I've already made a date for tonight."

Fuller Gracie put his arms around her as he laid her cape over her shoulders. He touched her hair, winking at John. "Pretty smooth?"

John's face stiffened, but Mary didn't seem to mind. Her eyes were glancing through the room as if looking for even more excitement than she had found. She could hardly wait to be gone. She wanted music and color and warmth and people to think she was lovely, even if she were just another Bella. She had no time for an old friend tonight, an old friend who frightened her a little, and who reminded her of a lost security she had not liked. Why had she wanted it so badly? She was all wrong about security. She didn't want it at all. She wanted to be like Bella, going faster and faster, leaving more and more unfinished things behind her. She didn't want anything permanent again. She would change men, change countries, change herself. She looked at John, whose dark eyes made her uncomfortable.

"'By," she said. "Old home wrecker." She laughed, and Fuller laughed with her. They went out the door together, and John heard a car door slam shut and a high-powered car stutter into speed.

"She has a little fling coming to her," he reminded himself and wondered again, as he so often had before, what her hair would look like spread out in moonlight. He wondered if you would be able to tell one from the other after a while.

IN THE next six months Mary saw John quite often and it was always rather a surprise to see him at that particular party, or at that dining place. He seemed to be so many places where she was. And yet it never occurred to her that there might be a reason for that, not even when he telephoned her almost every week, sometimes to see how she was getting on (Oh, splendidly, John!), sometimes to ask if he might take her out (Oh, John! I'm busy again. I'm so sorry!). And it was true that she was sorry, but it was also true that she was, for some reason, afraid to see John too near at hand.

In these months Mary was lonely. All the excitement, all the bustle, could not quench that old loneliness she had known at thirteen, lying in a hotel bed while Bella entertained loudly in the next room, that she had known with Charlie, that she knew with Fuller. She went the faster, but she could never quite get beyond this loneliness.

Fuller took her to the races—Mr. Silvers didn't care where Mary went or what she did, if only she wore his best models. Fuller took her to dinner and to dance. He introduced her to a lot of people she didn't particularly care for. To Fuller, as to Mary's mother, in human relationships it was quantity, not quality that counted, and though he wanted Mary for himself, he wanted to show her off to a lot of people.

One night when he took Mary home he said he thought enough time had passed.

"I'm taking a little place for you," he said. "I don't like you living over in a dump like this—doesn't look good."

Mary looked at him, shrugging. "So that's the way it has to be now?"

Fuller said, "Yes. I deserve a few dividends, I think. I take pretty good care of you, I think."

"I earn a pretty good salary that Mr. Silvers pays me," Mary said. She had a feeling of suffocation, of being pushed into a corner.

Fuller laughed. Unsophistication always amused him. There was something almost immoderately funny to him in simplicity or trust. "Silvers," he said. "But Silvers works for me, don't forget. I own most of that stock. When I tell him to take on a model, he does."

Mary flushed. She should have guessed that, she supposed, but she hadn't. She had merely thought Mr. Silvers a very pleasant and generous boss, and she had tried hard to tell people that her somewhat spectacular clothes came from his store. Now she felt like a fool.

FULLER went on. "You've been around, Mary. Let's put it on a sound basis. I like you; I kind of go for you—" He cleared his throat. He was always glad when this necessarily somewhat sentimental phase was past, preferring to get on to the more substantial aspects of an attachment. "I'll give you a nice little place, and you won't have to worry. You can even have other friends. I'm not a jailer." He laughed.

Mary thought, "I ought to be insulted. Somewhere deep down, I am insulted. Only I can't be bothered any more. I'm tired of dancing and I'd like to sit down for a while. This way I won't be in any danger of being attached, of thinking I've got security when I haven't. I'll always know it's only temporary, and I won't have to make any effort. I won't go falling in love with people, either."

She sighed. "I'll let you know later in the week, Fuller."

He laughed, amused again. "I've already signed the lease. You can move in tomorrow if you want to."

For the next few days Mary was very sad. It was as if loneliness had caught up with her, and even got ahead of her so she could see it stretching out before her endlessly. After Fuller someone else. Then others. She would travel, perhaps, and see the world as Bella had done from hotel rooms and yachts and de luxe trains. She wouldn't find it a very interesting or colorful world and besides, she had seen it before.

Mary was sitting on a bench in the little park near her apartment, watching the children splash in and out of the pool. It was hot. Dust hovered over the paving and crumpled men and women filled the benches. Mary sat close to a thin, weary girl and a fat, weary woman. But not even crowded humanity could relieve her loneliness. It wasn't any good. She might as well go home, let Fuller take her to dinner. Maybe she'd move tonight. It was as good a time as any. Most of her possessions had already been sent to the new apartment. Better follow them and be done with it.

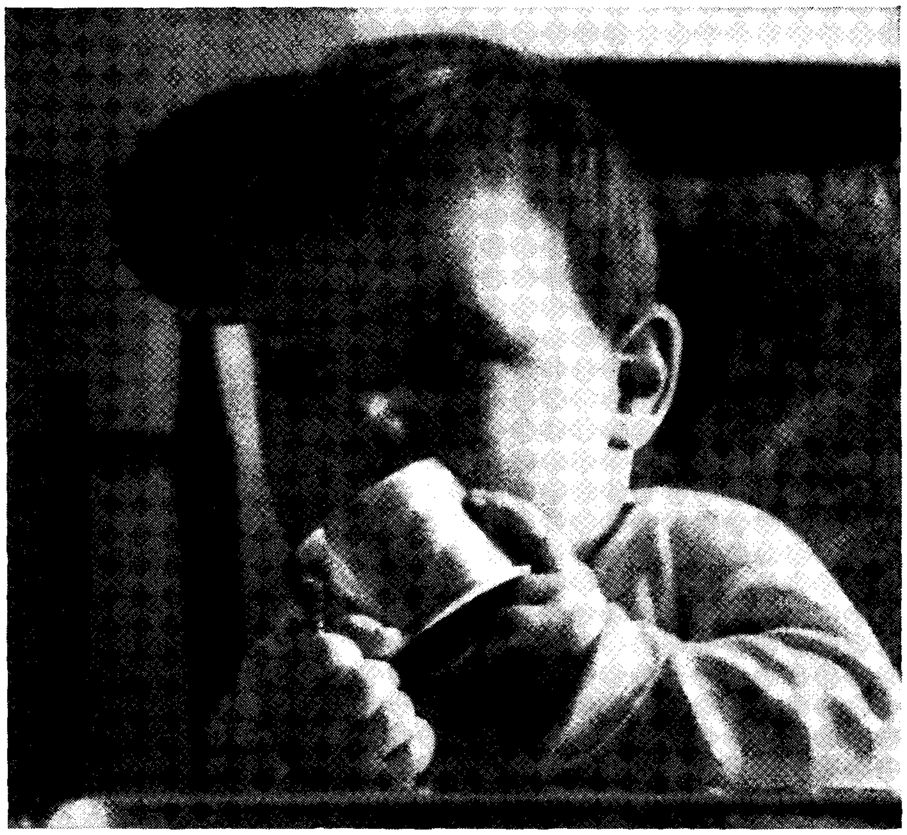
"I've been looking for you everywhere," John said. He pulled her up from the bench. "You've got to see me this time. You can't help yourself."

Mary walked beside him silently. Her heart was beating as if she were terrified of something, and yet it was only John, who had always been kind to her, on whose shoulder she had once wept.

"How are you, Mary?" he said.

"Fine." She gave him one of her newest and brightest smiles. But suddenly her throat seemed to be stuffed with loneliness and there were tears in her eyes before she could drop her eyelids.

John said, "You used to let me see



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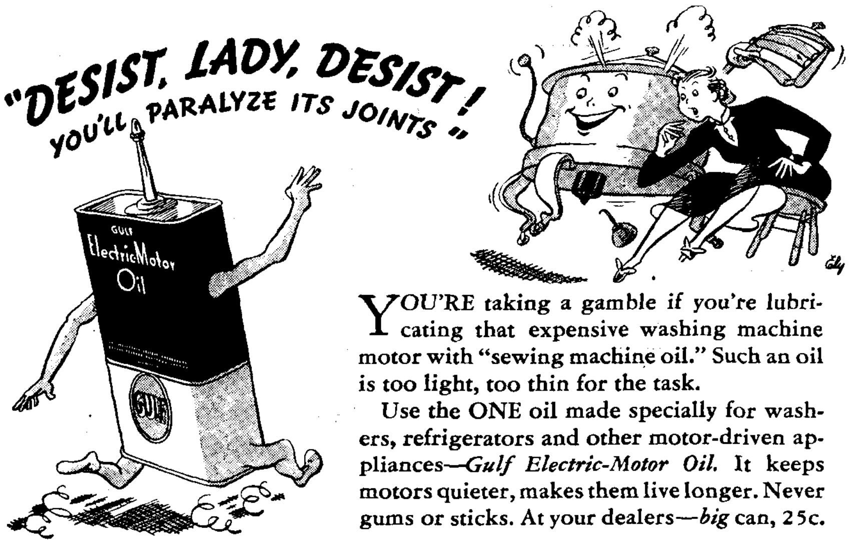
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you cry, Mary. It was nice. I thought you liked me, or trusted me, anyway."

She didn't know what John wanted to talk that way for, but Mary suddenly had to stop whatever was happening to her. She had a horror that all her new brightness might vanish and leave her without defenses against John. All these months of gaiety, all the resolutions she had made, seemed suddenly fragile and if she was to save herself she must guard against John's dark, hard look. She had to get John out of her way.

John said, "Get into this taxi, Mary. We're going to talk. You've been avoiding me for months."

Mary got in, settling her soft skirts so there would be a little space between herself and John.

"Where to?"

"We should have walked," Mary answered. "One Washington is the address."

"You've moved," John said.

"Yes," she said. "Got a new shiny life and thought I needed an apartment to match."

"That's nice," John said.

THEY got out of the taxi and went up in the elevator. Mary took the key she had never used out of her pocketbook and tried it in the lock. The door opened and she and John went in.

It was a very elegant little apartment. The walls were white; the thick rugs and draperies silver and green; the furniture was black. Everything was new and expensively simple and designed to flatter Mary's coloring. She knew Fuller had been here. She almost laughed to think how clever he was at knowing just how much indecision he must allow for. There were books from her old apartment in the bookshelves. Her little possessions were arranged on mantels and in corners. She walked into the white-and-silver bedroom and the opened closet door showed rows of dresses and shoes. It gave her a queer, uneasy feeling to see her things here before she herself had arrived. They looked strange here, but there would soon be new things to replace them and there would be nothing left to remind her of old struggles. John would be gone soon.

"Nice little place," he said. He looked around and Mary could see anger under the placid exterior of his voice, his manner. She was glad. It would be easier to get rid of John if he were angry.

She smiled: "Yes. Means a good deal to me." She forgot to light her cigarette, though she held an enameled lighter in her hand. She just stood tapping the cigarette against her wrist until John came over and lit it for her. She looked at him and his eyes held hers until she found herself shaking a little and knew she should never have done that. It frightened her.

"What?" she said, and tried to make her voice sound impatient. She wanted him out of here. She wanted to be left alone. But John suddenly snatched her into his arms and she thought perhaps it was her ribs against her heart that made it feel that way. She knew better than that.

"Oh, God," John said. "I've waited a long time for this!"

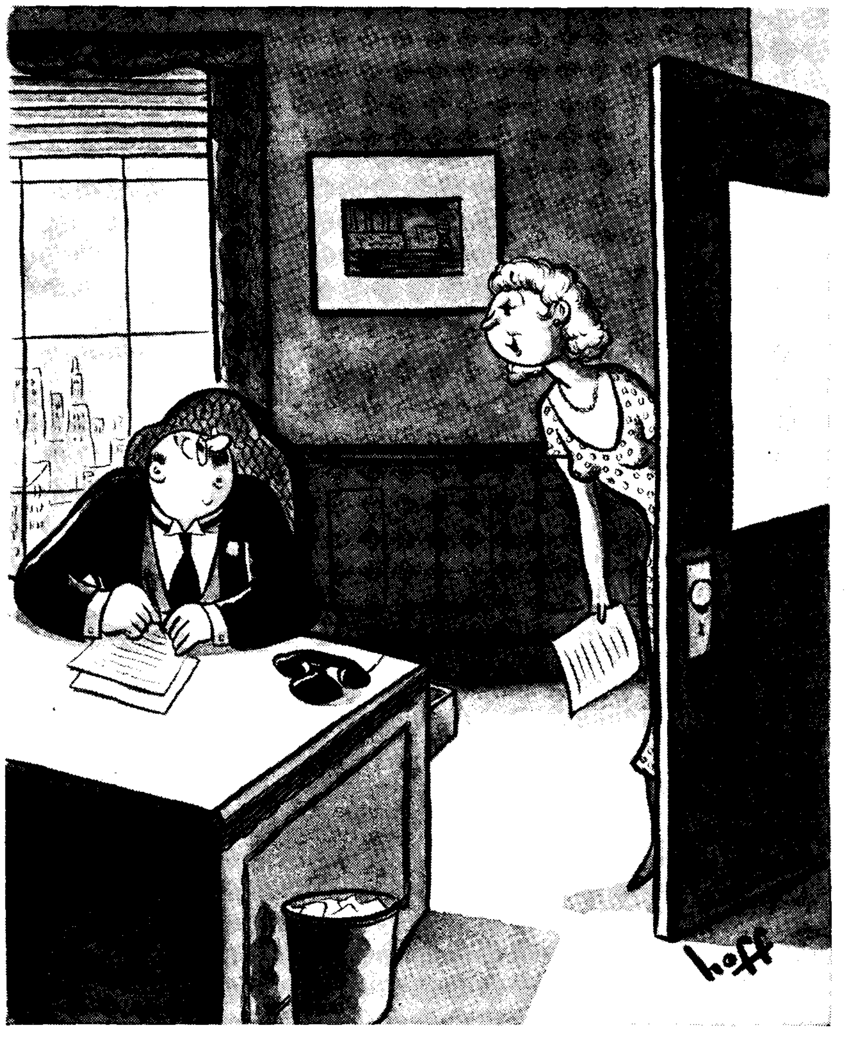
His arms were hard. She was suddenly angry and fought against his embrace until he stepped back.

"Let me alone!" she said. "Even wenches have the right to choose their lovers."

It was odd to see his face whiten.

"I beg your pardon," John said.

Mary's hand went to her throat as she saw him pick up his hat and walk toward the door. She wanted to cry, "Oh, John, John, don't leave me! Please, John. Take me in your arms again, just once more. Don't let me behave like this. If you go away, John, I'm lost, and no one will ever find me again and I'll never be happy because all of a sudden I've found out why I've been lonesome.



"There's someone to see you about a raise, and it's me" SYDNEY HOFF

John—if you only knew what just seeing you did for me in those years when I was trying to live with Charlie. If you only knew it was true when you said I was a faithful girl when I love someone. John!"

But he was gone. The white door was closed and she could hear a faint buzz in the hall that meant he had rung for the elevator. She heard the elevator's soft arrival, and ran to the door. John was gone and even as she stood there the elevator stopped again and disgorged Fuller and a dozen friends. They had arms full of bottles.

"Hi, Mary!" someone shouted. "Come to housewarm your new place."

"That's fine," she said. "I was just in the mood for a party."

So she was. The party had begun in earnest now, and she was committed to it. Someone was in the kitchen getting ice, and laughing. Someone was playing the radio. Someone was dancing with Fuller's hot face close to hers. Someone was rattling ice in a glass. Someone went to the door to let in the boy with more ginger ale.

"John!" Mary said. The glass dropped from her hand and then she remembered that this was her house, her party, that she had no right any more to the feeling of almost unbearable shame at her friends and their actions and her untidy hair.

"Come in," she said, very gay. "Join the party."

John said, still white-faced. "Maybe I will."

He came in and met people.

"So this really is your place," John said. "It didn't look like it."

"It is," she said. "I got it in exchange for a little thing—just the admission that I was Bella's daughter, after all."

John said, "Charlie did a lot more damage than I dreamed. He finally got you to believing you weren't much good, didn't he?"

"Oh, he was right," Mary said.

John said, "I suppose you thought he let you divorce him just out of chivalry, didn't you? I suppose you believe you might have been guilty of something?"

Mary said, "I was in your arms and he saw us."

"That was an accident."

Mary looked at him with a curious expression as of one who is seeing something familiar for the first time, having looked at it blindly for many years. "I thought it was," she said. "But now I don't believe it, John. I *wanted* to be in your arms."

John said, softly, "Oh, my God." He set down his drink and took hold of Mary's shoulders.

"Hey!" Fuller said good-naturedly. "Lay off my little girl! I'm going to dance with her now."

"Is he?" John asked Mary.

SHE shrugged. The old fright was swirling around her again. John! She was talking too much; she was giving herself away; she was—loving again. "I won't," she thought. "That's dangerous. Go away, John."

"See?" Fuller said, pleased. He swayed a little and John was suddenly grinding out words from between his teeth, his face only an inch or two from Fuller's flushed one.

"You've made a mistake," John said.

Fuller instantly rose to the defense of his property.

"Say," he said. "Mary's my girl, see? This is my place she's living in. This is my party and you're going to get the hell out of it."

"Oh, no," John said softly. "You are."

Fuller backed away a little. "You're drunk," he said. "Don't know what you're saying."

Fuller's face wore a surprised look when he lay on his back in the chair where John's fist had knocked him.

"Get out!" John shouted. "Get out, all of you!"

Amazingly, the drunken crowd milled around Fuller, headed toward the door. There were indignant speeches and insults that were abruptly silenced as the elevator door closed after the party. They were gone and Mary was alone with John, alone and feeling sick with shame. She wanted to hide from him.

John looked at her. "You're a fool," he said. "You believe everything. When people tell you you're like Bella, you believe them. You listen to a jealous neurotic who accused you of his own sins. I don't suppose you even knew he divorced you because one of his girl friends drove him to it. If he wanted to avoid scandal, he had to get rid of you and marry her—fast. So he did. I don't suppose you ever thought of that."

Mary said, "No."

She looked at John and suddenly her back was to him and she was shaking with terrible sobs she tried to smother, but could not. She leaned her head against the littered mantelpiece and wept so violently a pin was jerked from her hair and fell to the floor. She wept because she was sick and ashamed, because she was in danger, because John was still in her life, jumbling up the future until she knew she had nowhere to turn.

"*Why* did you come here?" she cried. "Everything was simple until I saw you. Now everything's complicated again. I was going to move in here for good tonight."

JOHN put a handkerchief into her hand and turned her around so that her face lay on his chest and her soft hair against his face.

"I don't believe it," he said. "You wouldn't like it here."

He held her tightly. "I've known you for years, Mary, and loved you almost all that time. That's why I had to come back." Mary was still in his embrace, holding her breath. "Don't you suppose I know what you're like too well to believe what you're trying to tell me?"

Mary wept again because she loved John and it wasn't true. A few weeks earlier, even a few days earlier, it might have been, but she had decided to join Fuller's party when she brought John here. She couldn't even take credit for changing her mind. John, not she, had driven him away.

"It's no use," she said. "Go away, John. Bella's blood won out."

John took her hand and shook his head.

"What little you had must have been all used up tonight," he said. "Go get your hat."

Mary looked at him. "I'm only silver gilt, like my hair," she said. "You'd better believe it, John, because it's true. Maybe you've only noticed the silver on top all these years, and never seen the cheap copper underneath. But it's there."

John said, "We'll get you a wedding ring to match yourself, Mary. It's got to last you the rest of your life, so it won't be silver and it won't be copper. It'll be platinum, and maybe I'll be able to tell which is your hair and which is moonlight but I'm not sure."

Mary looked at him and though she knew this was the inescapable male she had so long avoided and so long been afraid of, happiness suddenly took hold of her. She hadn't been all wrong, though she had made mistakes. There was security but for her it was only found by the dangerous path of love.

She said, "You'll know, because I'll be so close to you, my hair will touch you. It won't feel a bit like moonlight, and in the morning when we wake up it will still be there and the moonlight will be gone."

John said, "I hadn't thought of that."

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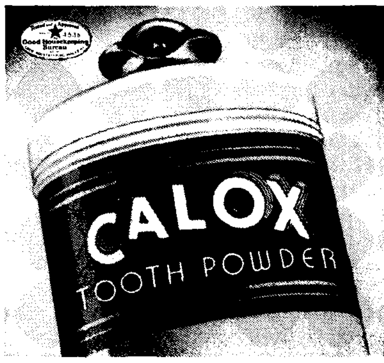

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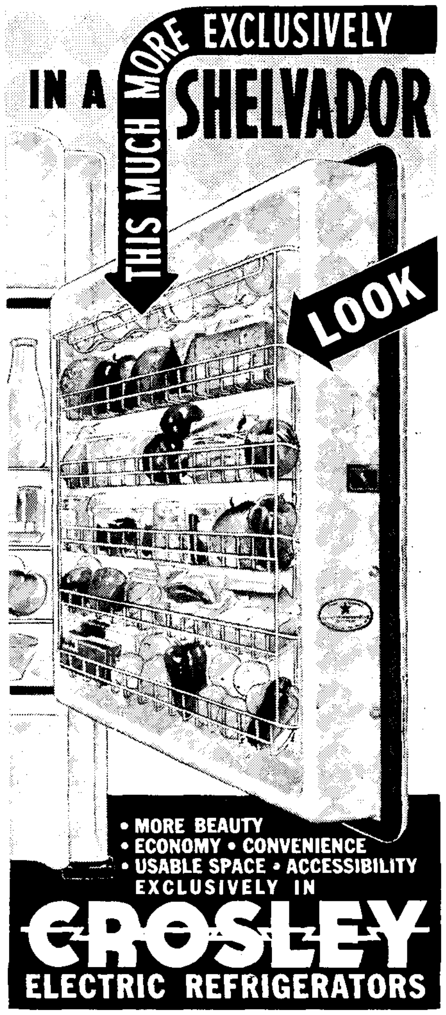
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I Can Hit Pretty Good

Continued from page 18

Hub around for many years and the only times I have ever seen him when he wasn't with Mel Ott was when he was pitching and then Ottie was some eighty yards away from him in right field. I mean that the tall bushy-haired Hubbell and the short dapper Ottie are like that—if you know what I mean.

Hubbell has long slim fingers, but you don't notice them much because Hub has a slow smile that seems to be the heritage of Oklahomans, and when you get Hub to talking, you sit back and listen because Hub has a slow drawl, too, that sounds mighty soothing. And as he talks, once you get him started, Ottie now and then drops in a remark that brings some half-forgotten incident to Hub's attention and then Ottie winks at you, as if to say, "We'll make the guy talk."

Now, we aren't going to talk much about Hubbell's record, that's too well known. We know that his lifetime average (up to the beginning of this season) was 170 games won and 94 lost, for an average of .644. We know that last year he won 26 games while losing 6. Those six? Well, he lost two games to Chicago, one to St. Louis, one to Cincinnati, one to Pittsburgh, and one—honestly—one to Philadelphia. He put sixteen of these victories together to make the longest winning streak seen in the National League since 1912, when Rube Marquard reeled off 19 consecutive wins.

This year he started off fast, reeling off six wins before Brooklyn, his old nemesis, decorated him with a lot of base hits on Memorial Day. That streak—twenty-four wins in all—constituted the most remarkable bit of sustained pitching ever seen. It lasted from July 17, 1936, when he defeated the Reds, to May 27, 1937, when he beat the Pirates. A few days later he lost and then Hubbell showed that he was only human after all. He actually fell into a losing streak, to the wonder and amazement of the baseball world. Undoubtedly the strain of that long streak took its toll.

Nobody much had heard of Carl Owen Hubbell up to 1928, except the neighbors at Carthage, Missouri, where he was born and the folks in Meeker, Oklahoma, where he was brought up. When Hubbell finished his schooling at Meeker, he got himself a job with an oil company, but he didn't have to work very hard except on Saturday afternoons when he pitched for the company team. He did all right, too, for a tall gangling kid without much weight on his frame, and he caught on with the Cushing team in the Oklahoma State League. Hub didn't have much then except a nice but not sensational fast ball and a pretty curve. He was just another fairly good run-of-the-mine pitcher with just one exception. Hub had intelligence. This was enough to land him on the Oklahoma City team of the Western League in 1925.

When Hub was a kid, he had heard of Frank Merriwell's double curve. What kid hasn't? Later he'd heard about the fabulous fadeaway of the incomparable Matty. Then there was an American League pitcher named Herb Pruett who had what for want of a better name the ballplayers called a screwball. Pruett's special act was striking out Babe Ruth, and Hub decided that if a screwball could strike out the Babe it ought to strike out the laddies in the Western League. Now, any pitcher with a little practice can throw a screwball, but he won't know where it is going. Hub began to practice long hours with this cockeyed delivery and gradually he got so he could control it.

Now, a screwball is just as difficult to describe as it is to control. Hub, of course, is a left-handed pitcher. Tom Meany, the baseball scribe, hung the tag of "right-handed southpaw" on him. The reason for it is that when he throws that screwball it breaks just as a curve breaks when it is thrown by a right-handed pitcher. When a right-handed pitcher throws a curve to a right-handed batter, the ball breaks away from the batter. When a left-hander throws a curve, the ball breaks in toward a right-handed batter. Hubbell's screwball breaks away from a right-handed batter. When we were kids pitching on the sand lots we used to talk about mysterious deliveries, such as "in shoots" and "out drops." Well, Hub's screwball is an "out drop." It breaks away and down, and unless the batter connects squarely with it the rotating motion of the ball causes it to be hit into the dirt. It is difficult really to get hold of Hub's screwball. Hub himself can't describe it any better than: "It's Matty's fadeaway pitched by a left-hander. It fades away from a right-handed hitter and, of course, in toward a left-handed batter."

It Drops as Much as a Foot

A low outside pitch has always been the hardest ball for most batsmen to hit. This makes Hub more formidable to right-handers than he is to left-handers—something against the general rule. Because a left-handed pitcher's curve breaks in, most right-handed batters find them easy. Hubbell, because he has the natural equipment of a left-hander plus his screwball, which breaks opposite to his curve, thus has the combined repertoire of both a right- and left-handed pitcher.

Now, if you are a young hopeful wanting to learn how to toss Hub's screwball, here's how to do it: As the ball leaves Hub's hand he twists his wrist and hand *in toward* his body. Go through that pitching motion without holding a ball in your hand and feel the strain on the muscles of the forearm.

Both Larry French of the Cubs and Al Smith of the Giants also throw screwballs. So does Garland Braxton, now with the Milwaukee Brewers. In 1933, when Washington was getting ready to play the Giants in the World Series, they got Braxton to pitch to them in batting practice. But it didn't help. They forgot that Hub's screwball is different from any other.

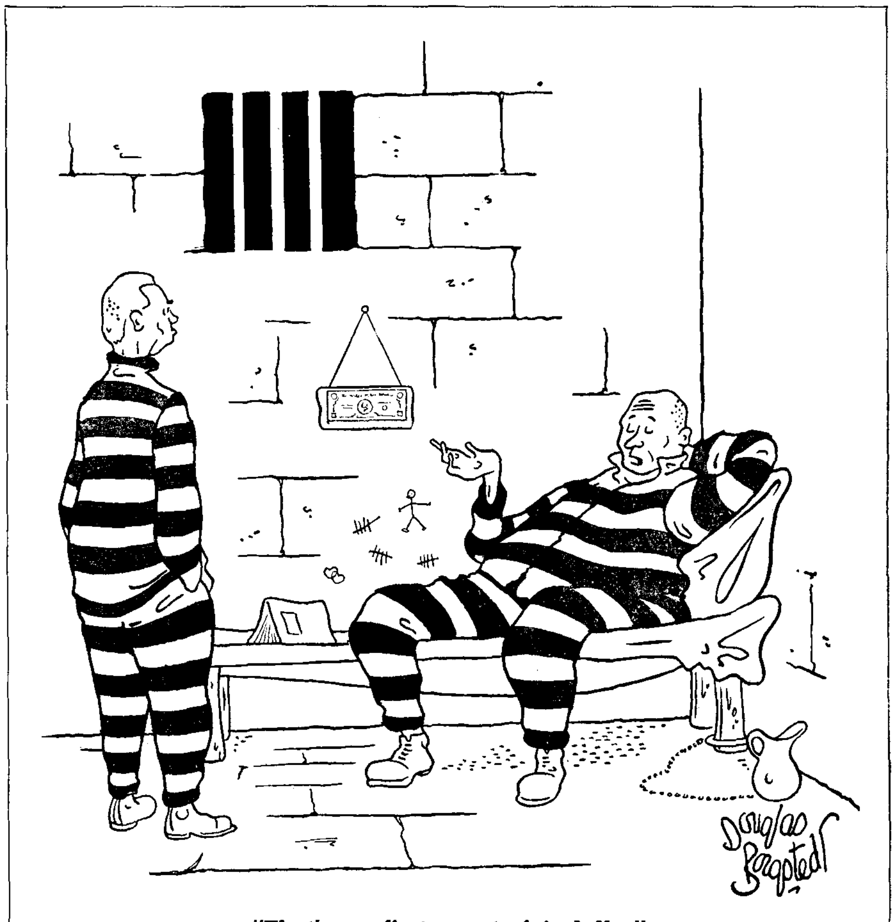
Most screwballs break sidewise—on the same lateral plane. Hub's screwball breaks sidewise of course, but it breaks down. It drops. Gus Mancuso, who knows more about Hub's screwball than anyone because he's caught it for several years, told me that Hub's screwball sometimes drops as much as a foot. It is sheer pitching wizardry. But Hub's screwball wasn't that well developed back in Oklahoma days.

Hub practiced and practiced with his new delivery and then one day he tried it in a game. It worked pretty well and he kept using it and the first thing he knew he had put a string of victories together and Detroit was after him. Ty Cobb was managing Detroit then and it looked as though Hub were on his way. One day he was pitching to batters. He thought he'd try that screwball out. Harry Heilmann was up and he swung futilely at three of the dipsy-do's. Up came Lou Blue, a great hitting first baseman. He, too, couldn't hit the screwball.

"What's that stuff you're throwing, kid?" he growled, and Hub told him about the screwball.

One of Cobb's lieutenants got hold of Hub after that session and gave him some advice—advice, incidentally, which kept Hub out of the big leagues for three years.

"Listen, kid, forget that screwball," he told Hub. "Sure, it looks good and it fools batters, but it also kills your arm. Pruett is all through now. No pitcher in the league is foolish enough to throw



"That's my first counterfeit dollar"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

screwballs. It'll kill your arm in two years. You see, when you toss that thing, you have to twist your arm. Each twist shortens its life. Now, kid . . ."

Hub nodded. Hub was more than willing to take advice from big-league coaches. So he put the screwball in mothballs and went back to his fast ball and curve. Detroit sent him on option to Toronto in the International League, a big jump from Oklahoma City. There in 1926 he won seven and lost seven, and the next year he again reported to Detroit. Well, his fast ball and his curve weren't good enough to keep him there and this time he dropped back to Decatur in the Three-I League.

He won fourteen and lost seven for a second-division team, but no scouts were forming in line to grab him. So, once again in 1928 he reported to Detroit. He had about forgotten that he had ever thrown a screwball. This he knew would be his last chance and he bore down hard—but Detroit couldn't see the tall, gangling lad from Oklahoma. He never even appeared in an exhibition game for Detroit. For one thing he looked too frail. No one thought he could stand the rigors of big-league baseball and once more he trod the weary trail back to the minors. This time Detroit released him outright to Beaumont in the Texas League.

"I didn't feel very good about my future then," Hub says now. "It looked like I was just another minor-league pitcher. Detroit had looked at me three times and couldn't see me. I got to thinking about that screwball, which I hadn't used. As it was, I was through with big-time baseball. Why not shoot the works? Why not use that screwball and if it ruined my arm—well, I still had my plow back in Oklahoma. I wouldn't be any worse off on the farm than I would be in the minors. There isn't much future in the minor leagues."

A Message to McGraw

It was then that Hub really started to concentrate on that dipsy-do. He'd throw it a few times in a game and then look at his arm anxiously and feel the muscles cautiously. He got into the habit of carrying a small dumbbell around with him. He kept squeezing that dumbbell, flexing those muscles he used to throw the screwball, strengthening them until they began to stand out like whipcord. And he won games. He won twelve while losing six for a last-place team and that brings us to July, 1928, and the Democratic Convention at Houston.

Dick Kinsella, a great friend and a scout for John McGraw, happened to be a delegate to the convention. The proceedings were dull one afternoon, so Kinsella ambled out to watch the league-leading Houston team play Beaumont. Bill Hallahan was tossing for Houston and Hub went on the mound for Beaumont. Hub was on the crest of a nine-game winning streak which he was anxious to increase. So he poured 'em in. He poured that screwball down the alley in three speeds, slow, half speed, and really fast. He allowed four hits and beat Houston 2 to 1, and Kinsella ran out to a telegraph office to send a message to McGraw.

The manager of the Beaumont club came up to Hub after the game with a wire from Detroit. Detroit wanted Hub back again.

"Nothing doing," Hub said. "They turned me down three times. They struck me out. I don't want to go to Detroit."

The next day, however, there came a wire from John McGraw. That was different. McGraw, who respected Kinsella's judgment absolutely, offered the Beaumont club a tidy sum for its left-hander and the next day Hub left to join the Giants. This was in July, 1928.

A few days later Hub won his first major-league game. The Giants were trailing the Cubs four to eight in the ninth when Hub went in. He held them scoreless and then in their half of the ninth the Giants pulled the game out 9 to 8 and Hub got credit for the victory.

But still he hadn't pitched a screwball to a major-league batter. For an odd reason. There was no signal for it on the Giants. Nobody on the Giants, in fact, knew that Hub had a screwball. One day he was in the bull pen, throwing them up to catcher Shanty Hogan. Suddenly he let a screwball go and Hogan blinked in surprise.

"What was that dipsy-do you just threw?" he asked.

"That's a screwball," Carl told him.

"Well, kid," Hogan said, "next time we work together, let's pour some of that into them. Look, we'll fix a signal for it now and . . ."

Most Valuable Player

A week later Hub got the starting call to face the Phillies in their own bandbox park. Hogan was behind the bat and he started calling for the screwball early. The Phillies were breaking their bats trying to hit it and when they did connect they were hitting it into the dirt. Hub won 4 to 0, and now he was off. Well, if you're a baseball fan you can take it up from there. You'll know that he won ten games for the Giants that season and then he won eighteen the next year. You'll know that in 1933 he reached what everyone thought to be his peak with twenty-three won against twelve lost. That year he led the league in innings pitched, games won and earned-run averages. The baseball writers voted him the most valuable player of the year in 1933. Let's get back to him.

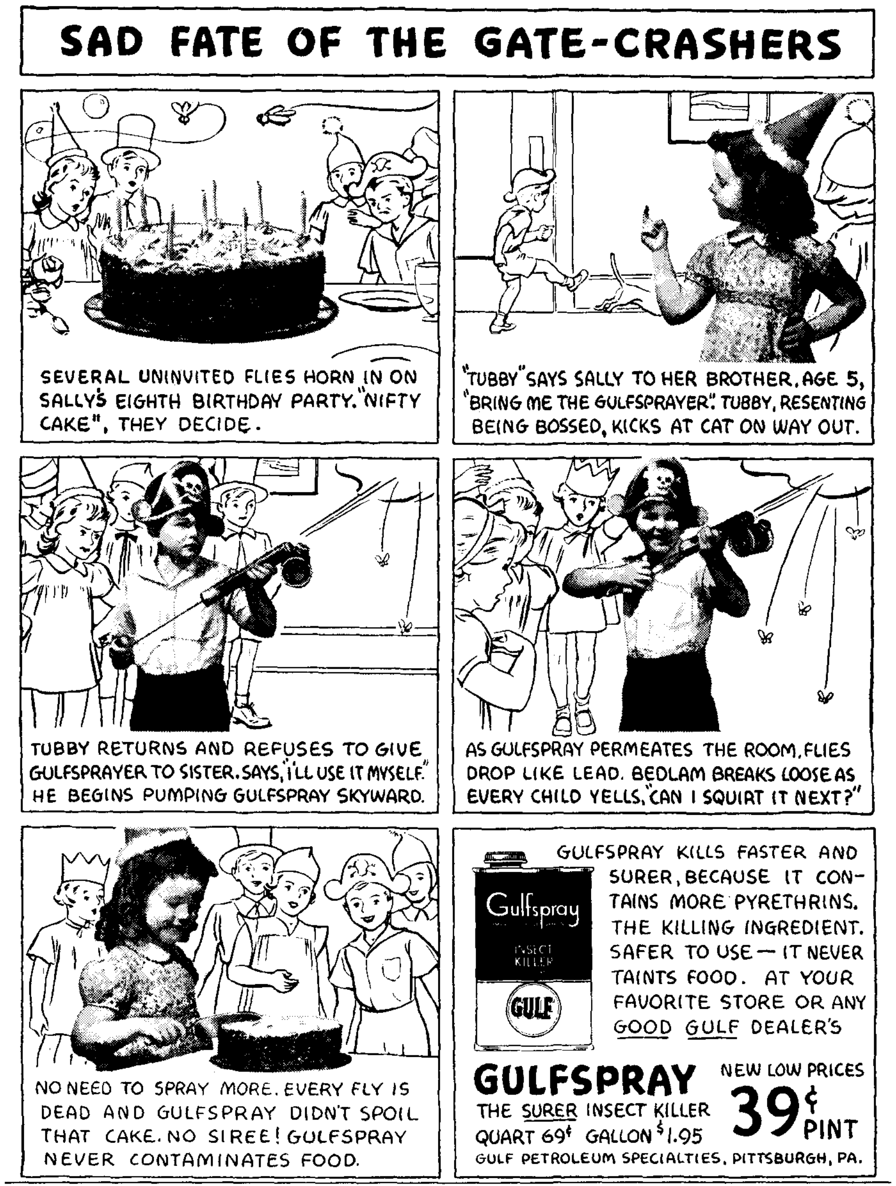
"You know, I can hit pretty good," Hub suddenly said. All pitchers fancy themselves as hitters. "Once," Hub said with pride, looking a bit disdainfully at Ott, who last year was National League's leading home-run hitter, "I hit a home run off Dizzy Dean. Now, that's something to talk about."

"What do I think of Dizzy?" Hub laughed. "What does anyone think of him? He and Van Mungo are two really great pitchers. I envy them both. When they're in a spot, they can just pour that speed in and overpower the batter. Me? I got to try and outguess them. I haven't got the power they have. Take Billy Herman, the Cubs' second baseman." Ottie laughed derisively, and Hub relapsed into gloom. "During the first two years I pitched against Herman he was my cousin. I'd just throw them up and he'd die swinging. Then, during the second two years I couldn't get him out. I still can't get him out. He gets up differently every time he comes to the plate. One time he crowds it; another time he stands back and steps into the ball; a third time he'll wait for me. He's so smart, that Herman. If I throw a fast one, he's swinging at it and hitting it before it leaves my hand. If I throw him the screwball, he's waiting for it, or he's stepping into it before it breaks. I swear he can read my mind—that Herman. I'll bet he hits .500 against me."

"Never mind, Hub," Ottie soothed, "Herman doesn't hit many home runs off Dean."

Hub smiled and a look of sheer happiness came into his eyes. "That's right. Now, listen." Hub turned to me, "I don't care what you write about me. I don't care if you say I'm the luckiest pitcher in baseball or the worst. But remember to mention one thing. Once upon a time I hit a home run off Dizzy."

All right, we'll mention it. Hub once hit a home run off Dean.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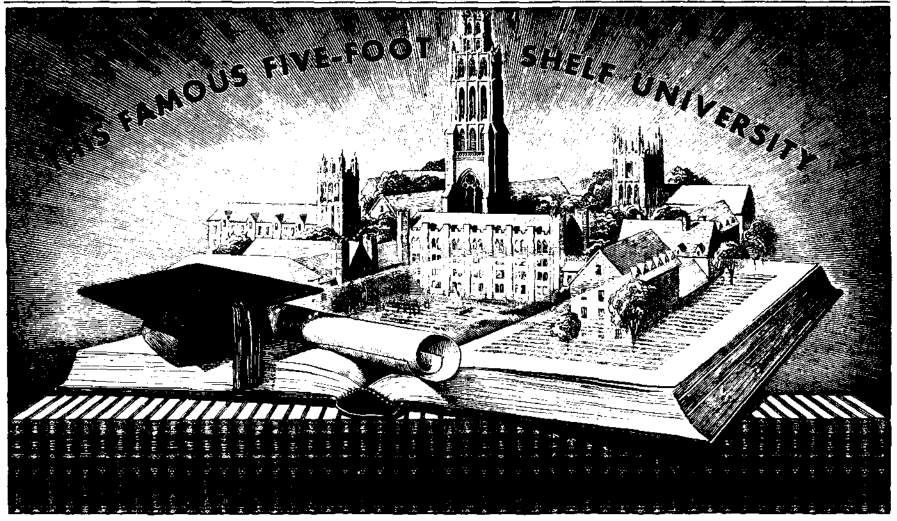
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Revenge

Continued from page 10

The police commissioner's letter, through which Tommie glanced again, was a stately and moving composition: ". . . in spite of Mr. McKinnestry's assurance as to your determination in this matter, I must bring to your attention certain points in Detective Sergeant Clarnan's record . . . untiring energy in tracking down evildoers . . . eve of promotion to a lieutenancy . . . retirement pension in sight . . . son and daughter having both won scholarships at the university . . ." At least he wouldn't starve, if the son and daughter happened to care what became of him.

THEN the next paragraphs of an old-world grace, so nimbly calculated to make Tommie forget what had happened, forget the murderous, red-rimmed eyes and the hatred which their own hatred had so spontaneously called out: "If you had not maintained silence as to documents later discovered in your grips, establishing your identity and your connections, I need not assure you . . . the oversight that you were not formally booked on arrival at the police station . . . while fully"—fully was good too—"appreciating the inconvenience and discomfort which this accidental resemblance to a fugitive caused you, it still seems . . ."

And the conclusion, that made Tommie's jaw set too bitterly for one of his years, his young eyes harden too far from zest in the world: "At Mr. McKinnestry's suggestion I am sending you the formal request for the Sergeant's dishonorable discharge by Sergeant Clarnan himself, a humiliation which you will recognize as carrying its own disciplinary value. I sincerely trust that you will see your way clear to destroying the document, instead of signing it and so forcing me to terminate in dishonor a very creditable career on the Force."

And there was Loren McKinnestry's characteristic note: "I understand they're sending Clarnan himself out to you with the thing you sign to put it on record it was you who broke him. The commissioner (a grand guy for the job except for the fact that he's scared and soft and has pre-Civil-War ideas of a metropolitan police force) may write you in intercession. For God's sake, take no heed, but *sign.* We'll probably save the story for the next campaign."

Tommie walked to the window, sticking his hands under his jacket into his trousers pockets. The gesture did nothing to convince him of casualness. He was tense and chill inside. He found it impossible to fancy what the scene would do to his emotions—except that somewhere in it there would be a burning culmination of vengeance, more vicious for the fact that he would show Clarnan none of it, rub none of it in, let Clarnan feel it all through steady, vital hatred.

A car crunched gravel under the window and made Tommie draw back.

The Chinese boy came in with normal deference and announced a Mr. Clarnan.

In the instant of suspense then, Tommie had the terrible thought that he would be trapped into physical fear at sight of the face he couldn't make his memory picture to him. But the sound of a step outside—the step of his one "mortal" enemy—started the savage eagerness of his nerves over the weakness of his still convalescent flesh. Then the man was in the room, and the gray, contemptuous look was as familiar as if Tommie had seen it day by day ever since the first time. The look met his at once, without chagrin or fear in its steady, red-rimmed hatred, without going through the form of renewing antipathy or confirming that it was still lustily answered. Clarnan moved directly forward, stopped, and held out the long envelope.

Tommie took it, watching the eyes. His desire to smash a fist against the flabby festoon of the jawline was more manageable now only for the bitter reason that in another moment he would have smashed something much more precious to Clarnan. "Know what this is?" he said, with a slight upward gesture of the envelope.

Clarnan's heavy head nodded.

In brittle steadiness Tommie said, "Where's the speech of apology?"

For an incredulous instant he thought the man was going to smile. But he didn't. It was as if he were waiting there in the assurance of his own power, the assurance that any minute now Tommie would again deliver himself to that power. Turning from him, Tommie walked to the desk and slit the envelope as he sat down. On the contained sheet was written: "I hereby formally demand that the proceedings instituted by Mr. Loren McKinnestry to effect the dishonorable discharge of Detective Sergeant J. J. Clarnan from your police force be immediately brought to that conclusion."

TOMMIE reached for the pen, but his hand hesitated as his glance went back over the lines. He could feel the man's hateful eyes steady, deadly, upon him. ". . . instituted by Mr. Loren McKinnestry . . ." Something rang hollow in that—and the ring was not new. He brought the pen to paper and rested it there, then looked up at Clarnan. There was a difference in the look, a hard, repellent sort of triumph based on refreshed contempt. Tommie appraised it, searching for a reason why something here was incomplete. And without forethought he suddenly said, "You don't think I could have done this without McKinnestry."

A brief gust of air blew in the man's fat nostrils, but his look didn't change. "What do you do for a livin'?" he said. "Write gags?"

Tommie's very veins seemed to tighten, and he leaned a little forward. "Do you think you could have done what you did to me that night without your badge and your lousy wrecking crew?"

Dully, as if it weren't worth saying, the man said, "I'd take a chance."

"How about taking it now?" Tommie said in grim quiet.

The man timed his contemptuous contemplation of Tommie just long enough before he said, "Some other day, pal. I got no time for an assault-an'-battery rap right now. When I'm better fixed, I'll give you a ring."

In a moment of illogical revulsion against this whole soiled business, Tommie felt how little there was of what he'd so grimly looked to in it.

And yet it must be possible to force the richest juice from this passionately awaited moment. "Tell me something, Clarnan," he said. "Why didn't you have the guts to do your own whining? Why did you make your chief do it?"

In slow suspicion the man turned from the window, his ugly look calculating the significance of what Tommie was up to. "What's that mean?" he said in a moment.

HIS eyes derisive, Tommie found the chief's letter and held it out. "You never saw this," he said dryly. "Didn't even know it was written."

Clarnan moved forward with an odd, lazy alertness upon his bulk, his eyes wary. He took the letter and began to read, without haste or emotion. It was as if through a sixth sense Tommie felt the strong change taking place in the man—a withdrawal from his surroundings, an absorption in some new, private activity. Then his hands came together with an explosive crash upon the paper, and his eyes, on Tommie's, were ambushed.

"I wouldn't let my mother ask you for a cup o' coffee—if I was *dead,*" he said. He took two vicious steps toward the desk, and his fat hand dumped the letter upon it. "Sign that thing," he all but cried out. Then, lifelessly, "I got a train to catch."

His look tried neither to plead nor to bully: the brows up-pointed to old wrinkles between them, his paltry hating had been swept away in this important, sudden humiliation. Tommie, this room, the circumstances that had him here—they were all nothing to him except as things to get away from, so that he could be alone with the damage of miraculous shame. He turned away, as if to start back to the window, but then stopped there quietly, as if further movement might upset an uncertain balance and demean him openly.

In those swift seconds, feeling Clarnan's concern with him dwindle in the room, remembering the lines of the chief's letter that at the time had only made him smile in excited anticipation without making any pictures—in those swift seconds Tommie's vision cleared simply and he saw there a man of fallible flesh and blood—with a career built toward its climax, with a family grown up under his dispensations and hopes, with friends even, and tastes, and enemies too, and an image of his job formed of experience and danger sometimes and work. And then once—just once—circumstance had set him a trap: and Tommie had helped set it because of an instant, uninformed, animal reaction.

A quick emptiness took Tommie's middle, as if some casual touch on his shoulder had made him turn to see his own unearned escape from mortal danger. And his tone was almost humble as he said, "Clarnan, look at me."

Clarnan turned perfunctorily, his eyes unafraid that anything in Tommie's could touch their concerns. "Will you sign it," he said, "and be done?"

"I'd like you to know I had nothing to do with their sending you here," Tommie said. He let it sink in through a brief pause of silence, then picked up the paper he was to sign, tore it sharply twice across, and dropped it in the waste basket.

Anger started in Clarnan's eyes and an exclamation leaped thickly in his throat, but Tommie stopped him. "That's not on account of the chief's letter," he said defiantly. "It's something else—since then."

Suspicion modified the arrested anger in Clarnan's hard eyes, but—watching them closely—Tommie saw them whole: not just as sources of personal hatred and brutality, but with an expression round them that had been formed by many years—years in which had occurred worry, and the drive to duty, and sometimes occasions for laughter too, no doubt. And he did not offer them the affront of a smile as, at last, he said, "So I guess that's all. You'll catch your train easily."

Clarnan turned from him and stood a moment, facing the door. Then he walked to it, as if unsure about a trap behind him. With his hand on the knob, he looked round, seemed absently impressed that Tommie still stood behind the desk, his gravity unchanged.

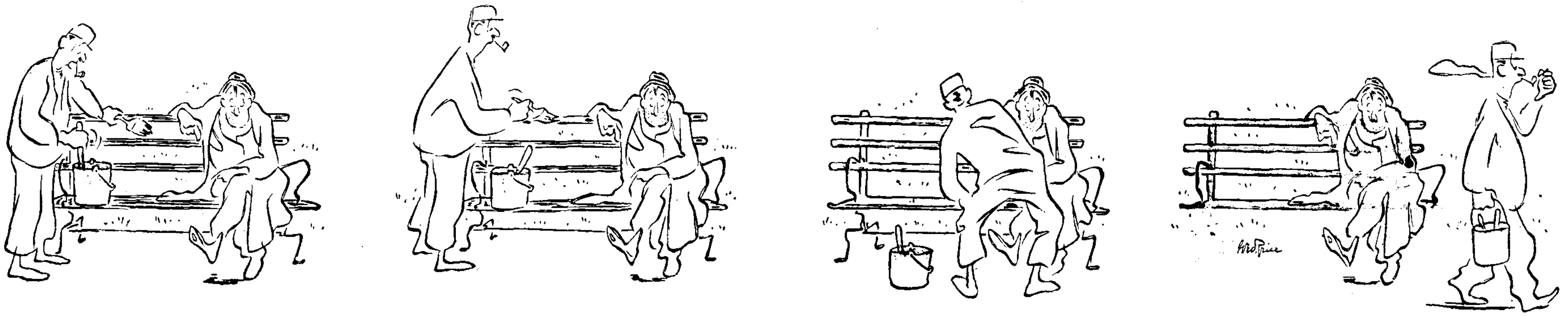
"That night," Clarnan said, his voice a little clogged with effort—"I guess it was a bum break for—for both of us."

"It was," Tommie said. "But now I guess it's washed up."

Clarnan didn't move. "Maybe that's something," he said.

"It is," said Tommie. And after a short pause, "Goodby, Clarnan."

FAR across the flat, watered floor of fields and orchards, the skirted mountains were ranged in silent waiting for another night—secure in their immense, distant loveliness. Tommie filled his spirit with the sight of them and found—for the first time in six vicious, restive weeks—that some evil impediment to the fine drinking-in of their tranquillity had vanished, leaving no imprint, no scar, no scrap upon which to build more nightmare. Soon, at the end of this barely interrupted journey, there would be someone fragile and fragrant and magnificently important close in his arms. There would be the moonlight on a white wall, and the sound of the sea's night-breathing. It had never been so good to be alive.



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Violence that resulted in deaths and injuries. Left, battle between union pickets and non-striking steel workers at Bethlehem, Pa. Right, the fight between police and strikers at South Chicago

Come to Order!

RIOTS, disorders and the general lawlessness of the past weeks and months have not benefited the New Deal, labor or the nation. The contrary is true. A large and needlessly hostile public opinion has been stirred up and national recovery has been recklessly menaced by the private wars waged without the interference of state or federal government. Important national gains are being jeopardized.

The American people dislike disorder, and distrust those who condone it. Time and again a previously tolerant public has turned savagely against those held responsible for riots and public fighting. The Knights of Labor, who, forty years ago, blazed the trail along which the C. I. O. organizers are now proceeding, were routed by a public opinion furiously angered by intimidation and disorder. The Knights were just as numerous and just as powerful in their time as are the C. I. O. cohorts today.

Again and again the public intolerance of riots and intimidation has been shown. The remarkable gains made by labor have come from public recognition of the fairness and logic of the claims made. Violence has merely postponed consideration.

Once the public patience is strained, the nice balance of justice is forgotten. Loud-mouthed politicians begin to shout about law and order. And law and order of the roughest and least discriminating sort get the majorities. Fair dealing is forgotten when the public is angry or frightened.

It will be tragic to lose by extravagance the very substantial gains which have been made during the Roosevelt Administration. In the matters of social legislation and of labor organization the United States lagged historically behind other great industrial nations. Much progress has been made during the past five years. It would be too bad to sacrifice what has been achieved. It can be lost, however, and it will be unless wiser counsels begin to prevail.

It is not an act of friendship to the Administration, to American industry or to organized labor to give assent, even by silence, to disorderly activities in the industrial areas. Social justice is not going to emerge from intimidation. Reaction, not progress, is the fruit of that tree.

This country belongs to the American people and not to any industry, faction, party or union. The public interests of the entire people must be respected and defended if serious trouble is to be avoided.

The Wagner Law is one-sided both in its privileges and in its requirements but it is the law. The Wagner Act ought to be amended in the interest of justice. Privilege entails responsibility. The Wagner Act extends privileges to the unions but exacts no responsibility from them—not even responsibility to observe the contract negotiated with governmental aid. Nevertheless, until amended, it is the law and it must be obeyed.

Congress recognized in the Wagner Act the right of employees to organize and to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing. These are important privileges and they should be cherished. The National Labor Relations Board was established to make effectual the rights granted under the Wagner Act. Ostensibly, also, the Labor Board was created to act as an aid in the maintenance of industrial peace.

The Labor Board, as at present constituted, is strongly pro-labor. Whatever the organizers have done has not been opposed or challenged. Governors of numerous states, likewise, have seemed to acquiesce in any form of demonstration or any variety of coercion decreed by the organizers. Only in a few localities have municipal and county officials attempted to restrain the use of force in recent industrial disputes.

The Wagner Act gives employees the right to organize and to bargain collectively but it does not command employees to organize. It certainly does not give the C. I. O. a monopoly of the privilege of organizing workers into unions. Neither does the Wagner Act, or any other law, give immunity to those organizers who want to use force to recruit their unions nor to employers who want to oust them.

The immunity allowed the C. I. O. in its organizing activities is complicated by the fact that the United Mine Workers, led by John L. Lewis, were the largest contributors to the Democratic party in the last campaign. In fact, the Democratic National Committee recently acknowledged it still owed Mr. Lewis' union $50,000 borrowed for campaign purposes.

The munificence of these contributions and loans makes it more necessary for the Administration not to exempt the C. I. O. from the observance of the law. Party contributions cannot justify governmental favors.

Experienced leaders of labor, John L. Lewis, in particular, realize the danger to their own long-time interests in the recent outburst of disorder. Unions without discipline, organizations which use or condone force in the recruiting of members, sow the seeds of their own destruction. Law in the last test is the only safeguard of the weak against the strong.

Public officials, especially those sympathetic to labor, will best serve the workers of America by firmly enforcing the law and by maintaining public order so that without violence or coercion Americans may decide along what lines they wish to progress.

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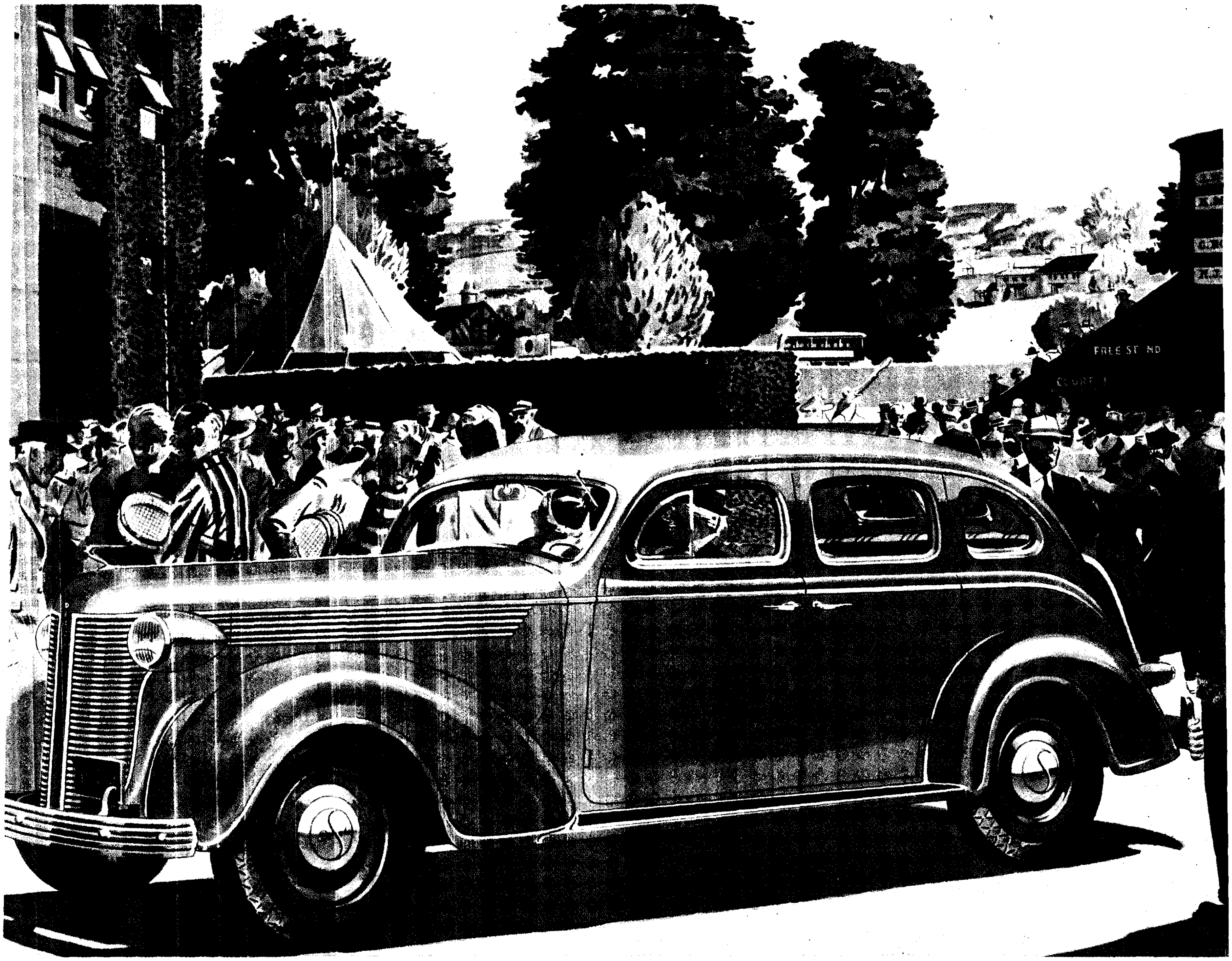

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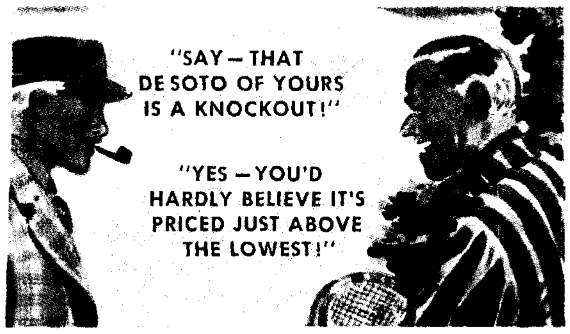
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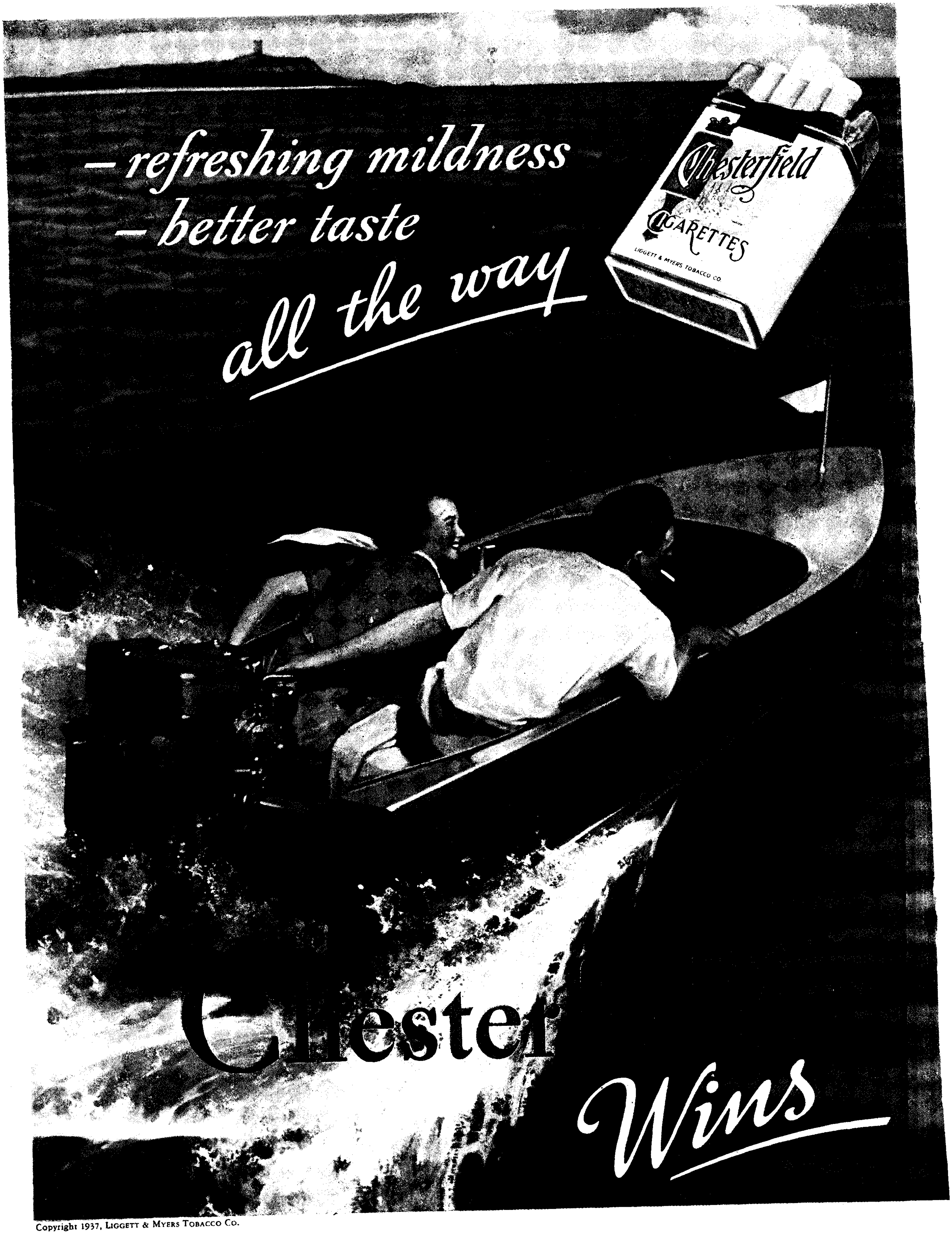
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